Dec. 10, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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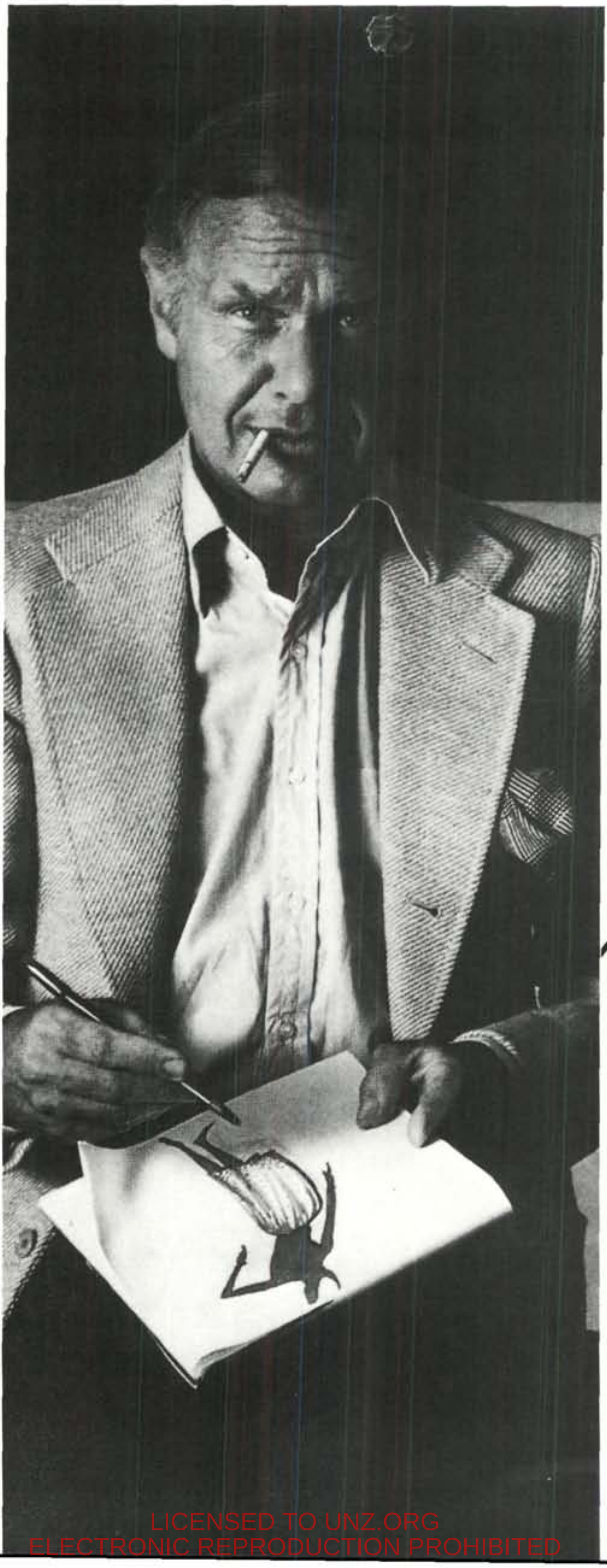
Anne Burgess

My new list of what I like and don't like so much in a woman.

My dislikes

1. A woman who talks about money all the time.
2. Who won't even answer the telephone without makeup.
3. Who lies about her age.
4. Who expects help from self-help books.
5. Who's a sore loser.
6. A woman who talks about old lovers. In front of new lovers.
7. Who won't spend her last few bucks on perfume.



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My likes

1. A woman who still likes older men.
2. A woman in a little red dress.
3. Who lives on something besides salads.
4. Who can whistle for a cab.
5. Who wears perfume when nobody's around.
6. A woman who refuses to have her prominent nose fixed.
7. Who will spend her last few bucks on perfume. Mine, I hope.

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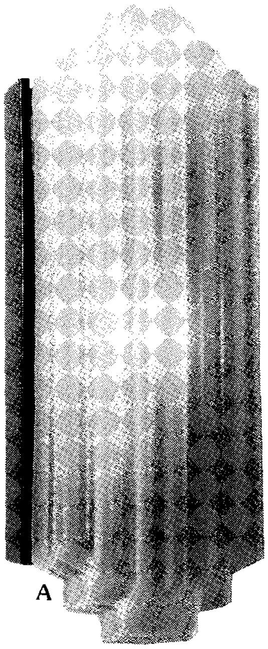

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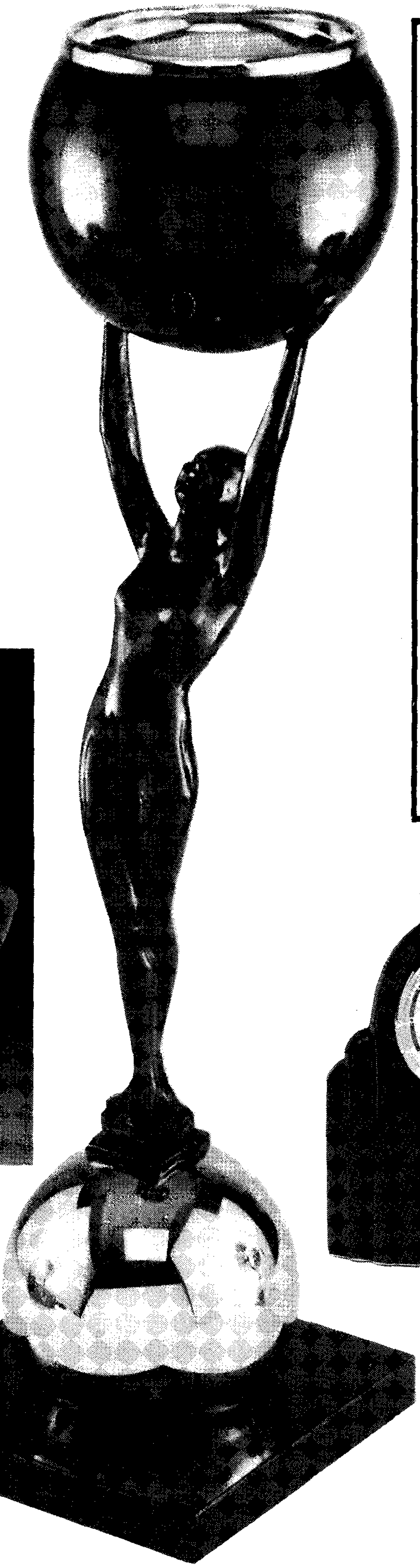

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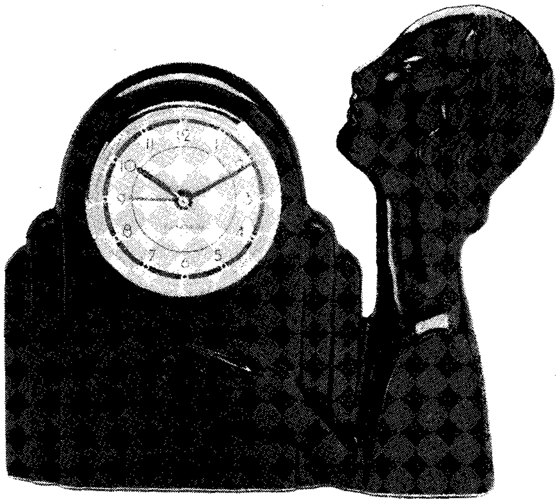

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy do everything possible to make this rather dusty sitcom seem a better piece of work than it is. The author, Lawrence Roman, has much to tell us about the nature of family life, but little of it rings true. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Matt Craven and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

La Bohème—A lively and engaging show (lyrics by D. Spencer; score by G. Puccini), starring Linda Ronstadt, Patti Cohenour, or Caroline Peyton, opposite either David Carroll or Gary Morris. The splendid supporting cast includes, most notably, Howard McGillin and Cass Morgan. William Elliott is the orchestral conductor, Wilford Leach was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For information about tickets and cast scheduling, call 598-7150.)

Circle Repertory Company—A middle-aged mental defective is offered a job, in **BING AND WALKER**, and his spinster sister almost prevents him from getting it. This is more an actors' exercise than a play. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Anne Swift, Frank Converse, and John Glover, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of William Marchant's 1955 comedy **THE DESK SET** is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—This exquisite theatre piece uses every resource except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Performing Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 9. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Haarlem Nocturne—The double "a" spelling of Harlem isn't the only thing that is old-fashioned about this noisy, talentless revue, installed in the newly refurbished Latin Quarter. (12/3/84) (Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. John Christopher Jones substitutes for Mr. Hurt at the Sunday matinée performances. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednes-

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days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A musical, **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, adapted from two O. Henry short stories, is the second in this season's series of four productions. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** This is a brilliant production of the wittiest (and cruellest) of Shakespeare's comedies. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack play the quarrelling lovers Benedick and Beatrice. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8; Friday, Dec. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Rostand's grand old warhorse, **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**, has been ill dealt with in this production. The director, Terry Hands, so clever in his exploration of "Much Ado About Nothing," makes the mistake of exaggerating everything in "Cyrano," heating up the rhetoric at the very moment when it is most in need of being cooled. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack as Cyrano and Roxane are helpless under the circumstances. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3; Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Dec. 13, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Short Eyes—The Second Stage revival of Miguel Piñero's play about prison life, and specifically about a child molester who is tormented literally to death by his fellow convicts. The play lacks its original impact, but the performances are good, under Kevin Conway's direction. With Michael O'Keefe, Esai Morales, and Reggie Montgomery, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Welcome to Black River—A play by Samm-Art Williams. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-person performance, in which Miss Goldberg plays both men and women, blacks and whites, in material of her own composition. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Keith Michell as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,240 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Sandy Duncan and Don Correia in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

"World of Magic"—An illusion show, with music and dancing, conceived and directed by its star, Doug Henning. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 11, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 9, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 11 and 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 13, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Satur-

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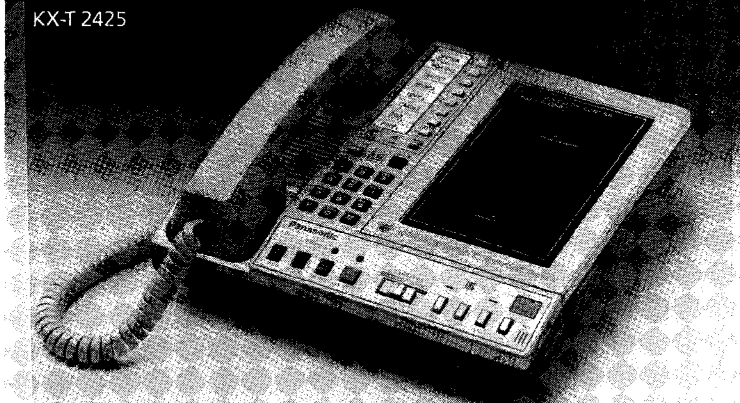

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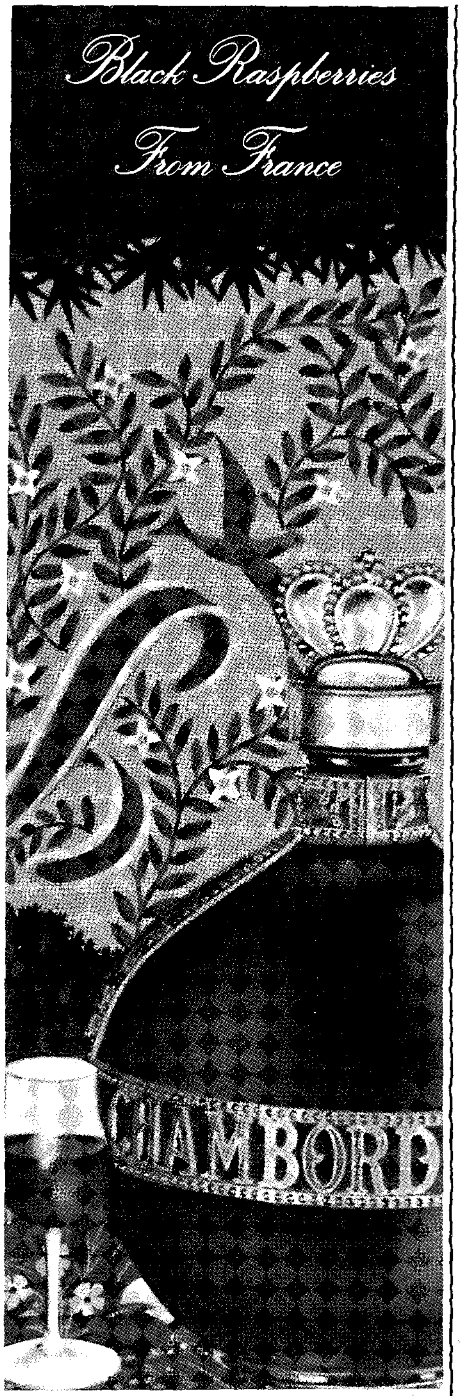

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Dec. 15, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 10.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Jugglers, acrobats, aerialists, elephants, and seals are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 6, at 6:30 [a benefit performance]; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 9, at 1 and 4; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 11-12, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 2 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1 and 4. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 243-6281.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 7; Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 9, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 11-13, at 6; Friday, Dec. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Divining," "Portrait of Billie," "Treading," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "The Still Point," "Collage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "Suite Otis," "Cry," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Divining," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "Songs Without Words," "Portrait of Billie," "Treading," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 9: "Memoria," "Fever Swamp," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Collage." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 11: "Treading," "Fever Swamp," "A Song for You," "Anjour" (New York première), and excerpts from "Revelations." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 921-8977.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Songs Without Words," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Divining," "Anjour," "The Still Point," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "For Bird with Love" and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Collage," "The Still Point," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Night Shade," and "The Stack-Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Joel Hall Dancers—Programs of contemporary dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 7:30.)

Bebe Miller and Company—Presenting "Trapped in Queens," "Gotham," and "Reet City." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theatre—Three programs of new and repertory works. (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 11-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 7:30.)

Margie Gillis—The first four of nine solo performances. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 12-15, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYER'S PROJECT:** Wednesday, Dec. 5, and Friday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 2. . . . **ZE'EVA COHEN AND DANCERS:** Thursday, Dec. 6, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 8. . . . **BALLETFORE:** "The Nutcracker." Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 7, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven fifteen. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, belong to **DAKOTA STATON,** whose up-tempoed blues-tinged numbers are especially satisfying; on Sunday, Dec. 9, Reija Sato's trio will be aboard; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, **MAJOR HOLLEY** will play bass and sing buzzing vocal accompaniment. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, plus reprises on Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **TANIA MARIA** is here with a trio through Sunday, Dec. 9, singing and playing electric and good old acoustic piano. Tania Maria, who wears white-rimmed Lina Wertmüller glasses, is pretty exuberant—she bounces around at the piano, Dorothy Donegan style, and chirps, whistles, and sings in Portuguese like any Brazilian-jazz performer worth his or her salt. On Monday, Dec. 10, the **ANGEL RANGELOV–JIMMY MADISON** Big Band will take over the bandstand, with guest soloist **TOOTS THIELEMANS.** And starting Tuesday, Dec. 11, marathon pianist **KEITH JARRETT,** who also likes to stir around at the keyboard, will arrive with bassist **GARY PEACOCK** and drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE.** Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, the Strawbs; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, singer and comedienne Sandra Bernhard; Monday, Dec. 10, **BUDDY RICH** and his Big Band; Tuesday, Dec. 11, the Strawbs and the Bobs; Thursday, Dec. 13, Aku Aku, Leap of Faith, and Frank Maya; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, **NRBQ** and Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Dec. 8; **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and a bassist on Sunday, Dec. 9; and **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** starting Monday, Dec. 10. Music from nine-forty-five.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600—New York's **BOBBY SHORT** season is in full swing in the Café Carlyle. Assisting Mr. Short, as usual, are bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and songwriters Porter, Coward, Gershwin, Sondheim, and Coleman. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, except

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Friday, Dec. 7, at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, and in place of Mr. Short on Friday, Dec. 7. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist and Art Tatum admirer, performs nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. Bluegrass, string-band, old-time, and Irish music. Wednesday, Dec. 5, Liz Carroll and Mick Maloney; Saturday, Dec. 8, Special Consensus; Wednesday, Dec. 12, Zenska Pesna; and Saturday, Dec. 15, banjoist **ROGER SPRUNG'S BLUEGRASS BAND.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Rare Silk performs through Sunday, Dec. 9; on Tuesday, Dec. 11, singer **JANET LAWSON** and her quintet and singer **SHEILA JORDAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will come in. Mondays are claimed by guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the father of reverb, sound on sound, and multitrack recording. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 5, Lori Carson and Second Chance; Thursday, Dec. 6, Phil Ochs Song Night, presented by Sonny Ochs; Friday, Dec. 7, ex-Byrd Gene Clark; Saturday, Dec. 8, singer **ELLEN MC ILWAINE;** Sunday, Dec. 9, Bren and Tabitha Torosian; and Friday, Dec. 14, **GEORGE GERDES,** an adept folkrocker and a funny off-the-wall monologist. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Judy Niemack sings with Allan Simon and John Goldsby through Sunday, Dec. 9, and with Mike LaDonne and Dave Shapiro starting Wednesday, Dec. 12; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of pianist John Colianni Wednesdays through Saturdays. **DICK HYMAN** shows up on the piano bench on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 11.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, Shadow Fax; Sunday, Dec. 9, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 10-11, **JERRY JEFF WALKER;** Wednesday, Dec. 12, R. & B.-ists guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** drummer **STEVE GADD,** and bassist **WILL LEE,** and Texas blues musician **JOHNNY COPELAND;** and Thursday, Dec. 13, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN'S QUEST,** with pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **BILLY HART,** winds up its stint on Sunday, Dec. 9; on Tuesday, Dec. 11, trumpeter-vocalist **CHET BAKER** will move in with his quartet. Mondays now belong to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Disc jockey and singer Jonathan Schwartz performs a program called "Illusions" through Saturday, Dec. 8, and on Tuesday, Dec. 11, **KAYE BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** will begin a salute to lyricists Carolyn Leigh, Dorothy Fields, and Nancy Hamilton. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The jazz-heavy lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 5, reggae singer and drummer **WINSTON GRENNAN;** Thursday, Dec. 6, singer Ivy Ray; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, a rhythm-and-blues quartet, **CORNELL DUPREE, RICHARD TEE, STEVE GADD,** and **WILL LEE;** Sunday, Dec. 9, Charles Hudson; Monday, Dec. 10, **JUMP STREET,** a ten-piece R. & B. outfit; Tuesday, Dec. 11, the Fiftieth Street Band; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, Latin-jazz pianist **MICHAEL CAMILO'S** sextet; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16, Latin-jazz alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play spirited, uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Dec. 6, **BOBBY MC FERRIN,** a perfect form of a jazz singer; Friday, Dec. 7, Vicious Pink; Saturday, Dec. 8, Red Hot Chili Peppers; Wednesday, Dec. 12, reggaeists **BLACK UHURU;** Thursday, Dec. 13, the punk, slam-dance band Black Flag, the most menacing thing to come out of Hollywood since Don Siegel; Friday, Dec. 14, the Rescue; and Saturday, Dec. 15, the Higsons. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room pianist **JOE BUSHKIN,** with the aid of a six-piece band, celebrates his fifty years in show business Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** drummer **PETER ERSKINE,** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 12-14, pianist **DON GROLNICK.** Mondays are claimed by Galt MacDermot's New Pulse Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

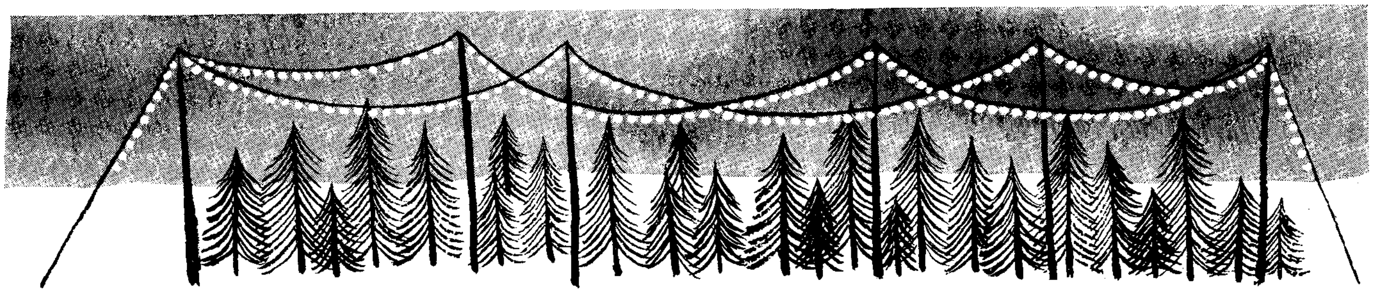
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian and other music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, Africa bands, Caribbean bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval*-like music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Dec. 5, the Baron; Thursday, Dec. 6, **MIKATA;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Dec. 9, **GUANABARA;** Wednesday, Dec. 12, Tabou Combo; Thursday, Dec. 13, Gumbe Sounds; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**PHAROAH SANDERS,** who still gets a wonderfully gritty and warm wail out of his tenor sax, whether he's playing vintage sixties spiritual-enlightenment music or good old regular hard bop, leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 9. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, two great saxophonists, **FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS,** who both attended the Count Basie Institute from 1953 until 1964, will begin co-piloting a quintet. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his **BIG BAND** with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

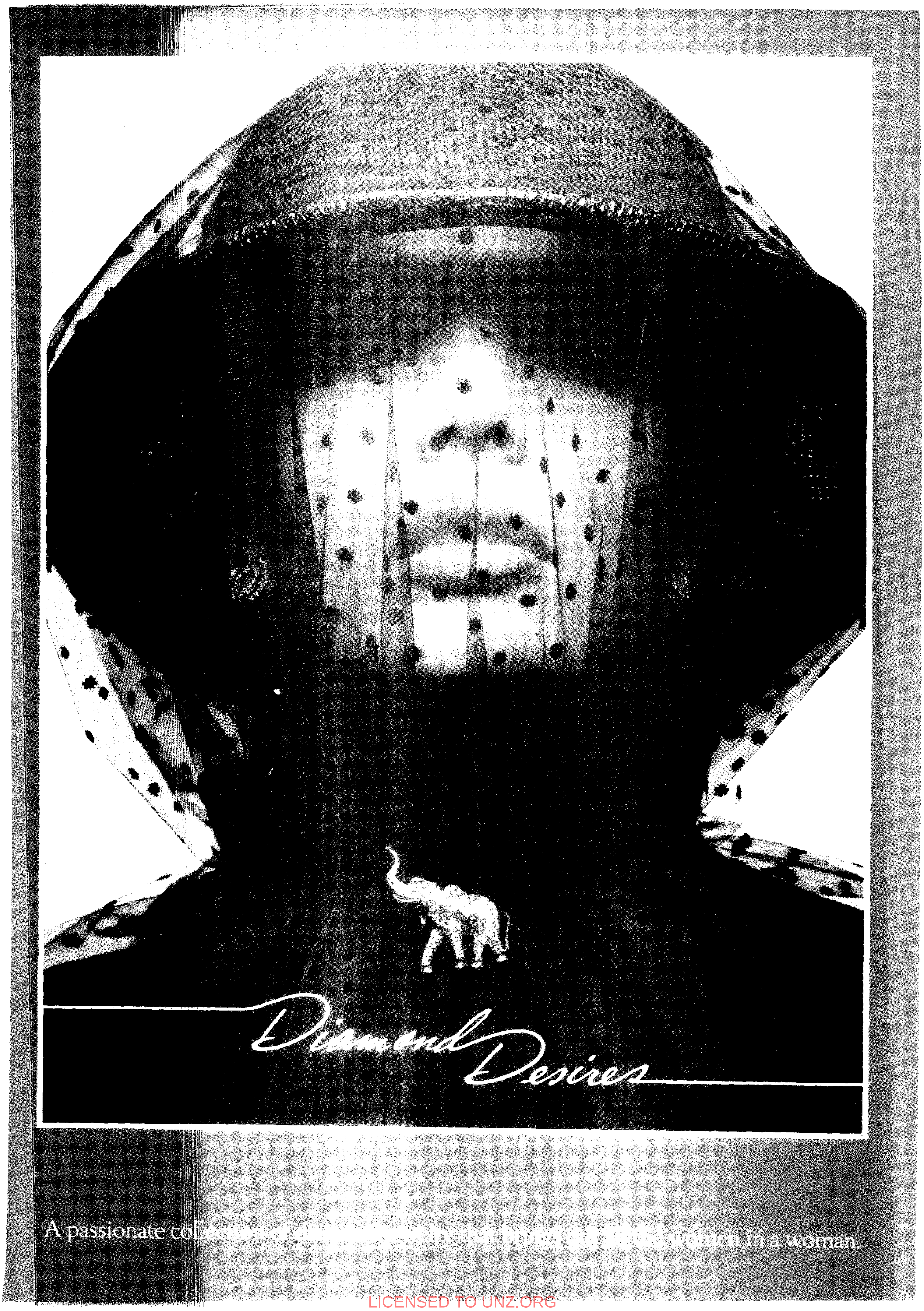
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Dec. 10, **CONJUNTO CLASICO,** the **BAD STREET BOYS,** and guest soloist alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will all be present. . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, **KIRK LIGHTSEY'S** duo performs every night but Monday; jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** works with super bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **LENNY WHITE** through Sunday, Dec. 9; on Tuesday, Dec. 11, alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** will bring in his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. **TITO PUENTE'S LATIN-JAZZ ENSEMBLE** is here on Wednesday, Dec. 5; tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** teams up with cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** and a sextet Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8; on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 9-10, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** will be on the stand; Tuesday, Dec. 11, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15,



Judith Shahn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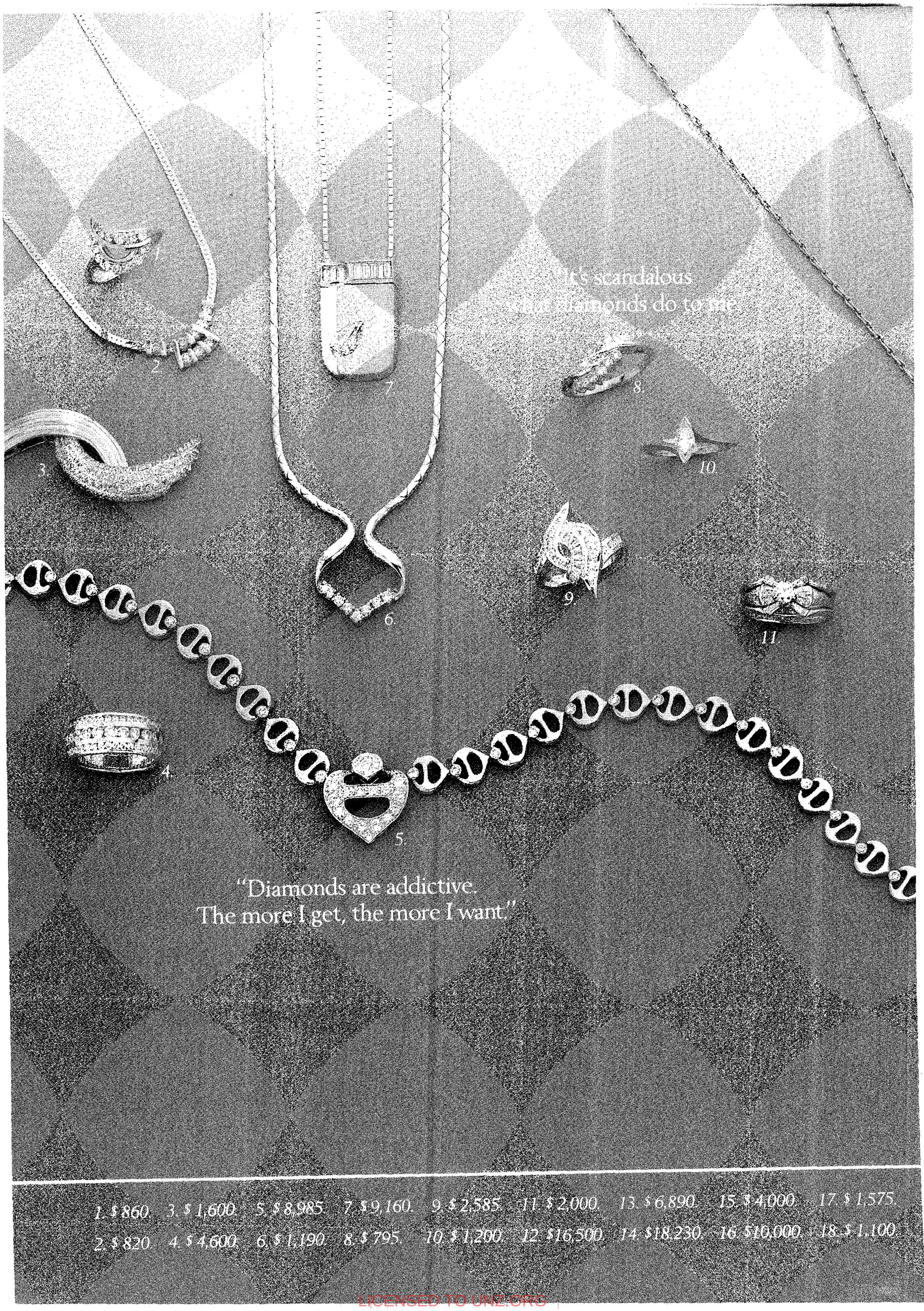
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7.	$ 9,160.
8.	$ 795.
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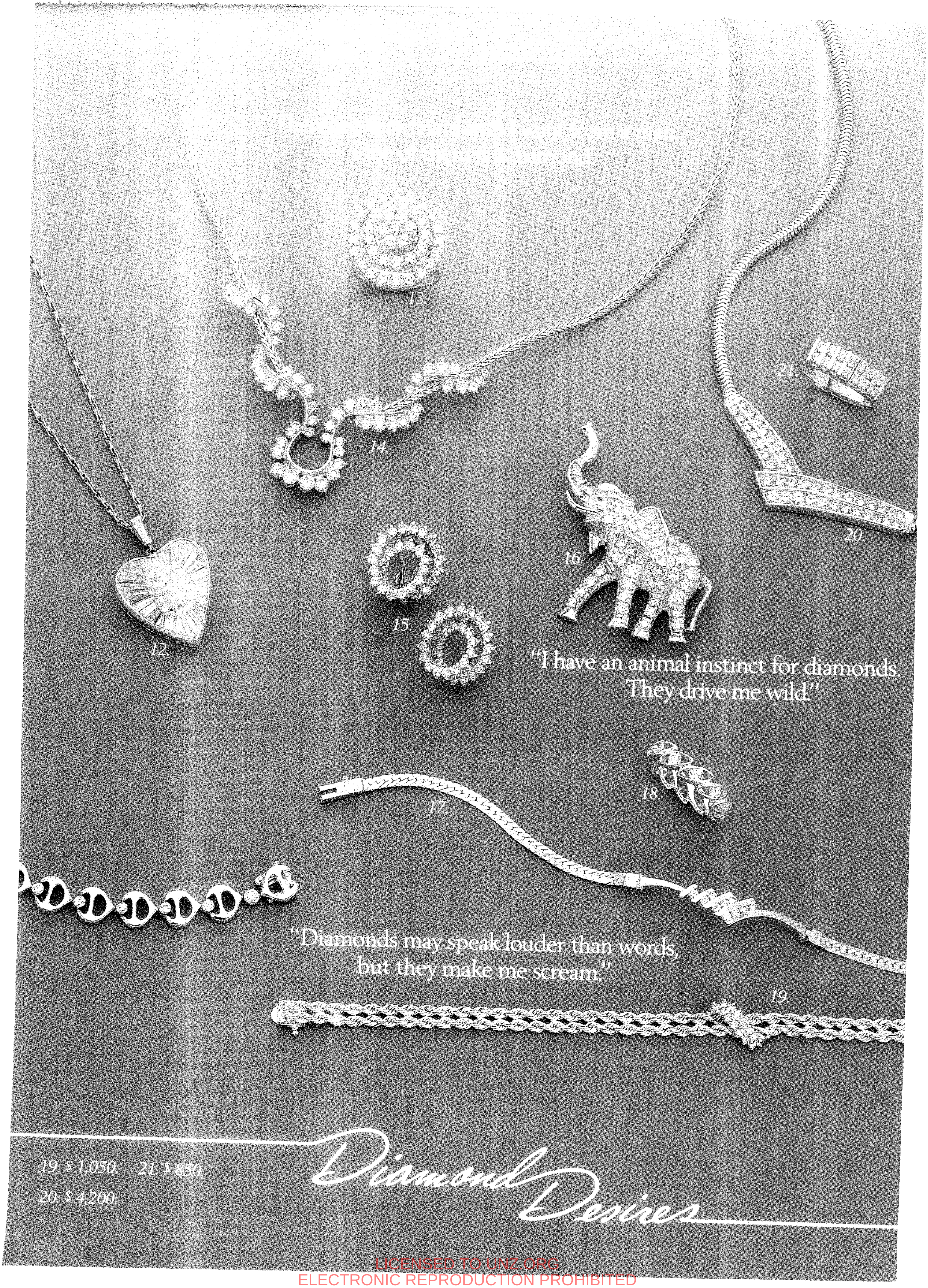
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

have been set aside for trumpeter **CLARK TERRY;** and **RAY BARRETTO** will perform on Wednesday, Dec. 12, with his **SALSA JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 5-8, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 10-15; and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** on Sunday, Dec. 9. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CHARLIE BYRD—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

JAMES EMERY ENSEMBLE—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

JAKI BYARD AND THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 10 and midnight.

DONOVAN—With Loudon Wainwright III. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

ALVIN BATISTE—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.

FIXX—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.

ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER—Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERTS—The third in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Charlie Byrd and friends. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Saxophone Spectacular, featuring Jimmy Heath, Paquito d'Rivera, Harold Ashby, Norris Turney, and Joe Temperley. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

MOTÖRHEAD—With Mercyful Fate and Exciter. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

FESTA BRAZIL—Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: Flora Purim & Airto, Jelon Vieira, and DanceBrazil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: Brazilian All-Stars, and DanceBrazil. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

QUIET RIOT—With Armored Saint. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

AMERICAN FOLK ROOTS—The second in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the Southwestern tradition. With Junior Dougherty. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROMARE BEARDEN—Watercolors dealing with Obeah rituals the artist encountered on the Caribbean island of St. Martin, his second home. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ELEANOR DE LAITTRE / JOHN VON WICHT (1888-1970)—Nicely balanced abstract paintings from the thirties and forties, plus two small sculptures. / Abstract paintings with a pronounced nautical flavor. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Through Dec. 29. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . ¶ Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Wood constructions, both painted and raw, plus oils and drawings, dating from 1964 to the present. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WALTER KOENIGSTEIN—Graphite drawings on paper and aluminum, by an Austrian artist. Through Jan. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

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ROBERT M. KULICKE—Still-lifes and seascapes in oil, plus jewelry designed by the artist with Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 5. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MICHAEL LEKAKIS—Sculptures in elm, walnut, mahogany. Through Dec. 29. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—Recent abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KEVIN MOSS—Oil paintings of New York and New Jersey, either at dawn or dusk, by a twenty-seven-year-old artist having his first one-man show. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JUDITH SHEA—Bronze sculptures that suggest rather than duplicate various bits of clothing, sometimes in mildly erotic arrangements. Also, drawings. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Woodcuts and lithographs. Through Jan. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903)—A loan show of a hundred and thirty-eight small works, including oils, watercolors, pastels, drawings, and prints, in an exhibit that complements one at the Frick Collection. Through Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

NOTE—Original manuscripts and first editions by Isaac Bashevis Singer, together with photographs of the writer with family and friends, both here and in Poland, are at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT ARNESON—A show of drawings, mostly, done since 1970. Three portraits and a ceramic head of Jackson Pollock and several self-portraits are mingled with works with anti-nuclear manifestos. Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MARY FRANK / GARRY WINOGRAND—Monotypes in which horses and silhouetted figures race across landscapes, plus two figure sculptures in the sort of piecemeal ceramic for which she is noted. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. / Black-and-white photographs from his series "Women Are Beautiful." Through Jan. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CLEVE GRAY—Acrylic paintings inspired by an ancient Jewish cemetery in Prague. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOKANSON / EMILY MASON—Large, free-standing redwood sculptures, several of them like immense modernist finials. / Roseate hues stand out in these abstractions painted in oil on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGE INNESS (1825-94)—Paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERTO JUAREZ / DIANE ARBUS (1923-71)—Expressionist paintings and drawings. / Photographic portraits of Charles Atlas, James Brown, Mae West, and others. Through Jan. 5. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MICHAEL LUCHS—Tape, paper, and colored pigments are incorporated in large works on scratched, burned, and otherwise marred surfaces. Through Jan. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

ANTINE NIVOLA—The female figure is irreducibly simplified in marble sculptures being exhibited in a two-gallery show. Through Dec. 22. (Washburn uptown, at 42 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 113 Greene St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Recent landscape paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JANIS PROVISOR—Paintings in oil and metallic leaf, as well as works on paper. Through Dec. 22. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through Wednesday, Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

STEPHANIE ROSE—Oil-on-canvas paintings of featureless figures in surreal interiors with landscapes as a background. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARRIET SHORR / DAVID HENDRICKS—Still-lifes in oil by a realist. / Large-scale landscapes and cityscapes meticulously rendered in graphite and colored pencil. Through Dec. 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

ISABELLE SIEGEL—Abstract and semi-abstract sculptures in bronze, redwood, and manzanita—the ones in wood sometimes left almost the way they were found in nature. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WILLIAM TILLYER—Semi-abstract watercolors inspired by a recent trip through France and Switzerland. Through Wednesday, Dec. 12. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

MARK TOBEY (1890-1976)—Tempera paintings, a mixed-medium watercolor, a gouache, and several prints. Through Jan. 5. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints by Thomas Hart Benton, Adolf Dehn, Max Beckmann, Carol Summers, Edward Ruscha, and others. Through Dec. 29. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: New paintings by Enzo Cucchi, Robert Rauschenberg, and Donald Sultan. Through Jan. 5. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Various works that have plastic products as their principal component. Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Stephen Greene, Judy Pfaff, others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: A display of prints of American cities from 1820 to 1900 which includes an 1885 Currier & Ives lithograph of the Brooklyn Bridge with the not yet completed Statue of Liberty in the background. Through Jan. 19.

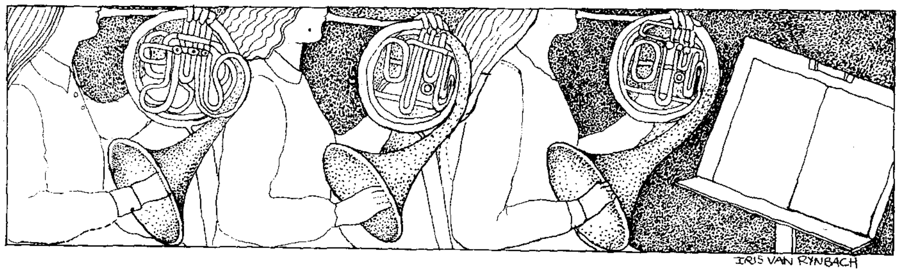
GALLERIES—SoHo

ALIGHIERO E. BOETTI—Ten pencil-on-canvas works. Through Dec. 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

DONNA BYARS—Large-scale emblematic sculptures in mixed mediums, including cement and wood. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

GENE DAVIS—Fifty-one tall, thin stripe paintings in acrylic, mounted ten inches apart. Also, drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

JOEL FISHER—Bronze sculptures in unusual forms that often seem to combine vegetable and animal characteristics, plus related drawings



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on handmade paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Frank Gehry—Functional lamps, all right, but constructed with Formica chips to form fish and snake shapes. Through Dec. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

April Gornik—Paintings of imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

John Hersey—Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes. The artist is a son of the author. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Hirondelle, 476 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Hutchinson—Photographs of mountains with texts that provide succinct examples of some of the rules governing mountain grammar, a system not unlike everyday grammar. The text for "Alps Passive" reads, "I was informed that there was deep snow in the forest." Through Dec. 22. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Donald Judd—A new generation of his boxes, some heroic in size. At Castelli, 420 West Broadway, they are in wood or painted aluminum, one set nearly thirty feet long. The small ones look like three-dimensional Mondrians. At Castelli, 142 Greene Street, the big ones, three eight-foot cubes made of gray concrete slabs, weigh five tons each. Through Saturday, Dec. 15.

Betty Klavun—Wall reliefs, collages, and terracotta sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Ju Ming—Tai Chi movements illustrated in bronze. Through Dec. 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings in impastoed acrylics. Through Dec. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Matt Mullican—Granite reliefs, cloth banners, and other works. Through Dec. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf—Large recently executed paintings on canvas. Through Jan. 5. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Hannah Wilke—Painted ceramic sculptures, including large floor pieces and works mounted on pedestals. Through Dec. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Wilson—Drawings, 1974-84, including many for "Einstein on the Beach." Through Dec. 22. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ross Bleckner—New paintings, including a ten-by-fourteen-foot work entitled "The Oceans," made specifically for the Nature Morte gallery space. Through Dec. 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Dana Bryan Garrett—Paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Neil Jenney—Six paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Les Levine—A word is incorporated into each of these works, which include Polaroids of students from the Museum of Fine Arts School in Boston, watercolors, and Plasticene models mounted on screens. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Group Show—Costumes, or works derived from costumes, including a William Wegman photograph of his late dog Man Ray in a costume made by Robert Kushner, sculptures by Judith Shea, Robert Anton, and others, and more. Through Jan. 5. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Russell Drisch—Photographic blowups amended by the artist with wax pencil and transparent colors. Through Dec. 21. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Marianne Engberg—Pinhole photographs of Jerusalem which concentrate on architectural—ancient and modern—elements. Through Dec. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

O. Winston Link and Harold Edgerton—Prints whose subjects are illuminated by, in the first instance, a synchronized flash or, in the second, a stroboscope, which Edgerton invented. Through Jan. 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joel Meyerowitz and Vivian Bower—Color photographs of Cape Cod landscapes by Mr. Meyerowitz, and pastels of the same by Miss Bower. Photographer and artist are husband and wife. Through Jan. 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Starts Friday, Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Starts Thursday, Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two hundred archeological finds from the recent excavation site in Ban Chiang and from the National Museum of Thailand, which testify to a Bronze Age in Southeast Asia. Tools, ornaments, weapons, and pottery that scholars date from as early as 3600 B.C., as well as replicas of whole burial units. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Gold objects from Asante, a colony of the African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, on loan from the British Museum. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Of the sixty or so paintings and drawings by contemporary American artists (Robert Colescott, Fay Jones, and Hedda Sterne among them) in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show, a third will be bought and given to museums by the Academy-Institute, in part with funds raised by the sale of paintings and drawings by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962), which are also on view. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st

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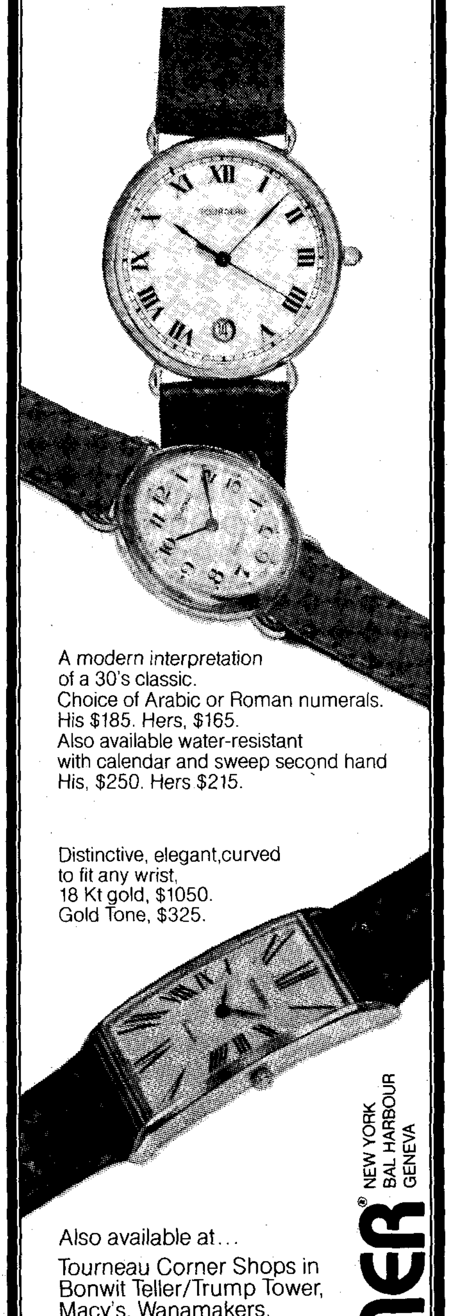

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St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books, magazines, newspapers, and posters over the past ten years. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. A larger show is at M. Knoedler and Co., 19 E. 70th St. (The Frick is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Starts Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ About seventy illustrated children's books depicting such fictional rascals as the boy in "Young Troublesome" (one of his crimes was playing cricket in the drawing room), rendered by John Leech of *Punch.* (What Troublesome needed is also on display: a nineteenth-century etiquette masterpiece, "The Good Boy's Soliloquy.") Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors and in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," presented to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Krzysztof Zarebski and John King (performance), Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; Iris Rose (performance), Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Gretchen Bender's "Dumping Core," with multiple-channel video, slide projection, and music, Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; "Rotorblade," a program of music and dance by Fast Forward and Yves Musard, Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting performances of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Fridays, Dec. 7 and 14, at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays, Dec. 8-9 and 15-16, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catharine Melhorn and Kendall Rafter directing a benefit program. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 683-4220.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing performances of a medieval musical drama, "Daniel and the Lions." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 4; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 4. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and St. Paul's Chapel Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing a joint concert, with Eugenia Earle, harpsichord, and George Stauffer, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

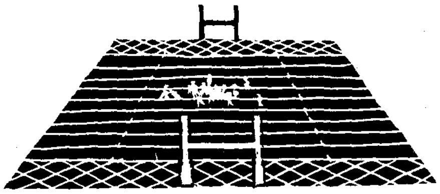
Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Waverly Consort—Six performances of "The Christmas Story," a pageant about the Nativity, based on medieval music manuscripts. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 7 and 9:15. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra: David Randolph directing, with, variously, Judith Nicosia and Judith Blegen, sopranos; Grayson Hirst and Eugene Carter, tenors; Richard Crist and Edward Pierson, basses; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30 and 8 [a benefit performance].) . . . **Musica Sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, and Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30.) . . . **Banchetto Musicale Baroque Orchestra and Chorus:** Martin Pearlman directing, with Nancy Armstrong, soprano; Mary Westerbrook-Geha, mezzo-soprano; Frank Kelley, tenor; and James Maddalena, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.) . . . **Dessoff Choirs:** Amy Kaiser directing, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Gregory Mercer, tenor; David Arnold, bass; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, Lenus Carlson, and James Courtney; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Elektra," with Olivia Stapp, Kathryn Montgomery, Christa Ludwig, and Robert Nagy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Peter Glossop, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.



Opera Shop of Vineyard Theatre—James Kurtz conducting the first six of nine performances of Thomas Augustine Arne's 1762 English ballad opera "Love in a Village." Staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays and Saturdays, Dec. 7-8 and 14-15, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting the New York première of the London version of Charles Strouse's opera "Nightingale," based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 691-6105. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3 and 7.)

Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30 (all with Christian Altenburger, violin, and Carole Farley, soprano) . . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (all with Joseph Robinson, oboe).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing two performances of Honegger's dramatic oratorio "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," with Mary Burgess and Mary Shearer, sopranos; Jocelyn Taillon, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; Terry Cook, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; the Boston Boy Choir; the Youth Pro Musica; and Marthe Keller and Georges Wilson in speaking roles. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Raymond Leppard conducting a Rachmaninoff-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Richard Goode, piano, and Nan Nall, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting, with Ronald Roseman, oboe. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

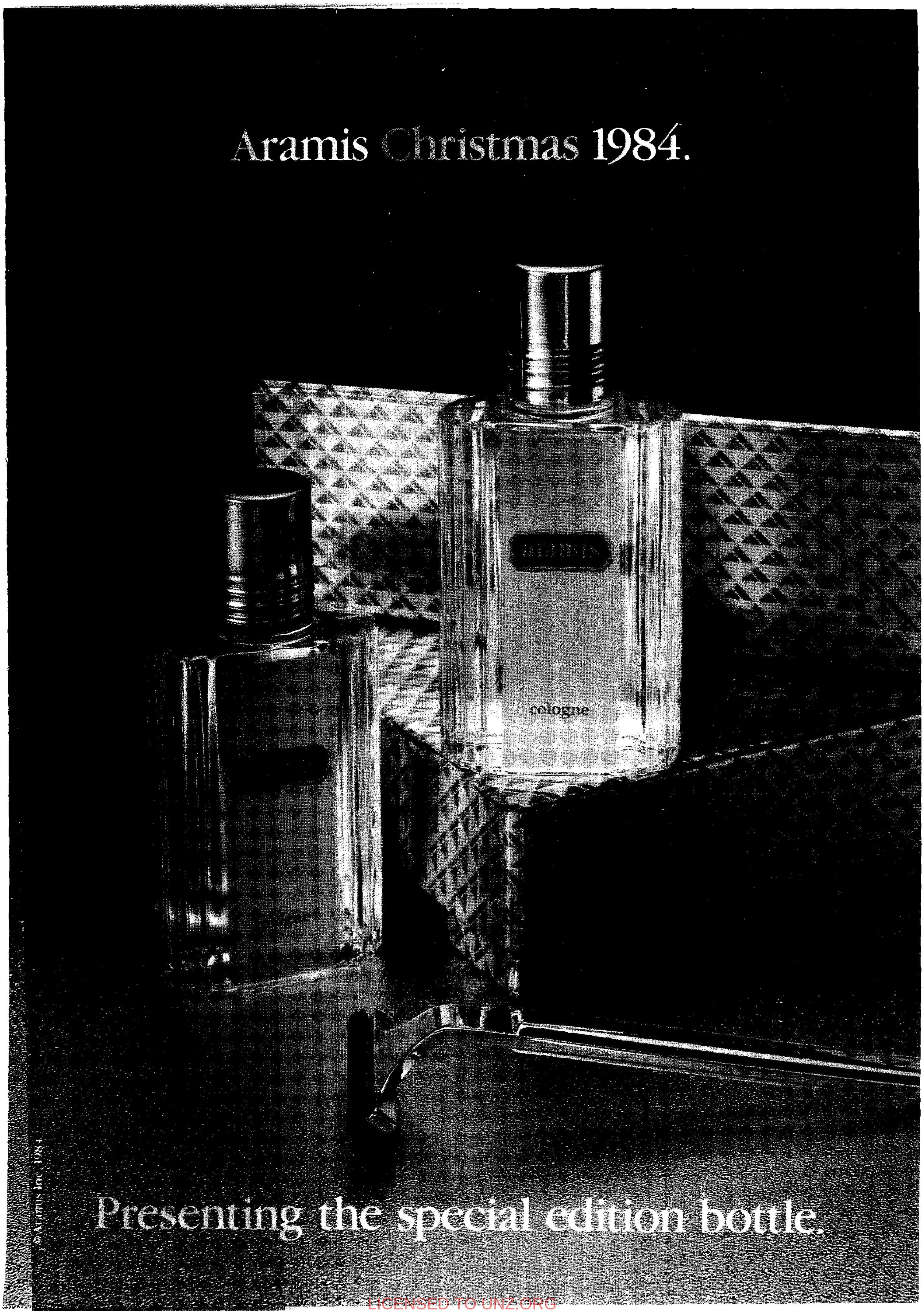
Prism—Robert Black conducting a program that includes the American première of Jean Barraqué's Clarinet Concerto, with Jean Kopperud as soloist. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Scandinavian American Chamber Orchestra—Goran Staxang conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal,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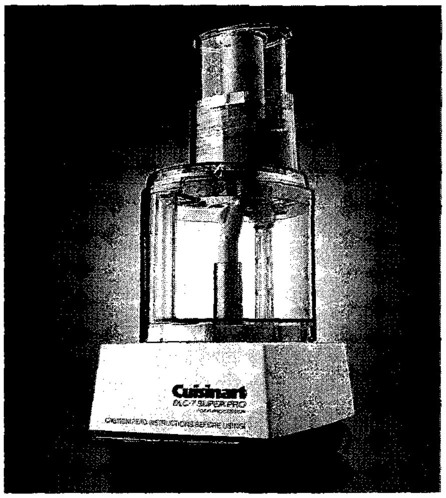

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CONFIDENCE

Cuisinart food processors are fully warranteed for 3 years of normal home use. Principal motor parts have an additional 27 year limited warranty. It is the strongest warranty available.

And you can always call us. If you have any questions, problems, want help with a recipe or serving suggestions, call us toll-free: (800) 243-8540. We're here. We'll help.

To receive recipes for the dishes on these pages and for more information on our food processors, cookware and magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Food Processor

For a store near you call toll-free:
(800) 243-8540

HOLIDAY SALADS.

ONE OF THE BEST REASONS TO GIVE OR GET A CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR.

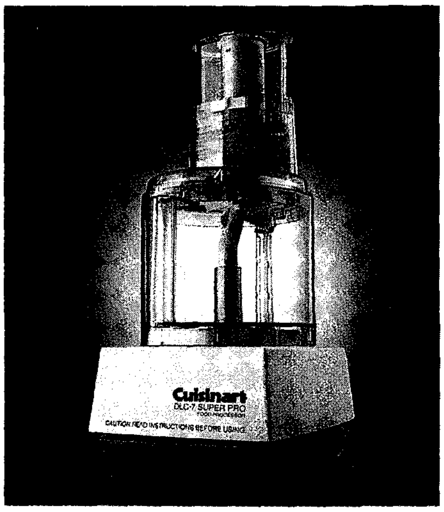
Now, make beautiful salads you never thought you'd make before, with very little effort. Make simple salads in seconds.

Two things about Cuisinart food processors make salads a snap.

IMPROVED LARGE FEED TUBE.

First, the radically improved Large Feed Tube. It can hold foods as large as tomatoes, oranges, potatoes, onions. And it's now so easy to use you can work it with one hand!

Second, our slicing and shredding discs are by far the best on the market. They produce perfect slices and uniform shreds virtually every time.



EVERYTHING INSTANTLY.

All the fruits in the fruit salad, the red peppers with the green cabbage, the green cabbage itself, the jalapeno peppers in the pasta dough, all the tomatoes, all the mushrooms and everything in the molded cucumber salad, were prepared in a Cuisinart food processor easily, quickly, precisely.

For holiday salads, or for a salad bar in your home that's fresher and better than any you ever had in a restaurant, the Cuisinart food processor does it all. It's really that simple.

To receive recipes for the dishes on these pages and for more information on our food processors, cookware and magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Food Processor

For a store near you call toll-free:
(800) 243-8540

HOLIDAY ENTREES.

ONE OF THE BEST REASONS TO GIVE OR GET A CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR.

Without a Cuisinart food processor, a cook would need at least 45 minutes to make the trimmings and knead the dough for the stuffing bread that makes the turkey so exceptionally flavorful.

With the new Cuisinart Super Pro it takes under 5 minutes. Even a novice cook can turn out everything looking and tasting better than if done by hand.

It isn't magic; it's our powerful new motor, our new, easy-to-use Large Feed Tube, our patented shredding and slicing discs, by far the best on the market.

It happens this way.

IMPROVED LARGE FEED TUBE.

The Large Feed Tube holds foods as large as tomatoes, oranges, potatoes, onions. And you can load it repeatedly without turning the cover.

The metal blade chops the apricots, the pecans and the onion (tearlessly, by the way) for the cornbread stuffing a lot faster than you could possibly do it by hand. A whole lot faster.

Cuisinart
DLC-7 SUPER PRO

POWERFUL MOTOR.

The cornbread used for the stuffing takes only 2 minutes to knead.

The carrots and parsnips are perfectly shredded by our medium shredding disc.

The fruits and nuts, chopped effortlessly, go into the cranberry conserve.

The green beans? Stack them vertically in the Large Feed Tube and slice them.

It's that easy.

After you've cored the red delicious apples, slice them with the thick slicing disc. Evenly. Perfectly. Instantly.

If it looks as if you'll be able to make dishes faster and better than ever before, you're right. And you will be tempted to make things you never would have tried. That's the whole idea behind a Cuisinart food processor.

To receive recipes for the dishes on these pages and for more information on our food processors, cookware and our magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write to Cuisinarts, Inc., 411(N) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Food Processor

For a store near you call toll-free:
(800) 243-8540

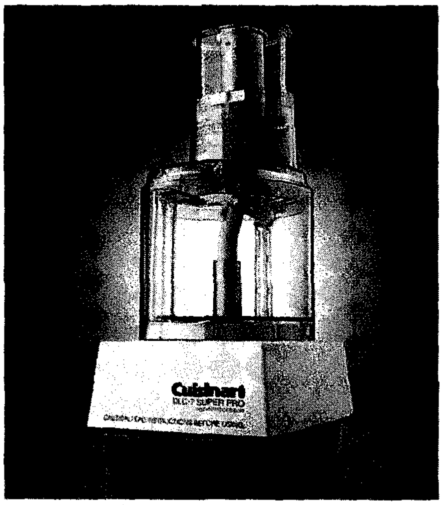
HOLIDAY BAKING.

ONE OF THE BEST REASONS TO GIVE OR GET A CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR.

You can make any one of these marvelous, delicious desserts by hand or with a Cuisinart food processor. The big difference is time (though, frankly, there are many things that simply come out better with our machine.)

Here are examples of the time you will save preparing everything with the help of a Cuisinart food processor:

Kneading the Sweet Bread Wreath:
20 minutes by hand vs. 3 minutes with a Cuisinart food processor.
Kneading the Dinner Rolls:
20 minutes vs. 3 minutes.
Mixing the Ginger Roulade:
8 minutes vs. 2 minutes.
Mixing the filling:
3 minutes vs. 1 minute.
Mixing the Snowball:
10 minutes vs. 2 minutes.
Whipping the cream:
4 minutes vs. 1½ minutes.
Mixing the tart pastry:
3 minutes vs. 30 seconds.
Julienning the apples:
5 minutes vs. 20 seconds.



NEW
POWERFUL
MOTOR;
SUPERIOR DISCS.

So if you don't have time to cook and wish you had, one of our Cuisinart food processors is for you.

They knead dough faster and easier than you ever thought possible, without overheating or stalling, thanks to our powerful new motor.

They slice fruits quicker, more precisely than you ever thought possible with the Cuisinart slicing and shredding discs, far superior to any other discs available.

If you'd like to get your just desserts this holiday, give the cook you love a Cuisinart food processor.

To receive recipes for the dishes on these pages and for more information on our food processors, cookware and magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write to Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Food Processor

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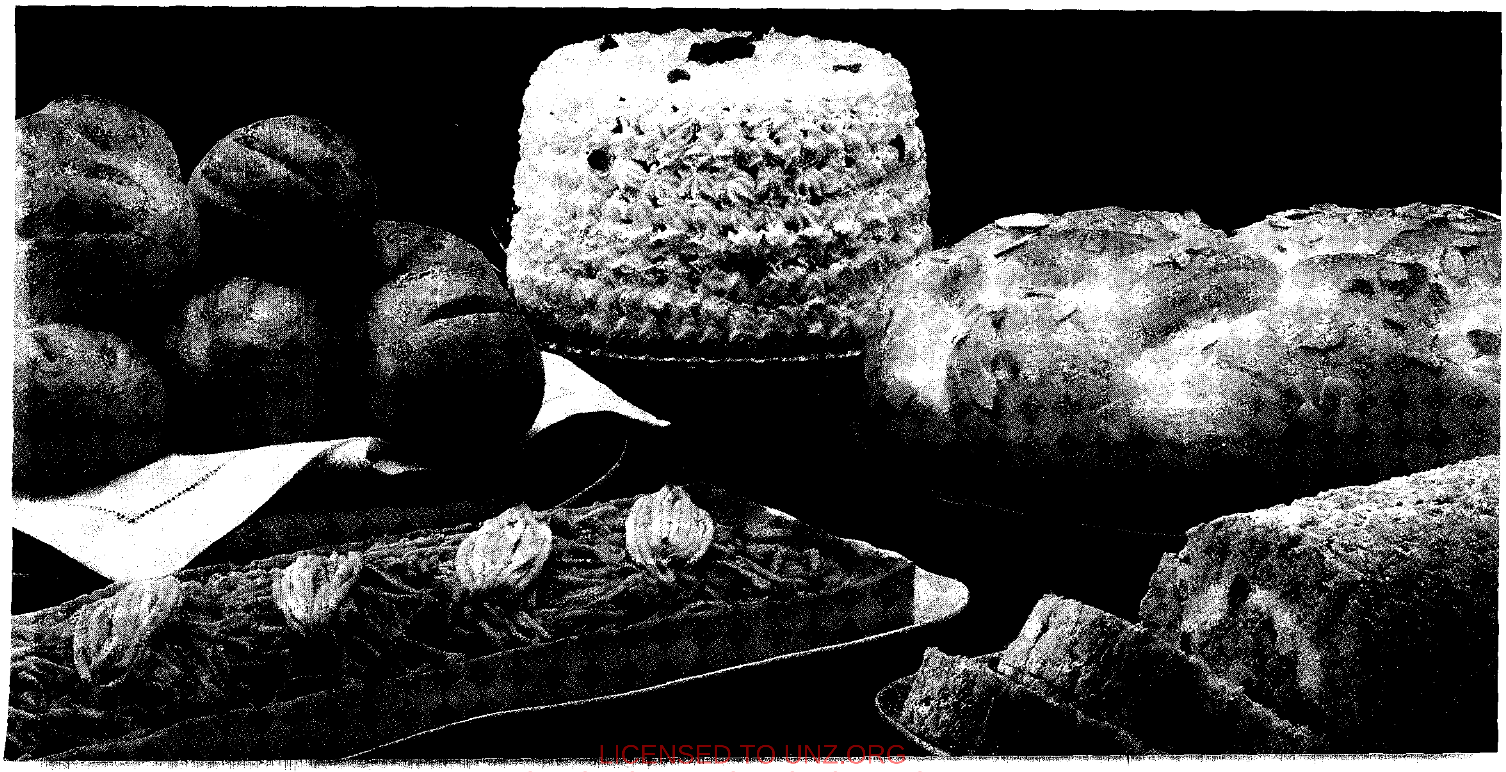


HOLIDAY OPTIONS.

GIFTS FOR PEOPLE WHO ALREADY OWN A CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR.

Our "Whole-in-One" kit, a set of every detachable-stem disc we make. It enables cooks to take fullest advantage of their Cuisinart food processor;

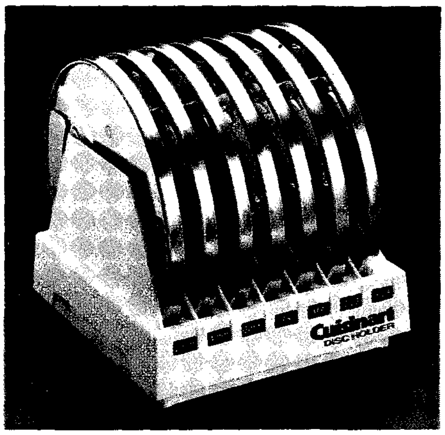
Our detachable-stem disc holder, which safely stores the discs in just 6 inches square;

Our pasta attachment, which makes delicious fresh pasta faster than most pasta makers;

Our bi-monthly magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking." The Washington Post called it "The most imaginative and mouthwatering of any cooking publication." Each issue presents easy-to-follow, step-by-step recipes, including many special dishes created by renowned chefs exclusively for the Cuisinart food processor.

NEW VS. OLD

Also, consider this. *Giving a new Cuisinart food processor to someone who already owns an old Cuisinart food processor is not out of the question.*



We've done continuous research since we introduced the Cuisinart food processor over ten years ago, and we have made significant improvements.

Essentially, we now have a *new generation of Cuisinart food processors.*

All have our radically improved Large Feed Tube which can process whole tomatoes, potatoes, oranges, onions, and which is much easier to operate.

All have our easily-stored detachable stem discs. All accommodate a full set of optional discs—the best on the market—which produce large perfect slices, long uniform shreds, slender julienne strips and juicy matchsticks every time. All have dishwasher safe parts, except for the motor base.

If you cook, ask someone to give you a "Cuisinart Christmas."

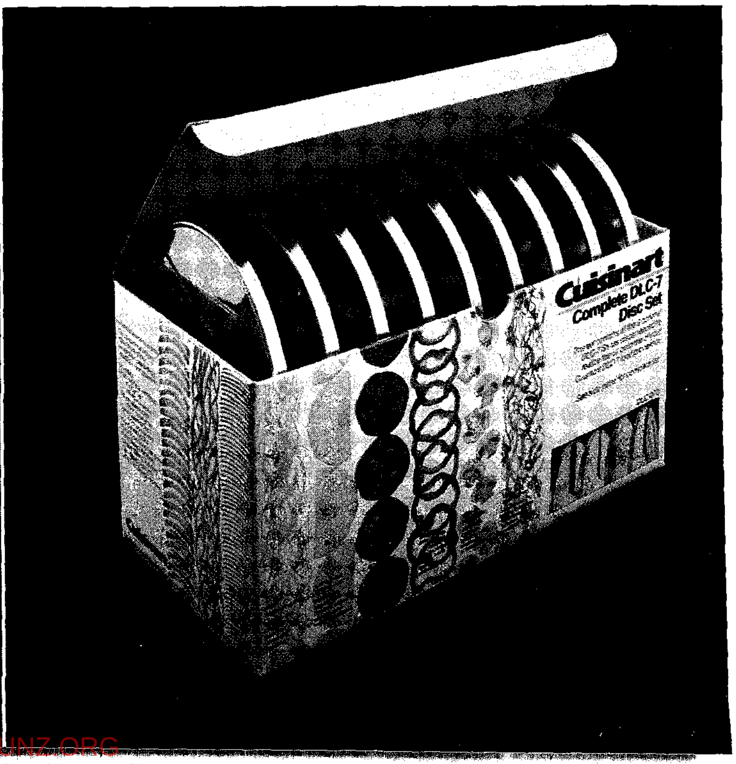
If you're giving a cook something, give them just that.

For recipes for all the dishes on the preceding pages and for more information on our food processors, cookware and our magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write to Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Food Processor

For a store near you call toll-free:
(800) 243-8540

Cuisinart
PASTA ATTACHMENT
Cuisinart
FOOD PROCESSOR
CAUTION: READ INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE USING



HOLIDAY COOKWARE.

ANOTHER GIFT IN GREAT TASTE FROM CUISINARTS.

If you're looking for a beautiful gift for someone who enjoys cooking, Cuisinart Commercial Cookware might just be the answer.

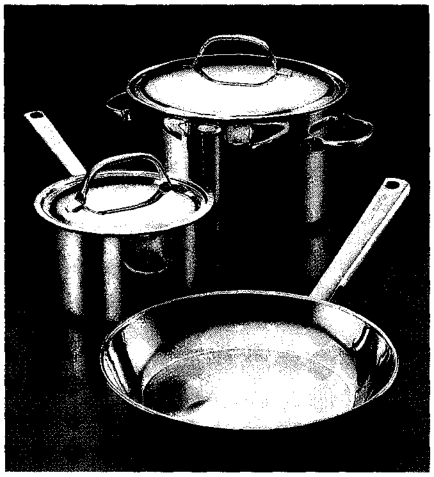
Not because it is beautiful (which it is) but because it brings pleasure to the cook who prepares the meal, as well as to those who share in the repast, cooked faster and better in Cuisinart Cookware.

50 YEAR GUARANTEE

It is everything that superior cookware should be. And because it is superior in quality, Cuisinart Commercial Cookware is guaranteed for 50 years!

CONCENTRATES HEAT ON FOOD

Every pot, every pan is made with a unique sandwich of copper surrounded on both sides by stainless steel. This sandwich distributes heat quickly and evenly, along the bottom as well as upwards. Consequently there are no hot or cold spots which you often find with other cookware. Just a constant, even heat flow over the whole cooking surface.



Our cookware, made of high quality stainless steel, concentrates virtually all the heat on the food, unlike other kinds of cookware which radiate much of the heat out into the kitchen. And Cuisinarts uses the best quality stainless steel obtainable. With our efficient Cuisinart Commercial Cookware, the kitchen stays cooler and the food cooks faster.

(In our test kitchen, a black, anodized-finished two-quart saucepan used 24% more energy and took 22% longer to bring water to a boil than a two-quart Cuisinart saucepan.)

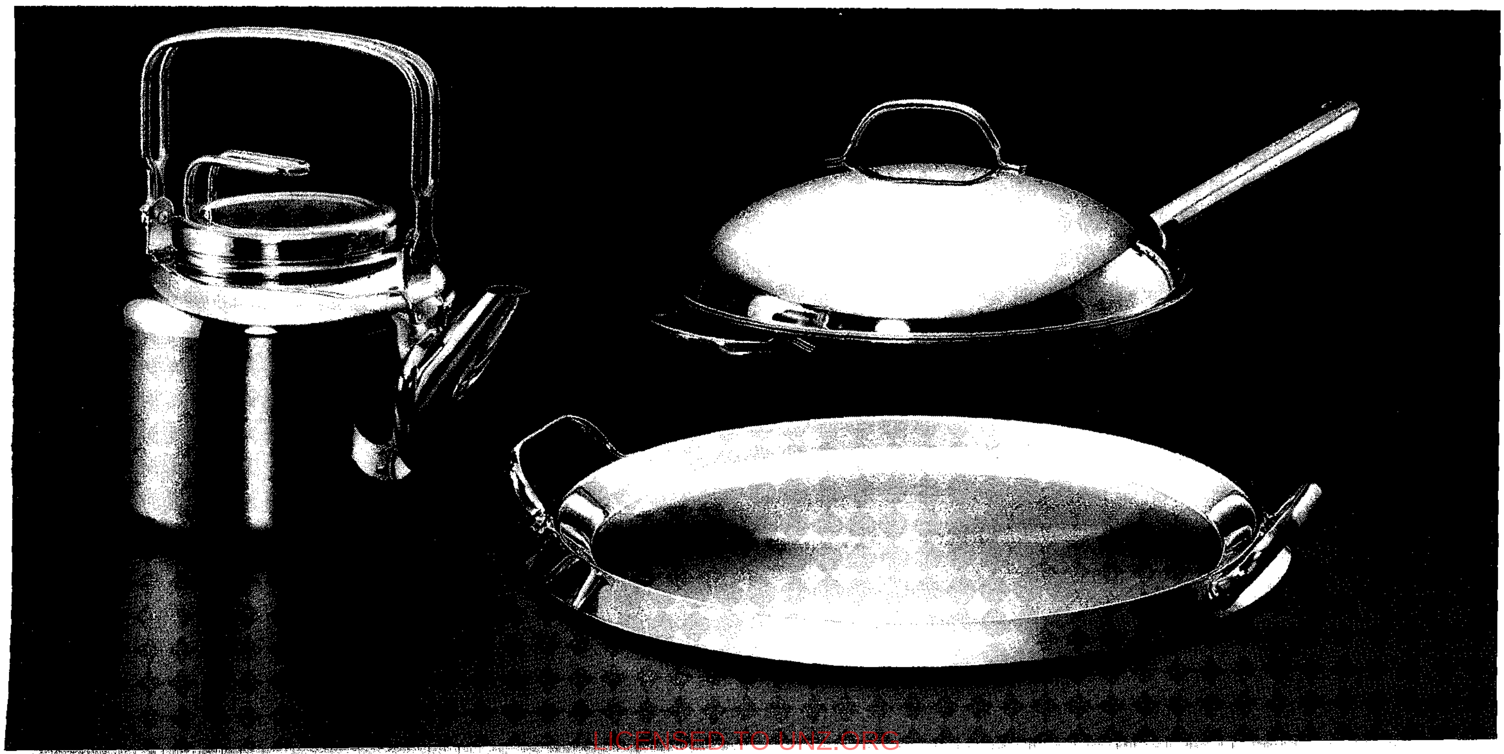
And the brilliant lustre of all our cookware (the reason you see so much of it hanging proudly in kitchens and restaurants) will last forever.

Give someone who cooks this thoughtful gift. The pleasure will be yours as well as the cook's.

To receive recipes for all the dishes on the preceding pages and for more information on our cookware, food processors and magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write to Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Stainless Cookware

For a store near you call toll-free:
(800) 243-8540



COINTREAU LIQUEUR. 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE BY COINTREAU AMERICA, INC., N.Y.C. © 1984.

IMPORTED
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR SPECIALITE
ANGERS
FRANCE
80 proof
750ml
PRODUCT OF FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

"Judas Maccabaeus"—Joseph DelliCarri directing an orchestra, chorus, and soloists in a performance of Handel's oratorio. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Alison Deane—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Kurt Ollmann—Baritone, in a program of French songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three programs, each of which will be performed two times. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the third in a series of all-Bach concerts celebrating the composer's tercentenary, this one with Paula Robison, flute; Mark Peskanov, violin; and the Tureck Bach Players. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—Music by Louis Karchin, Frank Retzel, and others, performed by Eric Chasatow, flute; Robert Pollock, piano; the Arioso Trio; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Tafelmusik—A flute, oboe, cello, and harpsichord ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music from Japan—A program of new music by American and Japanese composers. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Stony Brook Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 5:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Yefim Bronfman, piano; Virgil Blackwell, bass clarinet; and members of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ The same program: Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 10-11, at 7:30.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and keyboard, in a program of Bach sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Winterfest Concerts—The second in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of music by Mendelssohn, Richard Strauss, and Copland. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Music of Robert Moran—Performed by the San Francisco New Music Ensemble of New York. The composer will be present. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Ridge String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

Zvi Zeitlin and Barry Snyder—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Howard Van Hyning conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jaime Bolipata—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

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Carl Kleinsteuber—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program that will include Spanish Christmas carols. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The first in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Steve Reich's "Drumming"—Mr. Reich and eleven other musicians performing this seventy-minute work that had its première thirteen years ago in the same place. (Museum of Modern Art Titus 1 Theatre, 11 W. 53rd St. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum's information desk.)

League-ISCM Chamber Players—A program of music by Vincent Persichetti, Martin Boykan, Edmund Cionek, and Stravinsky. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Josephine Mongiardo—Soprano, in an all-Bach program, with assisting artists. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—The last in a series of Mendelssohn-Schoenberg programs, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, in a repeat performance of a program of poems set to music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 6. Tickets at the Bursar's office on the night of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts each featuring a guest violist, this one with Steven Tenenbom. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

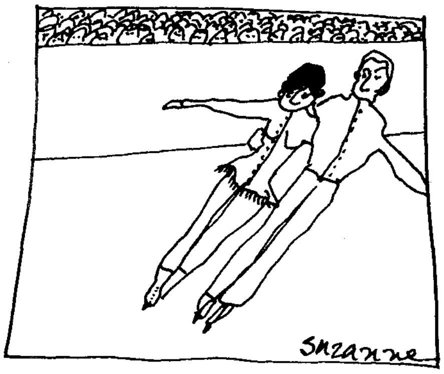
Sheila Schonbrun—Soprano, with Edmund Niemann, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music at BAM—A Bach-Schoenberg-Franck program, performed by Joseph Swensen and Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano; and Francis Menotti, speaker. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7 and 9, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7: Simon Jeffes conducting his **PENGUIN CAFÉ ORCHESTRA,** a new music ensemble from England, making its first appearance here. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 11-15, at 7, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2: Opening performances of the Philip Glass–Robert Wilson opera **EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH,** with choreography by Lucinda Childs, which will be the final production of the festival. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Through Sunday, Dec. 23.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Dallas, Thursday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Utah, Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Wednesday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Friday, Dec. 14. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis, Sunday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at Giants Stadium, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 12:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Monday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Dec. 12. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Dec. 15. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Bertram F. Bongard, Sunday, Dec. 9, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Skating—Dorothy Hamill, John Curry, Robin Cousins, Starbuck & Shelley, Babilonia & Gardner, and other professional figure-skating champions. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Nicanor Parra reading from his own works, in Spanish, with English translations. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Amy Clampitt and John Koethe reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 6, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Hebrew printed books; the property of the Valmadonna Trust. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 10:15: Judaica, including books, manuscripts, and works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: American furniture, folk art, and related decorative arts. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 10:15, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, Russian and Greek icons, and *objets de vertu.* Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 2: English and Continental silver. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 7. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10 and 2: Jewelry.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

NOW SHOWING
BUSTER KE
Anne Burgess

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 33.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 6: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.
From Dec. 7: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 6: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean; and "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee.
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 6: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 13: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From Dec. 14: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 13: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
From Dec. 14: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 7: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 6: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Amadeus" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller). From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (†). No performances on Tuesday, Dec. 11.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren. From Dec. 14: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 6: "All of Me" (†).
From Dec. 7: "Places in the Heart" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Dec. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns. From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 8: "Country" (†). From Dec. 9: Theatre closed.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Dec. 5: Theatre closed. Dec. 6: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean. From Dec. 7: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 6: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. (No performances on Friday, Dec. 7.)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Double" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller). From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 11: "The Case Is Closed" (1982; directed by Mrinal Sen; in Bengali). From Dec. 12: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1983; Billy Woodberry).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Edvard Munch" (†). Dec. 7-11: "Don Giovanni" (†). Dec. 12-13: "Le Gai Savoir" (†) and "See You at Mao" (†). Dec. 14-15: "Breathless" (†) and "Masculine Feminine" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "Country" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller). From Dec. 7: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.
Theatre 3: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 13: "The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.
From Dec. 14: "A Passage to India" (David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 11: A week-long festival of Michel Piccoli films.
From Dec. 12: A week-long festival of Claude Sautet films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 6: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
From Dec. 7: "Repo Man" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Falling in Love" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

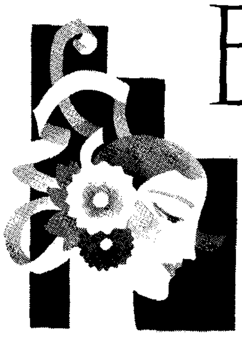
Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 6: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Entre Nous" (†) and "Diva" (†). From Dec. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller). From Dec. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Oh, God! You Devil" (directed by Paul Bogart), with George Burns. From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen. From Dec. 7: "Don't Open Till Christmas" (Edmund Purdom).
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 6: "The Little



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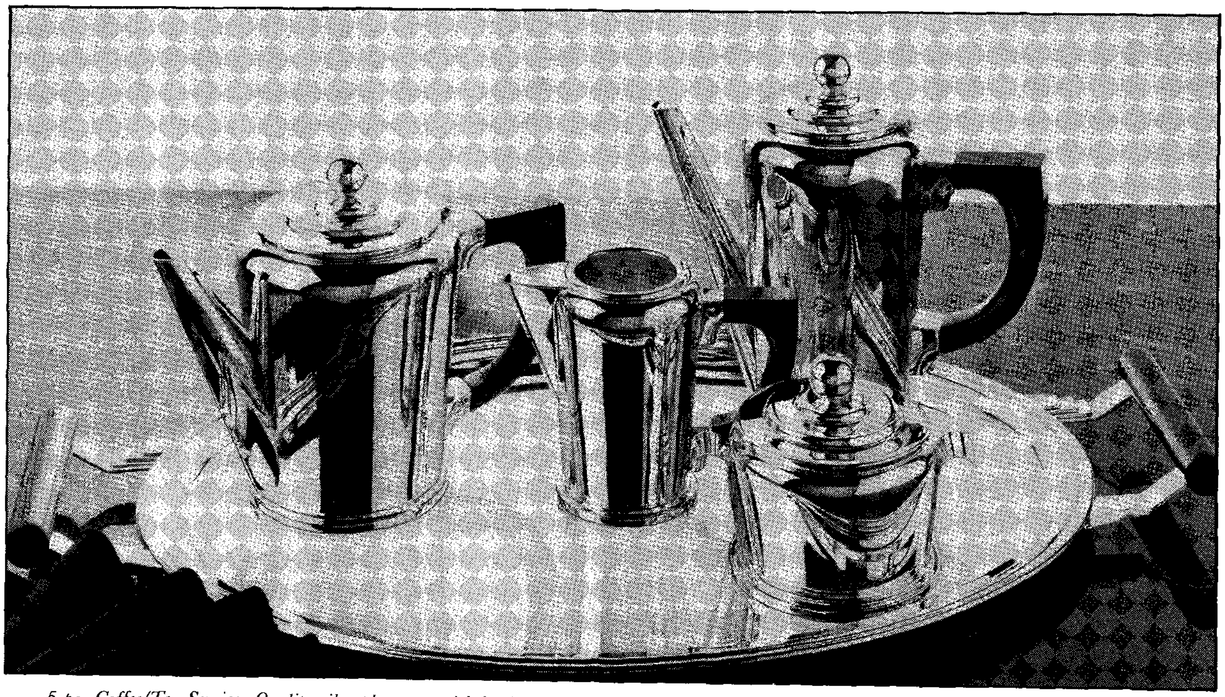

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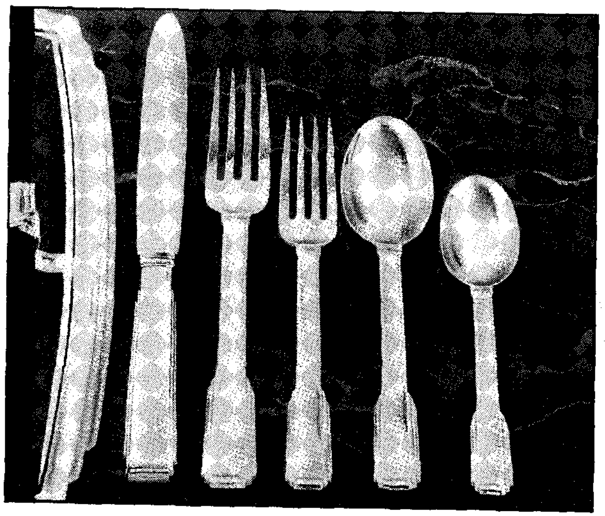
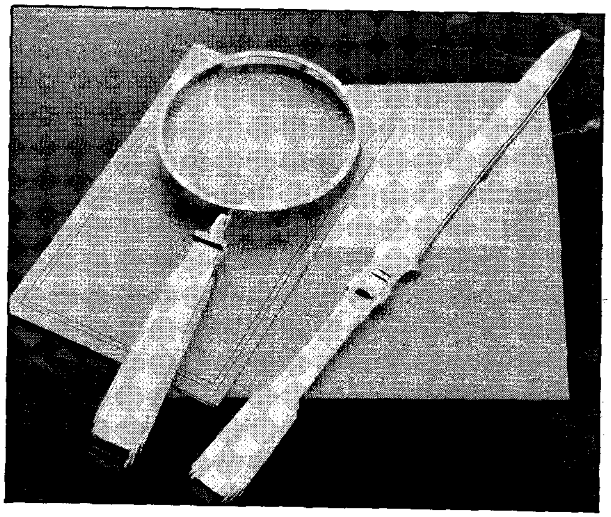


Flatware. 5-pc. place setting: dinner knife, dinner fork, soup spoon, teaspoon, salad fork. Silverplate over nickel, 125.00



Magnifying Glass. Silverplate over nickel. 70.00
Letter Opener, Silverplate over nickel. 32.00

CHRISTMAS AT

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Drummer Girl" (†). From Dec. 7: "Oh, God! You Devil."

Theatre 5: Through Dec. 6: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey; and "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From Dec. 7: "Jungle Warriors."

Theatre 6: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408) "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Theatre 3: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.

Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through Dec. 6: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 7: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop." (No performances on Monday, Dec. 10.)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Dec. 13: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

From Dec. 14: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003) "Places in the Heart" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller). Dec. 7-13: "Preppies." From Dec. 14: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Dec. 14: "Runaway."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Jungle Warriors." Dec. 7-13: "Duel of the Dragons" and "Revenge of the Drunken Master." From Dec. 14: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

Theatre 2: "Hot Moves" (Jim Sotos).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From Dec. 7: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 6: "L'Age d'Or" (1930; directed by Luis Buñuel; in French); and "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

From Dec. 7: A two-week program of Russian films.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Dec. 6: "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 6: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.

Dec. 7-11: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

Dec. 12-13: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "From Russia with Love" (†).

Dec. 14-15: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515); Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.) "Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Dec. 5: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).

Dec. 6-8: "Love and Death" (1975), "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), and "Sleeper" (1973), all three films directed by Woody Allen.

Dec. 9-10: "Metropolis" (†) and "Wings" (†).

Dec. 11-12: "Barry Lyndon" (†); and "The Four Musketeers" (1975; Richard Lester), with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain.

Dec. 13-15: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 6: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "The Stone Boy" (1984; Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.

Dec. 7-8: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "Live and Let Die" (1973; Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore as Bond.

Dec. 9: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 10-11: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale; and "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino.

Dec. 12-13: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman); and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Dec. 14-15: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 5: "Phantom India" (1972; Louis Malle). Parts 1 through 4 will be shown.

Dec. 6: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Dec. 7: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles.

Dec. 8: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978; Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty.

Dec. 9: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

Dec. 10: "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Virgin Spring" (†).

Dec. 11: "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French).

Dec. 12: "Phantom India." Parts 5 through 7 will be shown.

Dec. 13: "Signs of Life" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

From Dec. 14: A program of six silent Laurel and Hardy two-reelers.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 5: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, and Jeanne Moreau; and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

Dec. 6-8: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Martin Milner, and Sam Levene; and "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968; Robert Aldrich), with Kim Novak and Peter Finch.

Dec. 9-10: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969; Paul Mazursky), with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam.

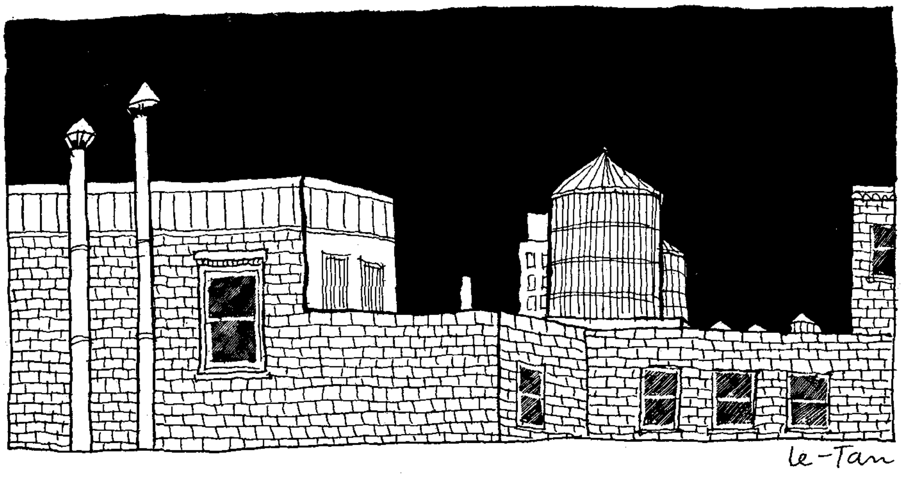
Dec. 11-12: "The Goddess" (†); and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Dec. 13-15: "Let's Make Love" (1960; George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 5: "China Is Near" (1968; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian); and "Ramparts of Clay" (1971; Jean-Louis Bertuccelli; in Berber).

Dec. 6: "On Approval" (1943; Clive Brook), with Beatrice Lillie and Brook; and "De-



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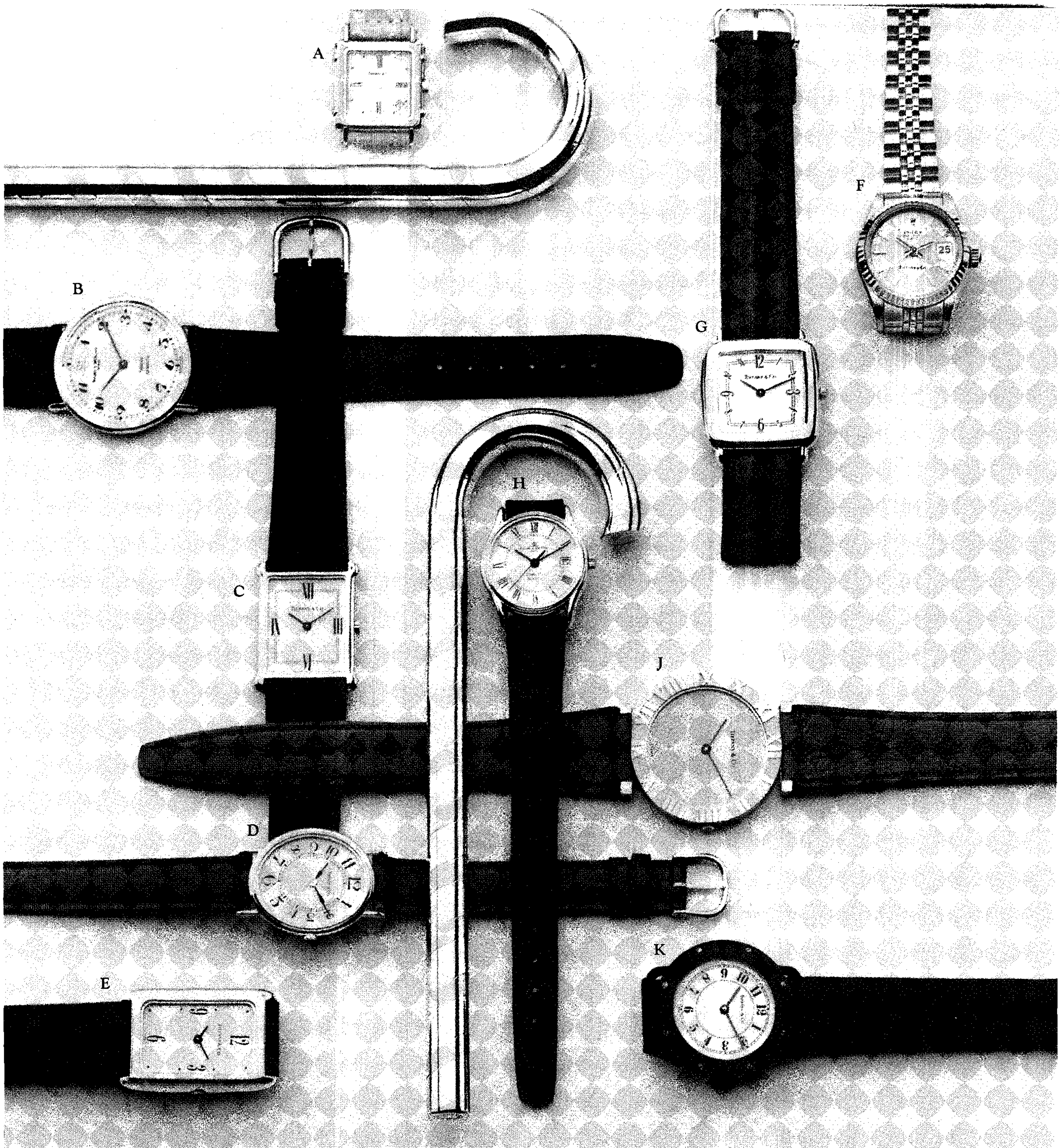

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sign for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Dec. 7: "Heartland" (1979; Richard Pearce), with Rip Torn and Conchata Ferrell; and "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley.
Dec. 8: "Wizards" (1977; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.
Dec. 9: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (†); and "La Truite" (1983; Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Dec. 10: "Jamaica Inn" (†) and "The Beachcomber" (†).
Dec. 11: "Killer Diller" (1948; Josh Binney); and "Showtime at the Apollo" (1955).
Dec. 12: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Devil's Wanton" (1949; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Dec. 13: "Resurrection" (†); and "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott.
Dec. 14: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi.
Dec. 15: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 5: "The Harder They Fall" (1956; Mark Robson), with Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947; John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.
Dec. 6: "Life with Father" (1947; Michael Curtiz), with Irene Dunne, William Powell, Edmund Gwenn, Jimmy Lydon, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Our Town" (1940; Sam Wood), with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden.
Dec. 7-9: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale.
From Dec. 10: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Ware Case" (1938; directed by Robert Stevenson), with Clive Brook and Jane Baxter. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6 and Dec. 7 at 2:30: "The Gaunt Stranger" (1938; Walter Forde), with Sonnie Hale, Wilfrid Lawson, and Alexander Knox. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Young Man's Fancy" (1939; Robert Stevenson), with Griffith Jones and Anna Lee. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "The Proud Valley" (1940; Pen Tennyson), with Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5: "There Ain't No Justice" (1939; Pen Tennyson), with Jimmy Hanley and Phyllis Stanley. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2: "Four Just Men" (1939; Walter Forde), with Hugh Sinclair, Griffith Jones, and Francis L. Sullivan. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5: "Sailors Three" (1940; Walter Forde), with Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert, and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Young Man's Fancy." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 6: "The Proud Valley." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "There Ain't No Justice." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6: "Four Just Men." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Sailors Three." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6 and Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Convoy" (1940; Pen Tennyson), with Clive Brook, John Clements, and Edward Chapman. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: "Went the Day Well?" (1942; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Leslie Banks and Basil Sydney. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2: "Turned Out Nice Again" (1941; Marcel Varnel), with George Formby and Peggy Bryan. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5: "The Goose Steps Out" (1942; Basil Dearden and Will Hay), with Hay and Charles Hawtrey.

Theatre 2: Dec. 6 at 3: "The Buffalo Creek Flood: An Act of Man" (1975; Mimi Pickering) and "Coalmining Women" (1982; Elizabeth Barret). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6:30 and Dec. 7 at 3: A program of five award-winning student films. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6:30: "The Trouble with Love" (1984; Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander, Lou Castel, and Rebecca Pauly. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Final Call" (1984; Dagmar Hirtz; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen" (1984; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary . . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "The Swing" (1983; Percy Adlon; in German, with English subtitles), with Anja Jaenicke and Lena Stolze. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5:30: "Kanakerbraut" (1983; Uwe Schrader; in German, with English subtitles), with Peter Franke and Brigitte Janner. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3 and 6:30: "Breaking the Silence: The Generation After the Holocaust" (1984; Edward A. Mason), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 3: "The Trouble with Love." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6:30: "Final Call." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 3: "Ten Days in Calcutta." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6:30: "Kanakerbraut." . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "The Olympic Winning Lady" (1983; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles), with Achternbusch and Annamirl Bierbichler. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30: "Paso Doble—Dancing Out of Line" (1983; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Albert Heins and Ulrike S.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 6.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Sutton, Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Barry Lyndon (1975)—Thackeray wrote a skittish, fast-moving parody of romantic, sentimental writing, about the adventures of an Irish knave. However, it must have been Barry's ruthless pursuit of wealth and social position rather than his spirit that attracted Stanley Kubrick. His images are fastidiously delicate in the inexpressive, peculiarly chilly manner of the English painters of the period—the mid-eighteenth century—and it's a masterpiece in every insignificant detail. The film says that people are disgusting but things are lovely. The stately tour of European high life is like a three-hour slide show for art-history majors. With Ryan O'Neal, and Marisa Berenson. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 11-12.)

The Beachcomber (1938)—The happiest screen collaboration of Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton—they're both wonderful—is in this adaptation of a Somerset Maugham story, "The Vessel of Wrath." It's set on an island in the Pacific, which Maugham calls Baru, and it's concerned with the efforts of the prim, missionary Lanchester to reform the carnal, ribald beachcomber Laughton. The situation is the reverse of that in Maugham's Sadie Thompson story, but with a light, comic tone. Erich Pommer directed; with Robert Newton. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (86th St. East, and Waverly . . . . ¶ Manhattan, and New Yorker; through Dec. 6.)

Breathless (1959; "À Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive.* In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 14-15.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 9.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Greenwich Playhouse . . . . ¶ Beekman; through Dec. 8.)

Diva (1981)—A romantic thriller from France, made by Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his tape machine into her concert—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. In French. (New Yorker; through Dec. 6.)

Don Giovanni (1979)—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've

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ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this “Don Giovanni” is better than most recent films. In Italian. (Film Forum; Dec. 7-11.)

Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Film Forum; through Dec. 6.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The picture keeps teetering on the edge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. In French. (3/5/84) (New Yorker; through Dec. 6.)

Falling in Love—With Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The second in the James Bond series—exciting, handsomely staged, and campy—with Sean Connery pitted against a blond Robert Shaw and Lotte Lenya with a dagger in her shoe. Directed by Terence Young. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12-13.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Richard Lester's camera keeps cutting into and away from the comedians (Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern), who never get a chance to develop a routine or to bring off a number. They're rushed pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical farce, taken from Plautus and set in ancient Rome. Lester trashes the men, even old Buster Keaton, and the women are blank-faced bodies or witless viragoes. Mostly, Lester's visual gags seem just pointless agitation. He proceeds by fits and starts and leaves jokes suspended in midair; it's as if he's forgotten what it's all for. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 14-15.)

Le Gai Savoir (1968)—“Weekend” (made earlier the same year) was the culmination of Godard's great, innovative, rampaging career, and after it he seemed to be back at Square One, trying to found a new Maoist political cinema. “Le Gai Savoir” was the first of his monotonous, didactic experiments, and it's just about impossible to sit through. Juliet Berto (as the daughter of Lumumba) and Jean-Pierre Léaud (as Rousseau's great-great-grandson) begin on a course of study, there's not much to look at, and since the soundtrack is full of bleeps to cover the obscenities, there's nothing to do but read the subtitles as the two of them talk. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 12-13.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

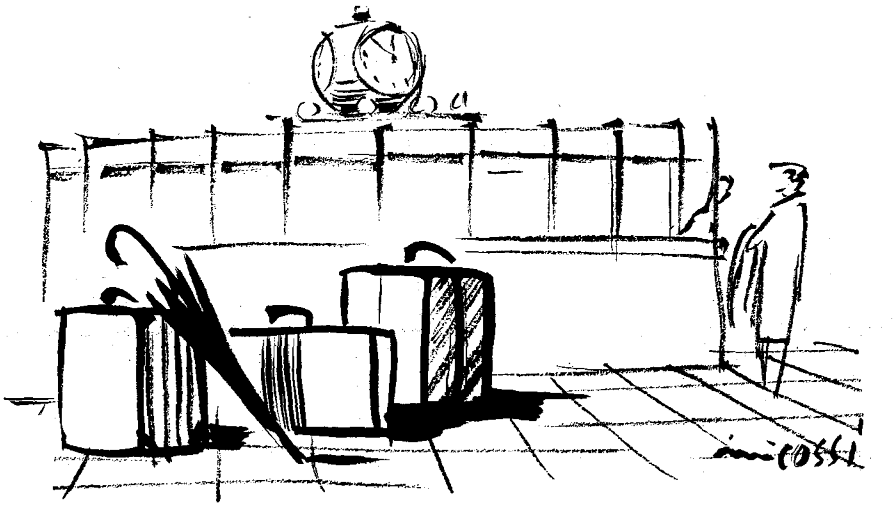
The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of stardom centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Chayefsky is so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her stand out from all the other poor, deceived girls—what would make her a star. This is a conscientious, ambitious bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast. The intense Kim Stanley is in the central role (her compelling over-non-acting makes the bum writing rather painful). Patty Duke plays the heroine as a lonely child. With Betty Lou Holland, Steven Hill, Lloyd Bridges, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Regency; Dec. 11-12.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, Lionel Barrymore. Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, the picture is well done, but it's doggerel trying to pass as art. With Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7-9. . . . ¶ Thalia; Dec. 14.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging is almost shockingly uninspired. With Maureen O'Hara, Emlyn Williams, Leslie Banks, Robert Newton, and Marie Ney. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

The Killing Fields—With Sam Waterston and Haing S. Ngor, directed by Roland Joffé. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Little Drummer Girl—George Roy Hill's film centers on Charlie (Diane Keaton), an American actress working in a third-rate repertory company in England; a left-wing pro-Palestinian, she is recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit that turns her thinking around and uses her to infiltrate the Palestinians and trap their chief terrorist (Sami Frey, who gives the film a bit of bravura). Charlie is an actress looking for a role to play that will make her feel “real.” But Keaton takes this cliché so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity; initially off-putting, she leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. It's



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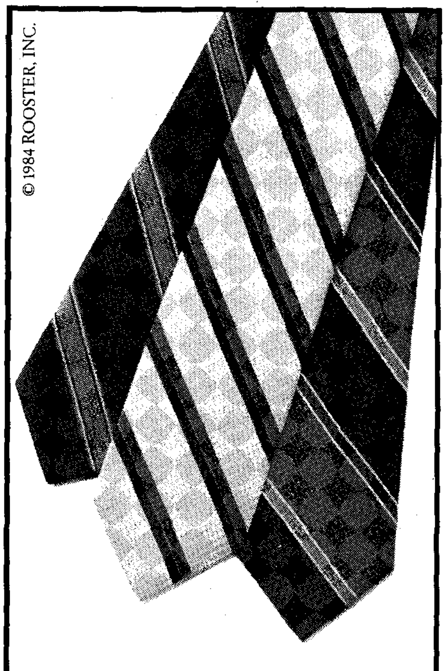

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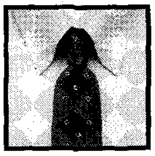

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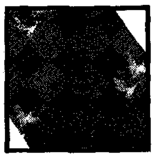

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maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it. With Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, Moti Shirin, and Michael Cristofer. (11/12/84) (Cinema II, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 6.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's • graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." The boy, a pop revolutionary (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is full of doubts and questions. The girl (Chantal Goya) is a singer with a thin, reedy little voice; her face is haunting just because it's so empty. The film—a combination of journalistic sketches, love lyrics, and satire—is about the differing attitudes of the sexes toward love and war in an atmosphere of total and easy disbelief. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal—the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms. He gets at the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do, but how they smile and look away. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 14-15.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 9-10.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Loews 83rd Quad, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Gemini; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Dec. 7.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Dec. 7.)

Resurrection (1980)—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Burstyn bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Lewis John Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, and, as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne. (Thalia; Dec. 13.)

See You at Mao (1970)—An hour-long film by Godard. Radical politicking to a degree that will drive some people mad with its deliberately battering didacticism. (Film Forum; Dec. 12-13.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster, Sergeant Waters (played, in flashbacks, by Adolph Caesar), has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller (who did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play") uses the structure of a whodunit for an inquiry into the psychological dynamics of racism, and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is overexplicit; it's like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace, and brought out all the humor he can find. Since Captain Davenport is one-on-one with the people he questions, a number of actors get to dominate the screen for a scene or two. The standouts are Denzel Washington (as the best educated of the black soldiers), Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, and David Harris and, among the white officers, Dennis Lipscomb. The cinematographer, Russell Boyd, knows how to photograph black men: their skins seem iridescent, and Rollins has a heroic, sculptural presence. (11/26/84) (Guild. . . . ¶ Baronet. No performances on Tuesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

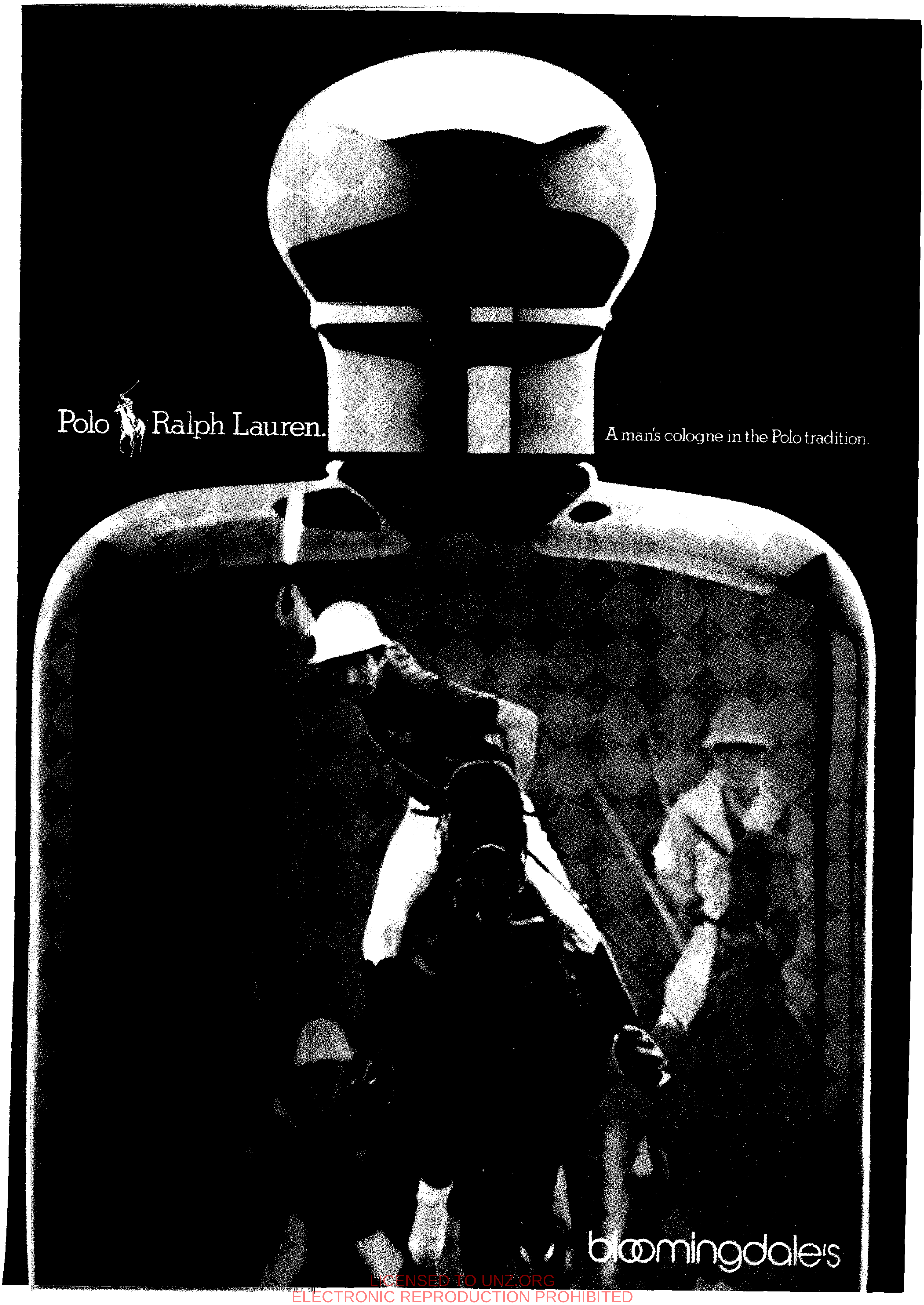
Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment (three screens used for backlit slide projections); there's no glitter, no sleaze. The sound seems better than live sound; it *is* better—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. The movie was shot during three performances at the Hollywood Pantages Theatre, in December, 1983; the cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (for laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (10/1/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slam-bang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute, steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 9-10.)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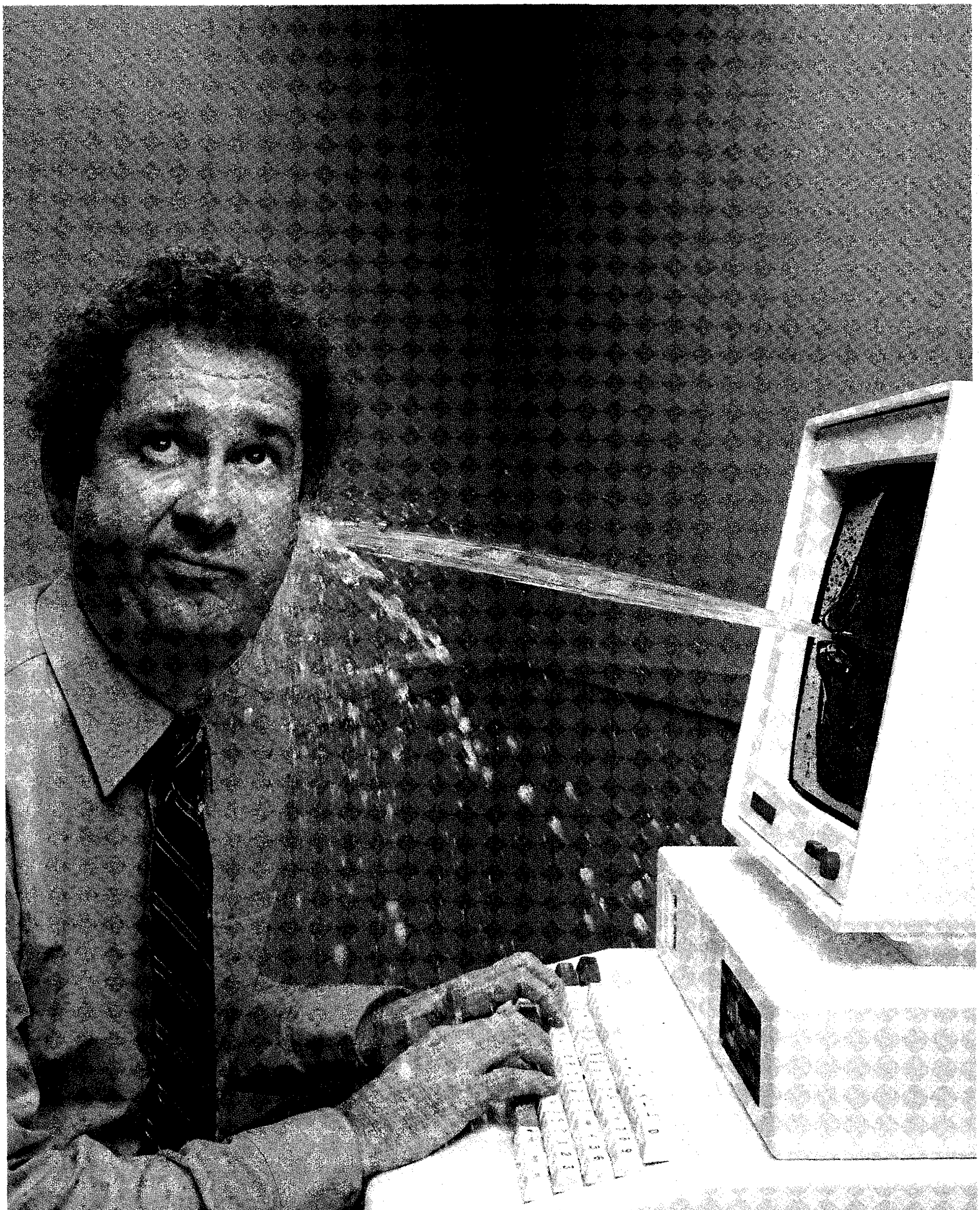

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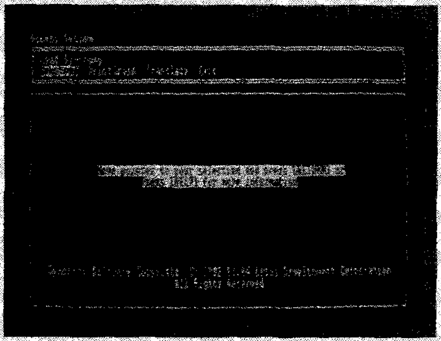

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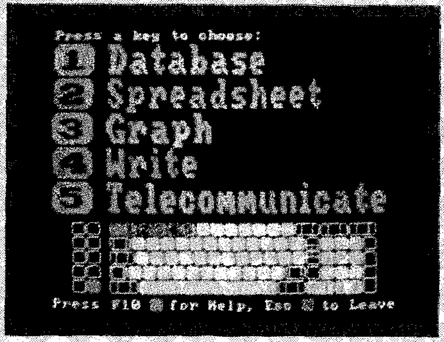

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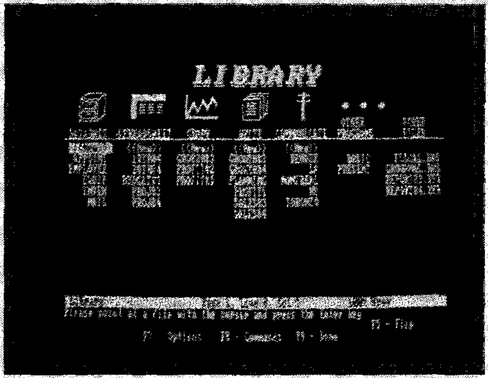

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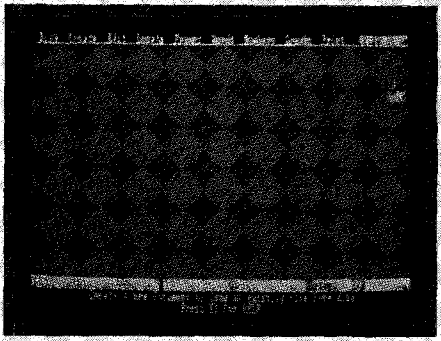

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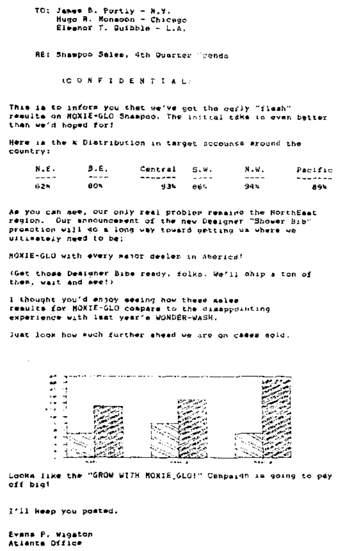

TO: James B. Portly - N.Y.
Hugo R. Monsoon - Chicago
Eleanor T. Quibble - L.A.

RE: Shampoo Sales, 4th Quarter Trends

(CONFIDENTIAL)

This is to inform you that we've got the early "flash" results on MOXIE-GLO Shampoo. The initial take is even better than we'd hoped for!

Here is the % Distribution in target accounts around the country:

N.E.	S.E.	Central	S.W.	N.W.	Pacific
62%	80%	93%	86%	94%	89%

As you can see, our only real problem remains the NorthEast region. Our announcement of the new Designer "Shower Bib" promotion will go a long way toward getting us where we ultimately need to be:

MOXIE-GLO with every major dealer in America!

(Get those Designer Bibs ready, folks. We'll ship a ton of them, wait and see!)

I thought you'd enjoy seeing how these sales results for MOXIE-GLO compare to the disappointing experience with last year's WONDER-WASH.

Just look how much further ahead we are on cases sold.

Looks like the "GROW WITH MOXIE_GLO!" Campaign is going to pay off big!

I'll keep you posted.

Evans P. Wigston
Atlanta Office

Print a complex, convincing letter using graphs and charts as you wish. Place whatever you want where you want it. What you see is what your printer prints.

It even protects you from losing information by mistake. ABILITY double-checks with you first on major information changes. (Nice to know.)

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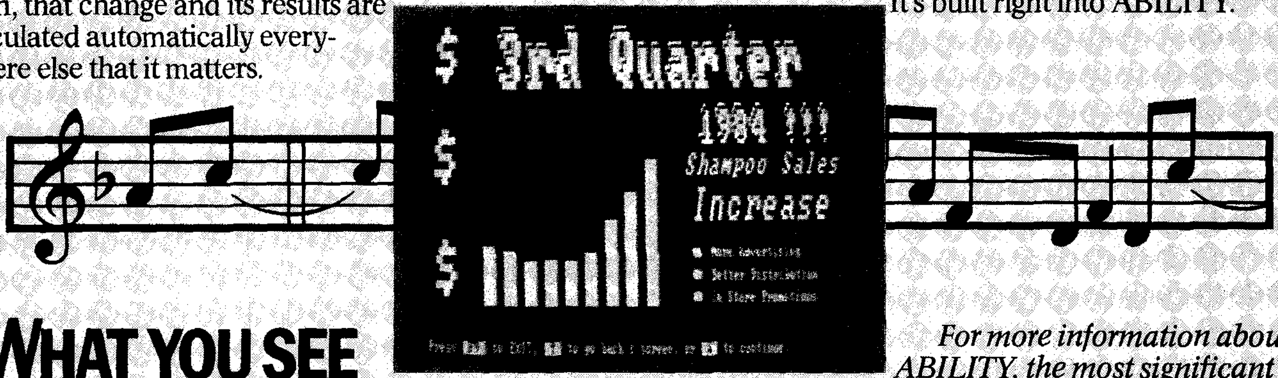

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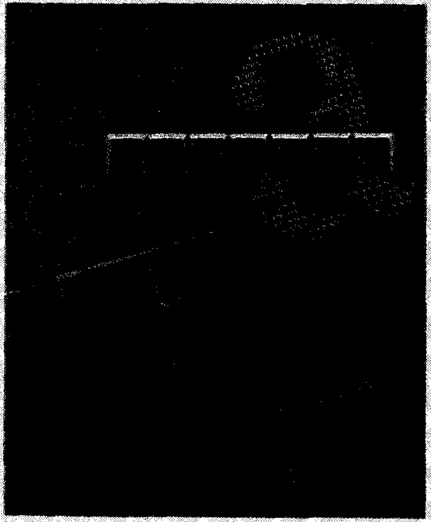

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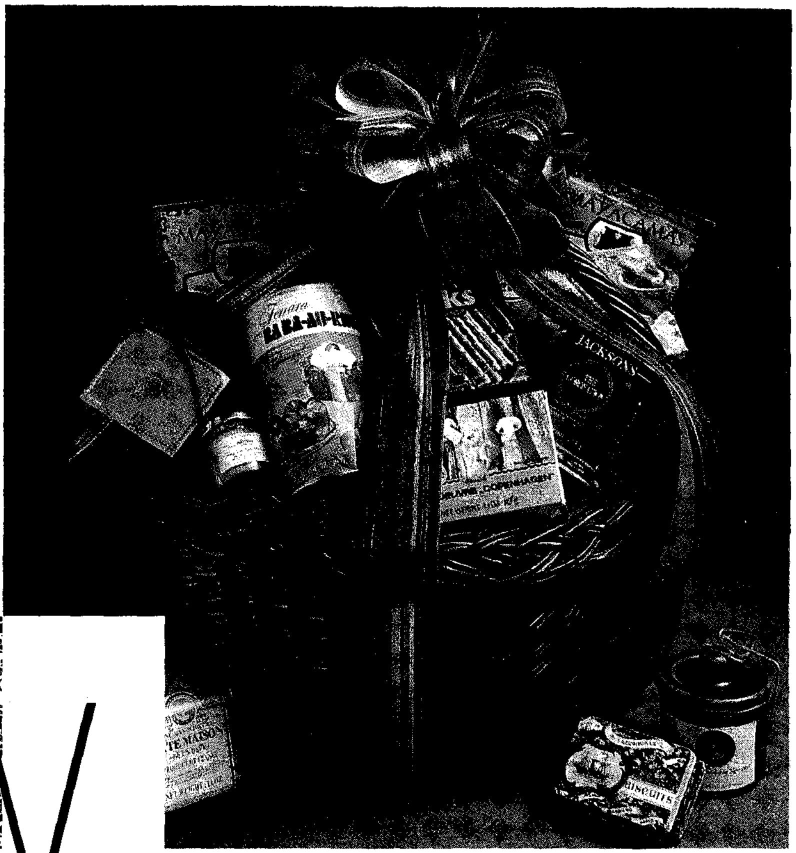
A continuing series



When is a basket more than a basket? When it's a flower cart!

It was Christmas 1983 and all was not quiet around our Epicure Shop. We were busy taking orders for our famous Epicure gift baskets. And just as N-M always comes up with the unique, we have customers who do the same. One day our Epicure Shop door opened and a customer walked in with her own unusual idea. She wanted a flower cart to be filled with as many of our snack foods as it would hold, along with other Christmas items. She got it — topped off with beautiful red poinsettias!

Large family baskets are fun, too. Last Easter we filled a huge 4-foot-long, 2-foot-deep basket with a variety of delicious foods, delightful candies and stuffed animals. (Top that, Mr. Easter Bunny!)

What makes our Epicure baskets so special? The time and care we take to create them. We carry only the finest foods the world offers. Whether it's rainbow trout, fine Danish ham, paté or chocolate mint cake bearing the exclusive N-M Epicure label, you always get the best. As for baskets? We fly all the way to the Orient, Spain and Yugoslavia to select the finest quality rattan, willow, bamboo, even brass and copper.

Even with all the finest ingredients, if our gift baskets didn't look tantalizing, they wouldn't pass muster at N-M. So, we've always filled our Epicure Workshop in Dallas with talented people. Their taste for packing up everything to look inviting is unerring, whether it's a style we fill with our own assortment of selected items (we have over 30) or one that is custom-created.

We weave lots of imagination into every Epicure basket so that you're applauded for your imagination with every gift you give! 15.00 to 205.00. Epicure Shop.

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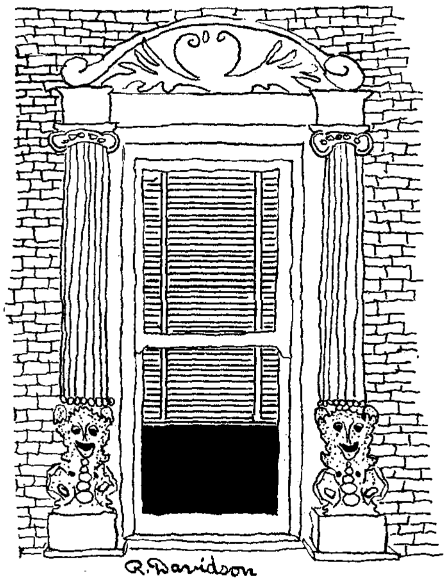
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent days, political columnists and others have been pondering whether or not President Reagan's reëlection has given him a "mandate." It seems a peculiar question to be asking immediately after a landslide victory, but there are reasons for the doubts. While the most obvious reason is that the electorate that gave the President his landslide also returned a Democratic majority to the House of Representatives and shaved the Republican majority in the Senate by two, there may be another, having to do with the Presidential campaign itself. According to the civics textbooks, an election is an occasion on which the nation's political leadership presents the great issues of the day to the country, and the public, through its votes, renders a judgment. In that judgment is supposed to lie the mandate, which is a sort of permission by the public for the government to pursue a particular course in the conduct of the nation's affairs. In the recent election, however, something very nearly the opposite seems to have occurred. Instead of facing the issues and making a decision about them, the country seems in many cases to have run away from them, and instead of giving the government permission to pursue a particular course of action it seems in some ways to have actually withdrawn permission to take any action. The issue of the federal budget deficit is a case in point. In the 1980 election, the candidate Ronald Reagan promised to cut social spending, raise military spending, cut taxes, and balance the federal budget, which was then running a deficit of some sixty billion dollars. His opponent, President Jimmy Carter, held that these things could not all be done simultaneously—that if Mr. Reagan fulfilled his promises regarding taxes and spending the deficit would rise—and to this Mr. Reagan, apparently influenced by the newly fashionable supply-side school of economics, responded that his tax-cutting policies would cause such a burst of growth in the economy that tax revenues would rise even as tax rates fell, so the budget would be balanced. It didn't work out that way, and in President Reagan's first term the budget deficit almost tripled, reaching a level of a hundred and seventy-five billion dollars by election time. The President offered the same solution, or non-solution, to the hundred-and-seventy-five-billion-dollar deficit in 1984 that he had offered to the sixty-billion-dollar one in 1980—economic growth. But this time even many of his own advisers disagreed with him, and made their disagreement known in leaks to the press. Among people knowledgeable about economics, there was widespread belief that a tax increase would be necessary if the budget deficit was to be lowered. And the President's opponent, Walter Mondale, came out squarely in favor of such a tax increase.

The political lines were drawn: in the campaign, Mondale accused Reagan of having no plan to deal with the deficit, and Reagan characterized Mondale as a needless raiser of taxes, calling him things like Coach Tax Hike, and saying that for the Democrats "every day is April 15th," while for the Republicans "every day is the Fourth of July." However that might be, in 1984 the Democratic congressional candidates were not following the lead of their standard-bearer in calling for higher taxes. The great majority of them were either taking Reagan's position that no new taxes were necessary or trying to say as little as they possibly could about the whole matter. A peculiar situation had arisen. Almost every economic expert who was not himself running for public office believed that a tax increase was necessary to lower the deficit, but almost no one who was running for office—with the prominent exception of Walter Mondale—was willing to call for that increase. Rarely had there been such a clear division between the world of the experts and the world of the politicians. The public, of course, through its votes, followed the bipartisan lead of the majority of its elected representatives, and returned most of the anti-tax incumbents to office, while burying Mr. Mondale in a landslide. On this one issue, at least, the public and its representatives seemed to have joined in a flight from reality. Instead of settling on a course of action, they seemed to have resolved to deny the problem, as though the deficit could be voted out of existence. But, of course, the deficit continued to exist, and, in fact, to grow. Just a few weeks after the election, the estimates of the deficit for 1985 were raised, to two hundred and ten billion dollars, and the estimates of recent economic growth were lowered—developments that further dashed the hopes that



growth alone could provide the answer.

The mandate is thus lacking as much for Democrats in Congress as it is for President Reagan, but in a larger sense it is the nation that lacks the mandate. Or, to put it differently, a mandate *has* been given, but it is a mandate to do nothing. One often hears it said that the needs of campaigning for office and the needs of governing once the campaigner takes office are divergent. But this year the results of the campaigning positively obstruct the process of government. The principal need of campaigning in 1984, it was estimated, correctly, by politicians eager for office, was to make the country "feel good about itself"—as it has often been put recently—and one of the ways to do that was to tell people that they wouldn't have to pay higher taxes; but the principal need of governing was to prepare the public for sacrifice and difficulty, including likely tax increases, to lower the deficit. The current dilemma presents tangled problems for both Republicans and Democrats. In the campaign, not only did they fail to deal with the issue of the deficit—they interred it. Now, as elected officials facing the real world, they must dig it up. But there is little will to do so. For Republicans, the problem is how to do what they said they would not do—raise taxes. They would like to get the Democrats to take the lead, but the Democrats are hanging back, too. They want the Republicans to take the lead, and pay the political price (so vividly impressed on everyone's mind by the fate of the unfortunate Mr. Mondale). The parties are carrying on a competition in inaction. Each wants to hide behind the other. In theory, an election prepares the way for action and forward movement, but this election seems to have stopped the government cold. Our public life has been disabled and paralyzed by an expression of the public will.

• •

Master Class

"YEARS ago, a voice teacher said to me, 'If I don't have pupils who cry three or four times a year, I'm not a good teacher,'" Birgit Nilsson, the Swedish soprano, recently told a class at the Manhattan School of Music. "Well, I'm sorry to say that then I'm a *lousy* teacher. Because I like to have happy pupils around me, you know? It's only the happy birds who are singing."

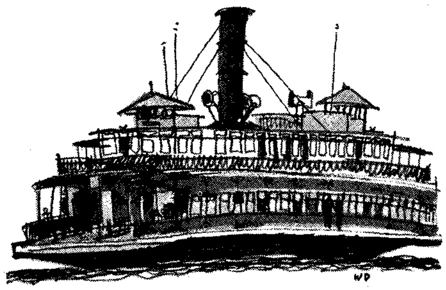
Mme. Nilsson—*the* great Brünnhilde and Isolde of our time, and also a definitive interpreter of any number of brutally demanding parts in works by Verdi, Puccini, and Strauss—retired from the operatic stage two years ago, at the age of sixty-four, but she continues to give concerts, for which she commands fees that are among the world's highest for any singer, and last year she was persuaded by some friends at the Manhattan School to conduct the first master class of her career. She approached the experiment with trepidation, but it proved so satisfying that this year she agreed to conduct *three* classes. Twelve of the school's voice majors (out of a total of a hundred and seven) were selected by faculty audition to appear at the first two sessions, before invited guests; then Mme. Nilsson chose the best six to sing at the third, which was conducted before a paying audience. The proceeds from that performance, together with Mme. Nilsson's fee, went to establish a Birgit Nilsson Scholarship Fund for gifted singers.

On the first afternoon, Mme. Nilsson, dressed in a trim blue silk suit with a black turtleneck and pearls, stepped briskly onto the stage of the school's John C. Borden Auditorium and took her seat at a small table on the left. A Baldwin was set back in the middle, with two accompanists to spell each other, and on the right was a gigantic floral arrangement. A young woman came out on the stage, looking brave but frightened. Clinging to the piano, she began to sing Micaëla's aria from "Carmen."

Mme. Nilsson interrupted her after a few bars. "Beautiful voice. Very nice. But you seem so *calm*. Here you are in a smugglers' nest, anything can happen, your knees should really be shaking—"

"But my knees *are* shaking!" exclaimed the young woman, and the ice was broken.

A moment later, Mme. Nilsson moved to center stage and introduced her basic lessons, which she would repeat again and again. "Loosen up," she exhorted the student, rolling her head and dropping her shoulders by way of example. "Plant your feet on the ground, feel you are one with the earth." Planting her own feet and drawing herself up, she assumed the solidity of the World Tree. "You must always be open, here and there." With a gesture that seemed almost religious, she touched her forehead and her lower abdomen. "The two big points—the seat of all singing." She addressed the audience: "So now you know it, go home and sing!"

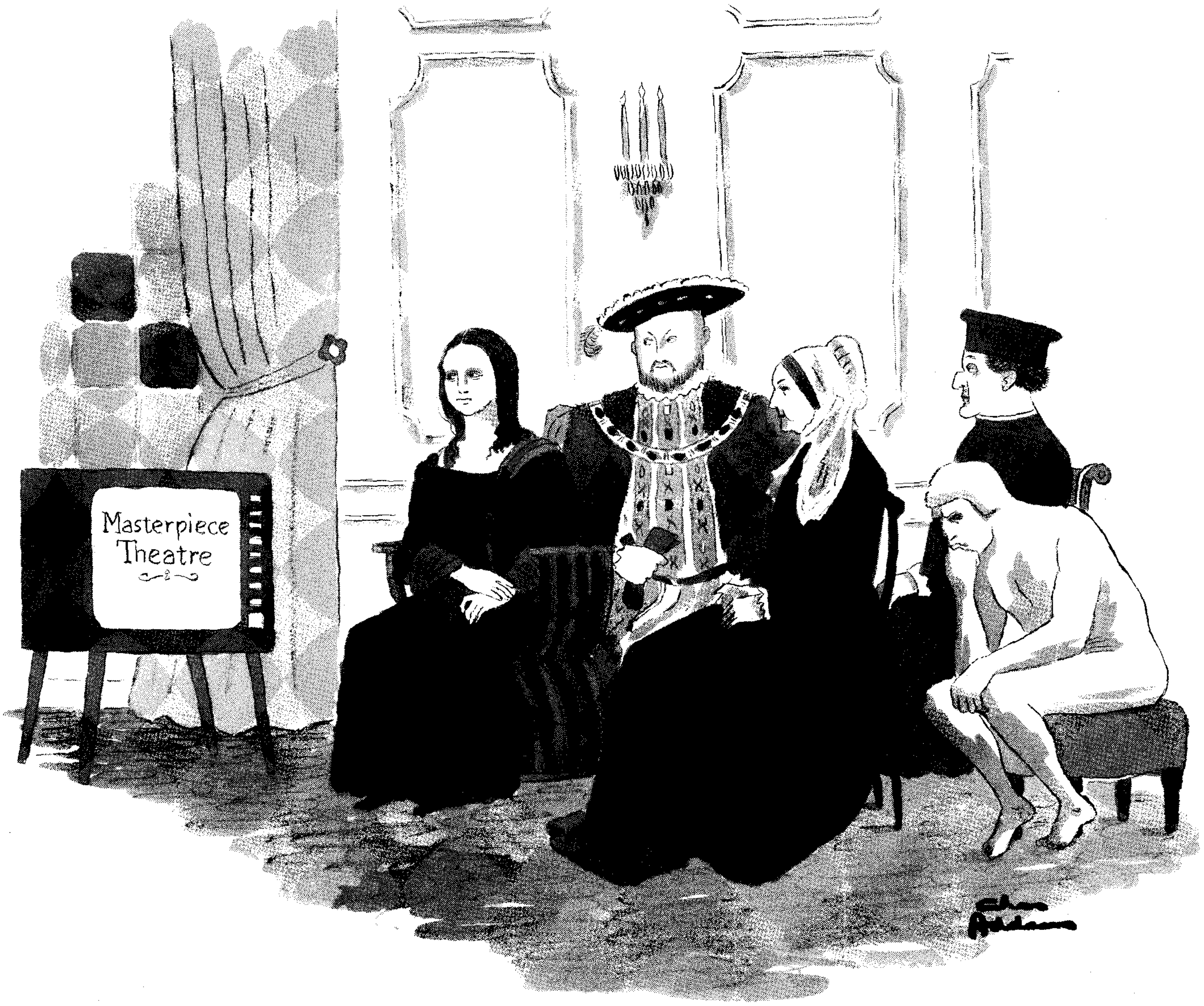


Mme. Nilsson continued, "I always want a very, very deep support for the breath. The whole body has to work." Her own body is low-built, with short legs, a blocklike torso, a formidable bust, and wide shoulders; her face is as flat and round as an owl's, with small, intense eyes, a delicate nose, a wide mouth, and a massive chin. Somehow, this all adds up to one of the world's most nearly perfect sound boxes, but the key to producing the sound, according to Mme. Nilsson, lies in what she calls "support from downstairs"—that is, from the muscular area just above the pubis.

As the classes progressed, Mme. Nilsson campaigned ceaselessly for deep support, but she also stressed the need for proper pronunciation, variety and nuance in phrasing, a thorough understanding of the text, and a strong stage presence ("Never look down at the floor. The public wants to see your face").

Mme. Nilsson was visibly moved and excited by the most talented students. One of them, a young soprano named Carolyn Disnew, who was newly arrived at the school from San Diego, performed "Pace, pace mio Dio," from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino." Miss Disnew is blessed with a tremendous voice and a smile full of grace, and she sang as though her life depended on it. Particularly impressive was her handling of the aria's most difficult effect—an octave jump to a high B-flat, pianissimo. "That note not many can sing so beautiful, you know," Mme. Nilsson told her. "*I've* struggled all my life." Then she taught her how to sing it even more beautifully, with a crescendo and a decrescendo on the high note.

Not everybody made discernible progress under Mme. Nilsson's tutelage, but in certain cases there were dramatic results. At the first class, for instance, a handsome, lanky young man named Ned Barth, who had given up a career in electrical engineering to become a singer, performed a difficult



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Bellini aria in a rich but not entirely settled baritone while Mme. Nilsson, a few paces downstage, watched him intently. "You should feel as if you were smelling a flower," she advised him. Holding an imaginary bloom to her nose, she mimed delirium, raising her lip and flaring her nostrils. "All the notes up front here," she urged, cupping her hand in front of her nose and brow. "Then they get the shine. Nobody pays for the notes that are going back in our neck. They might sound good to us, but not to the public."

Mr. Barth was invited back to the final class. He sang "Per me giunto," from Verdi's "Don Carlos." Mme. Nilsson soon had Mr. Barth concentrating on the aria's final phrase, "*morrà per te*," which contains all the passion of a man telling his best friend that he's about to die for him. "I don't think I would dare to put so much strength on '*morrà*,' " Mme. Nilsson warned. "Start soft. When you think the note is in place, *then* you can open up."

Mr. Barth tried it. On the "*morrà*," his voice wobbled and cracked. He stopped, frowning.

"I knew that was coming," Mme. Nilsson said, laughing. "There was too much tension here"—in the larynx. "Try it again, softer. Maybe we are lucky, maybe not."

The accompanist gave Mr. Barth his note, he took a breath, and what came out this time was almost a new voice—open, firm, and brilliant. As he brought forth a crescendo on the final E-flat, Mme. Nilsson strode toward him with open arms, and she grabbed his shoulders at precisely the moment of his cutoff. They beamed at each other through the waves of applause. "Wonderful!" she said. "You understand so much of this! Just avoid the tension." Then, as if giving him her blessing, she touched her forehead and her abdomen.

The Deep

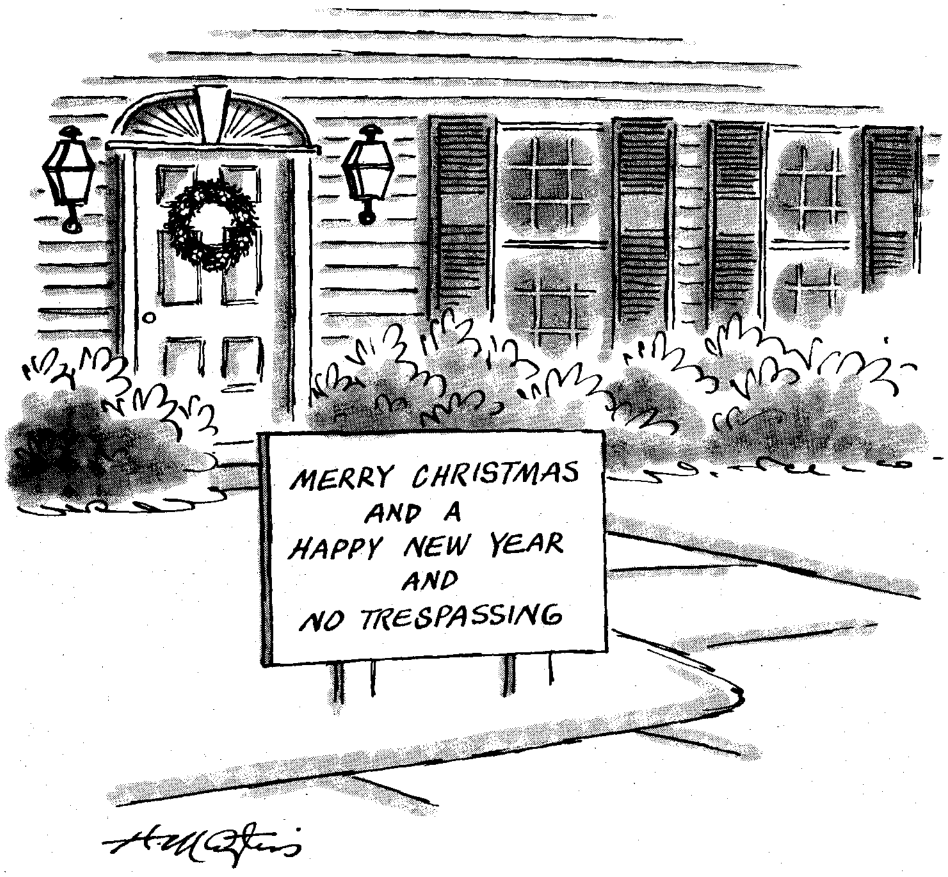
EDUCATION HALL, at the Aquarium, in Coney Island, though it is very large, is not, as a general thing, open to the public. However, a portion of the public did turn up there the other afternoon to hear a talk on "Marine Pharmacology: Aquatic Animals in Biomedical Research." The portion consisted mostly of students from a nearby high school and they sat facing a rostrum and a big screen, for slides.

Dr. George Ruggieri, the director of the Aquarium and the Osborn Laboratories of Marine Science, which are part of it, mounted the rostrum and waited while a young assistant welcomed the students and then introduced him. Dr. Ruggieri is a tall man with the kindly face that professors are supposed to have. (He is also a priest.) He said he would like to keep the meeting informal and wouldn't use a microphone. The New York Aquarium, he went on to tell us all, is the oldest private aquarium in the United States, and he briefly recited its past wanderings. From 1896 to 1941, it was at the Battery; then it was moved to the Bronx Zoo, where it managed a poor-relation existence in a few tanks in the Lion House until the present Aquarium was opened, in 1957. Research has always been a very important part of the institution, he said. First, it was concerned primarily with keeping the animals alive, but in recent years—especially since 1967, when the Osborn Laboratories came into existence—it has become much more extensive.

"We're the only aquarium in this country with a large research facility as an integral part of it," said the Doctor, with a touch of pride. And, he went on, there are just two others in the world. In Monaco, Jacques Cousteau works out of such a facility, and Naples has what it calls a Zoological Station, incorporating a large marine-research facility and a public aquarium. This shortage of stations is interesting, Dr. Ruggieri said, because an aquarium is an ideal place for research. Often, things happen there that you would never dream of studying otherwise. "My talk today," he went on, "is going to deal primarily with how creatures that live in the water have contributed a great deal, first, to what we know about ourselves and, second, to our ability to find drugs useful in combatting various human diseases and disorders."

Dr. Ruggieri asked for the lights to be turned off, and, out of the dark, he said, "William Harvey, the doctor who first described the circulatory system, said, 'What Nature hides in one life-form she reveals in another.' In other words, certain creatures are more suitable than others for studying a particular kind of process. One of the great examples of that is the squid." Here a slide showed swimming squids, rather like small furled umbrellas. "Those are baby squids—we are trying to raise some but haven't been able to as yet. The squid has a single nerve fibre that is so large you can see it with your unaided eye—no microscope is necessary. All nerves function essentially the same, so scientists are able to experiment on that isolated nerve fibre and see how different drugs affect it, and the information has direct application to how those drugs affect *our* nerves."

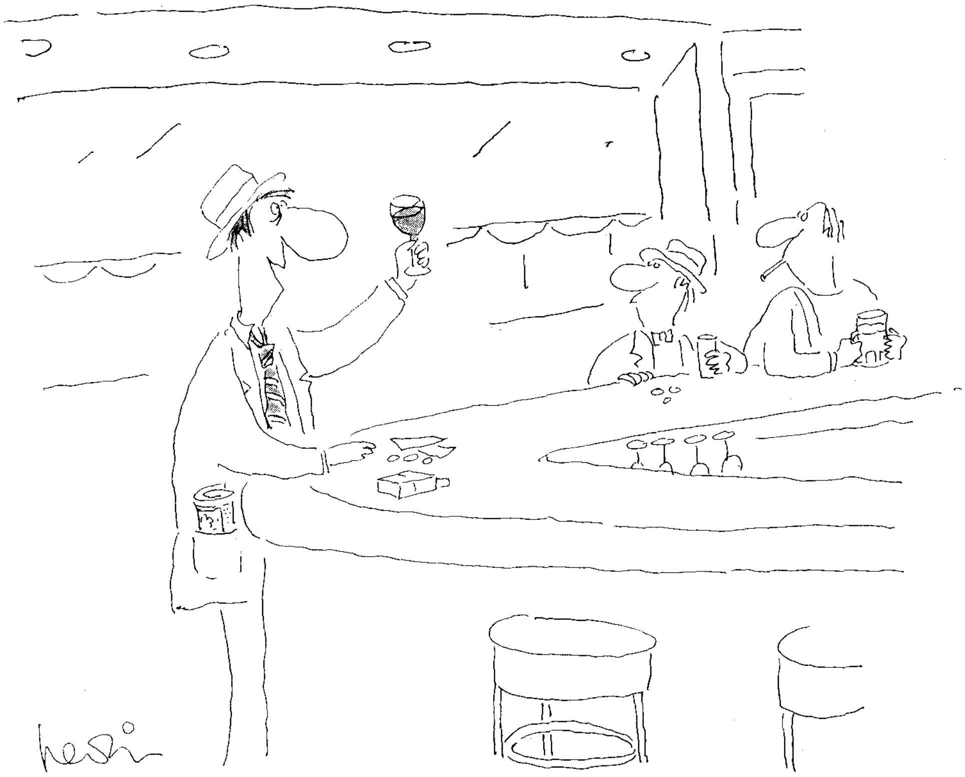
The slides changed, and Dr. Ruggieri continued, "One of our divers many years ago was collecting sponges from the Virgin Islands—that large, vaselike structure is a sponge. Because bacteria have a nasty habit of developing resistant strains to penicillin and so on, scientists are always looking for new sources of antibiotics, and we thought marine sponges might be a good source, for these creatures are sedentary—they just sit there and ingest great quantities of water, obtaining their nutrients that way—and, for all practical purposes, unless a sponge is placed under rather polluted conditions it seems to live a very long life. So we got interested in their chemistry—to see how to account for that high survival rate—and we've found that many sponges have very powerful antibiotics. We've done work on this one, which is found in Long Island waters. It's now being used at Woods Hole. If you take this sponge and force it through cloth gauze, the cells fall through, reaggregate, and actually start forming the sponge again. They've found out now that a good way to test a new drug for anti-inflammatory properties is to see if it will interfere with that action. If the pieces refuse to reaggregate in the presence of the drugs, they know that the drug has anti-inflammatory action. However, most antibiotics extracted from sponges are very toxic."



The slides changed again. We saw a barnacle—or, rather, a whole mess of barnacles. Their cement is very hard, Dr. Ruggieri said, and the scientists set to work to find out more about it. Last year, the Aquarium received a request from the orthopedic department of the University of Chicago medical school, where research is being done on bone fractures. The scientists there had been using synthetic glues to hold these fractures together, and hadn't been satisfied with the results. They were wondering about the Aquarium's barnacle cement. Arrangements have now been made for an Aquarium technician to show one of Chicago's technicians how to collect barnacle glue, but it's too soon to know whether the glue will be effective.

Then there was a slide showing a marine worm that has been used by Japanese fishermen probably for hundreds of years. The fishermen have always known that if you put that worm on the pier any fly that touches it invariably dies. Japanese scientists worked on that worm for about thirty years, and finally developed a pesticide that proved effective against an insect that destroys the rice crops, though the pesticide has no bad effect on warm-blooded animals. "This is the type of thing one hopes can be developed," Dr. Ruggieri said.

But it was a picture of an octopus that seemed to elicit his warmest approval. "This is my favorite animal," Dr. Ruggieri said. It is worthy of notice, he continued, that octopuses have eyes like those of vertebrates—like ours, in fact—and depend heavily on their eyesight. For example, they are good at going through mazes, because they can see where they are going. It is common knowledge that when an arm of an octopus is accidentally lost the octopus will grow a new one. What has lately been discovered is that it may have an even stranger gift. A large octopus in the Aquarium exhibit had something wrong with one of its eyes, and the scientists found that the cornea had been ripped off. Within two weeks, that cornea had regenerated. Human corneas, of course, don't regenerate, so this discovery fascinated the researchers. They took smaller octopuses and removed their corneas. Sure enough, within two weeks these, too, had regenerated. One question remained: Were they true corneas or merely scar tissue? "We are working to find this out," Dr. Ruggieri said.



"To my wine, right or wrong."

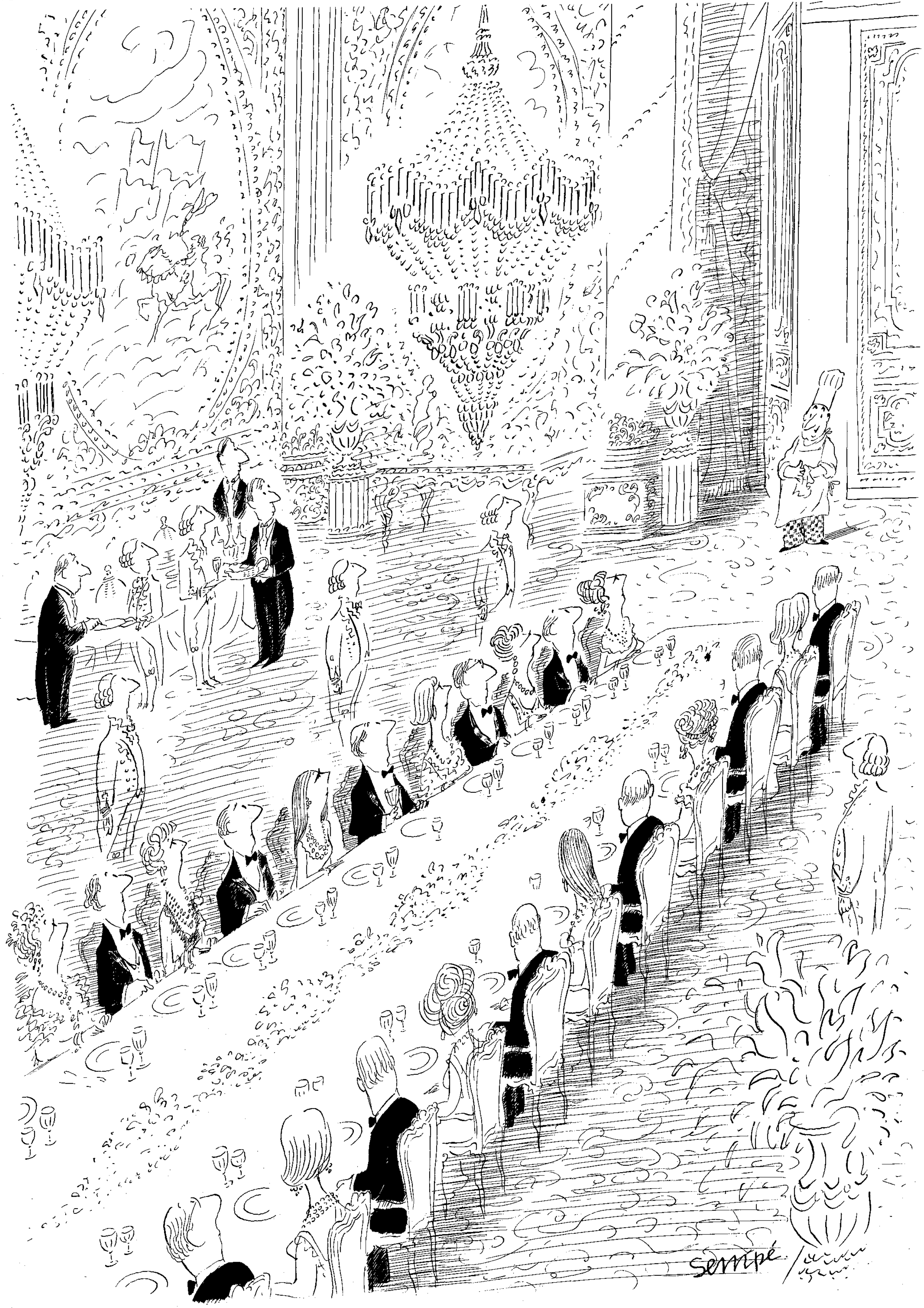
• •

Gerard Phelan

THE truly powerful stories of moral exhortation, like the Frank Merriwell books or the adventures of the Hardy Boys, always featured at least one fellow who was good without being great. Often, his name was Chet, and though he wasn't as handsome, strong, neighborly, originally poor, ultimately rich, and otherwise obnoxious as the hero, his nose, unlike the villain's, did not run. Most boys, being unlikely ever to jump on the nearest stallion (by convention, a great black beast with "flashing eyes") in order to rescue the girl in the runaway carriage, needed such characters as a fallback position. They could be Chet, helping in some small way; they didn't have to be Clarence, setting off the firecrackers that made the poor girl's horses bolt. We seem to remember a poem along these lines that was painted high on the wall of a grade-school gym—something about "If you can't be a sun, be a star." Such things stick with you.

Late last month, as time ran out, Doug Flutie, quarterback of the Boston College eleven, dropped back and threw a touchdown pass that travelled sixty-four yards to beat the Hurricanes of Miami on national TV; the toss, into the wind and in a driving rain, earned him not unfavorable comparison with God in the next morning's Boston papers and cemented his hold on the Heisman Trophy, symbol of gridiron greatness. Not only that—he's been nominated for a Rhodes Scholarship. So when he came to town four days after the Miami game for a lunch at Sardi's marking his inclusion in the Kodak All-American Squad, we took the opportunity to speak with Gerard Phelan. Phelan accompanied Flutie, because they room together at B.C. and because he caught The Pass. He wasn't surrounded by a buzzing cloud of reporters, and no one was asking him how he liked being called the Crown Prince of Football. Kids don't wear Phelan T-shirts, and if, like Flutie, he began his varsity career as a fifth-stringer and was finally sent into the game late one Saturday afternoon and showed his stuff, then nobody much has talked about it. Phelan plays football, if not perfectly, then perfectly well. We asked, of course, about The Pass, which he caught as he fell in the end zone, and he answered earnestly, modestly, happily.

"I've relived it about four hundred times, and each time it's just sensational," Phelan said. "I was behind all their defenders—my guess is they didn't think Doug could throw it that far. But, of course, I've been with the little guy"—at five feet nine and three-quarters, Flutie is considered short for a quarterback, an opinion allowing him to Overcome Adversity—"for four years, and I know he can throw it a mile. And I just figured this is the last play, do or die—no sense catching it on the ten and getting tackled. So I stood in the end zone, and the ball came to me, and I caught it. And then I was just running around being happy until all my teammates came and tackled me—I must have had about a hundred guys on me, and I thought I was going to die of suffocation, but I said to myself, 'What a way to go!' The next twenty minutes, it was like temporary insanity. I met Doug in the tunnel into the locker room, and we hugged each other, and then some guy dumped a bucket of Gatorade on us, and then, like, everyone was screaming, or holding their head in their hands trying to make themselves believe we'd really won. Since then, I've looked at it a hundred times on the film—maybe a hundred and ten—and every time I sit down and watch it I want to watch it again. It's like when you were on the playground, when you were seven or eight, and you were doing your own commentary: 'Time's running out! Phelan's got it! Touchdown!' "



"*Everything O.K.?*"

HEY, KIDS!

Congressional investigators conducting an inquiry of the Central Intelligence Agency's manual for Nicaraguan rebels say they are also investigating the agency's role in preparing a comic book for Nicaraguan citizens. The comic book shows how to puncture tires and stop up toilets as a means of overthrowing the government.—*The Times.*

OFFICIAL C.I.A.

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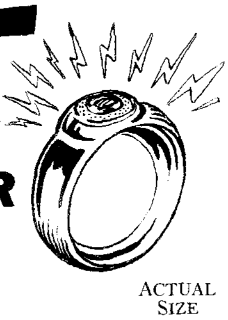

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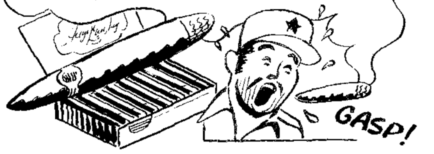
HOYO DE LANGLEY

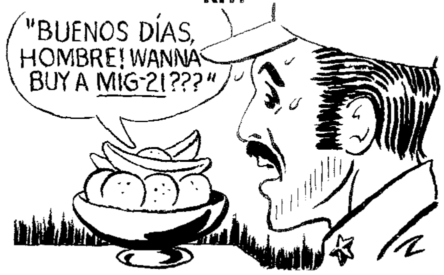
STINKIN' STOGIES!



Box of 25 individually labelled and wrapped Stinkin' Stogies is yours for reversing "One Way" signs on any 5 avenues! Hand 'em out at the next Anti-Imperialism Rally & watch the plaza clear out pronto! Wet 'em, cut 'em, smash 'em with a hammer—amazing Stinkin' Stogies keep on stinking up to 12 hrs.!

C.I.A. APPROVED

VENTRILOQUISM KIT!


"BUENOS DÍAS, HOMBRE! WANNA BUY A MIG-21???"

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JOKE PARTY RECORD!

HAR!
HA!
HO!
HEE!

Remove bags from 25 vacuum cleaners & this giant 78-r.p.m. LP disc is yours! Label says *100 Naughtiest Nicaraguan Niteclub Acts*—but leftist smut-lovers' ears will burn when instead they get a non-stop earful of selected anti-Sandinista thigh-slappers, recorded live at U.N., V.F.W., etc., by J. Kirkpatrick, J. Helms, many more! Perfect anonymous Xmas gift to that pro-Moscow "pill" in your cadre!

WHAT TH' FIDEL'S GOIN' ON HERE???

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LIFELIKE FULL SIZE

Unplug any 20 electric pencil sharpeners and get this startlingly realistic pullover mask, custom-crafted by C.I.A.'s own artisans! Fool the Sandinistas into thinking *you're* Fidel—or for more mischief get a Castro Mask for everybody in the gang! Comes with "hair," "beard," "cigar"!

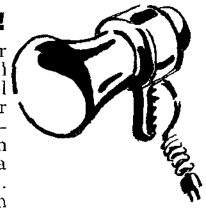
"PLAY IT AGAIN, UNCLE SAM!"

MUSICAL MYSTERY PIPE!

Hide only 25 bathtub plugs to earn this collector's item-type "Meerschaum" pipe! Fire 'er up—natural in-&-out breathing plays patriotic U.S. tunes on secret harmonica-like filter! Drive Sandinistas loco at parties, cafés, etc., as they try to find the "Yanqui provocateur"! They'll never suspect your Musical Mystery Pipe!

—1456 Yankee Doodle Dandy pipe
—1457 Battle Hymn of Republic pipe
—1458 Theme from "Rocky" pipe

JOKE BULLHORN!



Cut the distributor wires on any 5 official gov't vehicles and we'll send this morale-sapper deluxe! Leave authentic-looking Joke Bullhorn where the local Sandinista blowhard can find it . . . 'cause when he turns it on & starts barking orders, unique "Miracle Larynx," perfected by C.I.A. scientists, turns *his* voice to *Donald Duck's*—and not even Commies can keep a straight face when their orders come from a "quack"!

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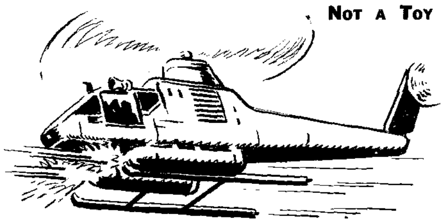
BONUS OFFER

EARN ALL ITEMS ON THIS PAGE & QUALIFY FOR YOUR VERY OWN

HELICOPTER GUNSHIP!

NOT A TOY



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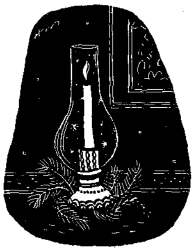
—BRUCE McCALL

SLOW HOMECOMING

WAS there no one else in the plane that carried you East that night? Your row of seats was empty, and the backrests in front of you were upright in the dim light reflected from the roof of the cabin. The even hum in the deep, half-darkened cavern provided a background music that preserved the passenger's connection with the past few hours. He thought of "his people" and made plans to see them soon; he was determined never to be late again. Once upon a time he had felt responsible for his brother and sister. There had been a bond linking them all in a circle. Of late they had had little opportunity for a language in common (they hadn't lost it, but it had become a kind of memory exercise that they merely reeled off). Brother and sister had embraced for the first time at the death of their parents. That, at least, was how it looked to the daydreaming Sorger, who saw the lights of the towns below him as paths in a cemetery and then as constellations. Then he and his brother and sister had fallen silent for many years, at first in indifference, then in hostility. Each regarded the others as lost. When his brother and sister came to Sorger's mind, it was in the form of a sudden death notice (and they, too, he felt sure, expected nothing more of their brother than the news of his death). True, they often appeared in his dreams, sometimes talking to each other as they had never done in reality; but more often they were malignant corpses, lying around the house where they were born, impossible to get rid of. Because they had never become explicit enemies, there was no possibility of reconciliation.



It didn't even occur to Sorger that his relations with them might become as before. He wanted only to be as clear as he was now that the outside world had become a living dynamic space behind his forehead—then perhaps different social forms would be self-evident. After that, he saw the others from his village, most of whom he had hitherto regarded as a group of people malevolently looking forward to his death, and now he knew that the opposite was true—they had always sided with him in spite of his going away; they had thought he was in the right.

He wrote mental letters to his brother and sister and added friendly insults. Question: "Aren't these plans too contrived?" And the self-assured answer: "I'll just have to make them come true."

The sound of the plane changed. The traveller's exhilaration left him; and he went on speaking in silence (putting down each word in his thoughts, as though writing it): "What of it? If there is no universal law for me, I shall gradually give myself a personal law that I shall have to observe. Before the day is out, I shall frame its first article."

Clouds puffed past the window, and then at the edge of his field of vision the City of Cities emerged from the gray of dawn like a field burned over and still dimly glowing here and there, while the plane circled the vacant stormy ocean and the sun rose above the sea mist. When the wheels touched down, the lights went on in the cabin and some of the passengers clapped their hands. In applause for the landing or for the city? And then it came to Sorger that he had not been travelling alone.

The man ahead of him on the way out looked familiar. The man turned around, both nodded, and only then did they realize that they were unknown to each other. At the exit the stranger stopped Sorger, made a slight bow, and invited him to share a cab. It turned out that they came from the same country. "Actually, I was intending to go straight on to Europe," said Sorger. But then he followed the man as if that were a part of his law. In the cab, he looked up at the relaxed faces in the buses alongside, and thought: Actually, I'd rather have— The man looked him in the eye. "Forgive me. Have you a little time for me? I need your good will. You look so available."

They parted company in midtown, surrounded on all sides by panting joggers, and arranged to meet again later. Attempting to visualize the man, Sorger, who had not had enough sleep, saw only a half-eaten apple in the man's hand—seeds glistened on the core.

AS a rule, Sorger had to work himself into a new place; it was some time before he felt at home there. But in the megalopolitan hotel he immediately felt sheltered. His corner room in the tapering towerlike edifice had two windows, one facing west, the other south. Westward, the eye flew to the reservoir in the great mid-city park and rested there; southward it passed over an intricate pattern of rooftops, below which the network of streets remained invisible, and leaped straight to the horizon, which was barred from end to end by giant office buildings, and it was as though the true metropolis began only with this distant blue. The varicolored area of flat-roofed apartment houses between Sorger and the barrier seemed a region apart, from which the cars, honking their horns but hidden in the chasmlike streets, seemed much farther removed than the numerous planes roaring overhead. Turning away from the west window and the reservoir, Sorger, in an instantaneous dream, saw this self-contained system as a shut-down factory. Gulls skimmed the light-gray surface of the reservoir; in the other window appeared the two spires of a cathedral, not nearly as tall as the surrounding high-rise buildings, and Sorger felt his fatigue, which only a moment before had bordered on exhaustion, metamorphose into self-mastery and strength. He saw the stranger's face distinctly: the cheeks looked as if all their muscles had been knotted together, a strand of hair cut across his forehead and seemed continued by the notch of his lower lip; he heard the stranger's voice abruptly rising and falling as though he were looking for the right pitch. The severe lines of the high-rise buildings, the glitter of the planes, the wailing of the police sirens—Sorger had the impression that a lasso had been thrown: the whole city was being hoisted into his room.

He was staying at a so-called residential hotel. Many of the guests lived there for quite a while, often with their families. Forgetting his need for sleep, he rode down to the lobby under the auspices of an elevator man in a braided uniform. At every floor, grownups got in, accompanied by children (with flexed knees), all talking at once in different languages. By the end of the prolonged descent, Sorger had become one of the elevator crowd and as such he bounced out into the street.

He had time for detours. As he made his way in the sunlight, his sleepy grogginess turned to erotic self-assurance. Was it his fatigue that, more intensely at each turn, made many places seem like repetitions, separated by wide, flashing expanses?

By way of getting ready for the stranger, he walked slowly into the park and stopped, facing one of the granite boulders that jut out of the grass like the wing tips of buried airplanes. Looking up, he saw people passing through a wide, still shady hollow between two hills, like Indians in the Far North; here and there in this unbroken procession he saw reminders of his dead. Not because of similarities; it sufficed for him to immerse himself in the big-city crowds as they moved this way and that, to dwell on an insignificant gesture, the outline of a cheek, a rapid glance, a headband, and quite naturally, without dream or evocation, the departed would enter into the picture, but without obstructing the general movement (as often happens in dreams)—on the contrary, giving it new life. Unlike any other landscape, the Big City swept his people along in its movement, not only the living but the resurrected dead as well.

Seeing his dead walking sprightly in the crowd, the survivor involuntarily rubbed his hands against the grooves in the granite, for joy at his new understanding of time, which until then he had thought of as purely and simply hostile. Here time no longer meant loneliness and death but reunion and shelter; and for the length of one lucid moment (when would it slip away?) he conceived of time as a "God" who was "good."

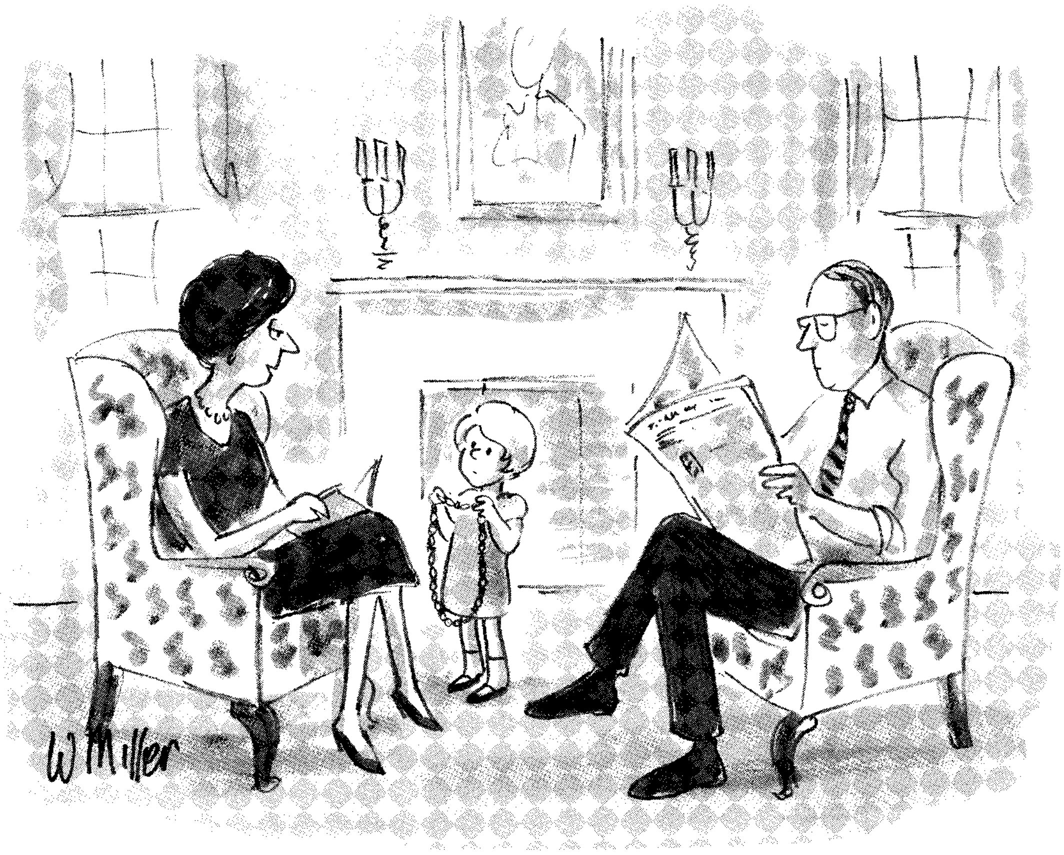
Yes, he had the word, and time became a light in the middle of the city, shining in the glass globe of a park lamp lit up by the morning sun. The thick, cloudy, dusty glass, containing the shadow of an electric bulb enlarged by the sun, flared up in the city mist and led his gaze onward to running dogs, from these to a bright-colored pile of clothes in the fork of a tree, and from these to the children playing ball down below and the still shadowy, dark ball at their feet.

Like primeval man, he moved on to partake elsewhere of the daylight that was beginning anew on every object. The eyeball of a man coming toward him, a shimmering metal box, and the pale moon seemed joined into a triangle. Too much light. Alone and released from his ties with the disciplined gravity of natural forms, how was he to avoid the folly and incoherence of ecstasy?

He went into a coffee shop and read the paper. It had a weather map on which the various regions were indicated only by "Bitter cold," "Snow showers," "Mild," "Foggy, then sunny." As he immersed himself in the map, amid the clatter of china and the soft radio music, these coalesced to form a cozy late-autumn continent in whose biggest city he was "drinking coffee" and "reading the paper" like a citizen of long standing. And here, as he glanced at the sunlit buses outside (the passengers, with their backs to him, were visible only as glossy hairdos in many colors), Sorger became more confident of the future, and with that the place in which he then happened to be began to take on importance.

The coffee shop was very narrow, with a single row of seats, which led deep into a kind of tunnel. (At the end of the tunnel a luminous sign read "Women/Water.") The subway entrance was directly outside the front window, and some of the people passing horizontally on the street would suddenly vanish down the stairs, moving obliquely out of the picture, while others rose head first into the rectangle of the window.

Behind Sorger were big-city voices, not always free from accent, but even when there was an accent, so very self-assured. He was struck by the number of children, which here, of all places, seemed surprising. A child came in and wanted to buy something they didn't have. Sorger heard the child sigh. At that moment someone at the cash desk behind Sorger was making out a check in a loud voice. As he said the date (all sounds died away; only the radio music went softly on, and the steam from the coffee machine seemed to move through the date), a general breathlessness set in and time became increasingly active (for a brief instant Sorger saw an enormous silhouette over a river landscape) and irradiated the room with a warming wave of light. For all this the eyewitness had only the words "century" and "peacetime;" he saw calendar leaves falling as in a silent film. The goddess



"No, dear. Those were Daddy's beads."

• •

GEORGE ELIOT COUNTRY

From this Midland scene—glum slag heaps,
barge canals, gray sheep, the vivid overlap
of wheat field and mustard hillside like
out-of-season sunshine, the crabbed silhouette
of oak trees (each joint a knot, each knot
a principled demurral: tough, arthritic, stubborn
as the character of her own father)—fame,
the accretion of a Pyrrhic happiness, had
exiled her to London, with its carriages
and calling cards, its screaming headaches.

Griff House—dear old Griff, she wistfully
apostrophized it—in those days still intact,
its secrets kept, has now been grafted to a
motel-cum-parking-lot beside the trunk road,
whose raw, ungainly seam of noise cuts through
the rainy solace of Griff Lane: birdsong,
coal smoke, the silvered powderings of
blackthorn, a flowering cherry tree's
chaste flare, the sludge-born, apoplectic
screech of jet aircraft tilting overhead.

The unmapped sources that still fed nostalgia
for a rural childhood survive the witherings
of retrospect: the look of brickyards,
stench of silk mills, scar of coal mines,
the knife of class distinction: wall-enclosed,
parkland-embosomed, green-lawned Arbury Hall,
fan vaulting's stately fakeries, the jewel-
stomachered, authentic shock of Mary Fitton and
her ilk portrayed, the view of fish ponds—school
and role model of landed-proprietary England.

Born in the year of Peterloo, George Eliot
had no illusions as to the expense of such
emoluments. Good society (she wrote), floated
on gossamer wings of light irony, required no less
than an entire, arduous national existence
condensed into unfragrant, deafening factories,
cramped into mines, sweating at furnaces, or
scattered in lonely houses on the clayey or chalky
cornland . . . where Maggie Tulliver, despairing
of gentility, ran off to join the Gypsies.

Violets still bloom beside the square-towered
parish church where Mary Anne was christened;
the gashed nave of Coventry fills up with rain
(another howling doodlebug of fright hurls itself
over); the church—from which, refusing to commit
the fiction of a lost belief in One True Body,
she stayed away—upholds the fabric in which her
fictions, perdurable now, cohere like fact: Lydgate
still broods, Grandcourt still threatens, and
in Mrs. Transome disappointment turns to stone.

—AMY CLAMPITT

• •

Time did not remove the coffee shop, which suddenly began to glitter along with the tin ashtrays and sugar bowls (which became gold and silver), from that day's date but connected it with the dates of past days, until the room (becoming not strange but more and more homelike) encompassed all those inventions, discoveries, sounds, images, and forms down through the centuries which make for a possibility of humanity.

All those present breathed as one. Light became matter, and the present became history; at first painfully convulsed (for this moment there was no language), then calm and matter-of-fact, Sorger wrote to give the force of law to what he had seen, before it vanished: "What I am here experiencing must not pass away. This is a law-giving moment, absolving me of my transgression, for which I alone was responsible and which has weighed on me ever since; it puts me, as an individual capable of participating only by chance, under obligation to intervene as consistently as possible. At the same time, it is my historic moment: I have learned (yes, I am still capable of learning) that history is not a mere sequence of evils, which someone like me can only despise, but has also, from time immemorial, been a peace-fostering *form*, which can be perpetuated by anyone (including me). I believe in this moment; in writing it down, *I make it my law*. I declare myself responsible for my future, I long for eternal reason and will never again be alone. So be it."

Sorger stared at himself in the coffee-shop mirror, empty, exhausted, petrified, as though emerging from the depth of the centuries; on that day he was moved by his own face.

Looking up, he was not at all surprised to see, in the throng of people outside, two women he had met in Earthquake Park, on the West Coast. He smiled, and after gracefully giving him their sign the two women vanished into the subway; they would often meet again.

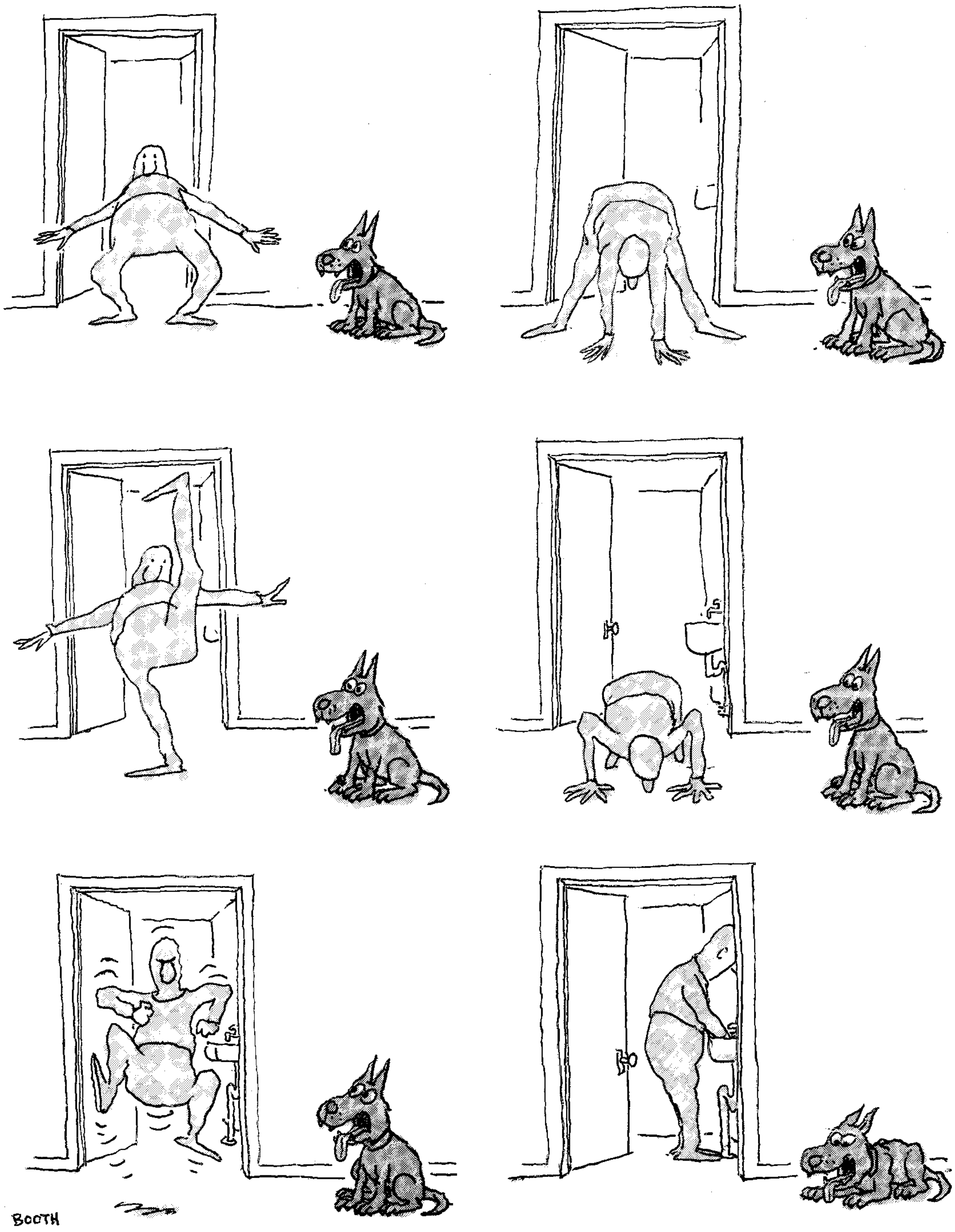
d. ehrenberg

Then a strange transformation occurred: the crowd outside the window began to move faster and faster, became more dense, face pressed against face, and at length—each individual in hurrying past almost frighteningly showing all his characteristics—filled the whole street. Thousands of eyes came glowing toward him. The image reeled, and he knew that he had slept for a few moments. He felt the warm blood in his arms as a bond with his forebears, and looked forward to seeing the man from the plane: "Shall I recognize you? And what will you tell me?"

As Sorger sat there in the low, dark ground-floor room, as though walled off from the towering Big City on all sides of him, a shimmer of frozen river emerged from the wintry night; shuttle buses crossed the newly regenerated West Coast pass and drove into the eastern morning light as over a continental divide, and behind them, clearly visible in the rising mist, the ocean waves rose and fell. Not only the bruised tabletop but also the floor of the coffee shop imitated the surface of the earth. Near the cash desk it formed a slight hollow, and for a terrifying moment Sorger felt that the ground was gone from under his feet, as though the floorboards had been laid on the bare, unlevelled earth; and through this irregularity of the room the city became, in its very depths, a living and powerful natural organism.

Going out into the street, where the humped sidewalk extended the coffee-shop floor, Sorger seemed to inhale the whole rocky island in one breath. Moving on the concrete slabs of the sidewalk intensified his conquest of space and gave it permanence. He experienced the subsoil of the city, which only a short while before had risen into the air from lifeless pavement. Now the buildings no longer seemed to have been plunked down in the landscape, they had become an integral part of it, as though the skyscrapers were really at home on this rocky island. Indeed, the city gradually became a villagelike settlement, in which small houses with bay windows stood side by side with high-rise buildings. A woman with a polka-dot scarf on her head, carrying a loaf of bread in a string bag, was waiting for the bus, holding by the hand a child with a school satchel. The summer lived on in a brick sunk deep into the tar, and the deep rain-filled holes in the asphalt foreshadowed the rural winter with its vast expanses of ice.

At one point Sorger stopped among towering buildings in the awareness of being at the geographical summit of New York. There he saw a locust tree, losing not only its leaves but whole branches as well in the mountain wind.



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ON the West Coast, Sorger had never been on his way to see anyone; now he had this man from the plane, and he was going to see him. The stranger's name was Esch, and again he looked at Sorger as unswervingly as he had that morning in the cab, as if he had had Sorger's face before him throughout his absence.

They sat in a spacious restaurant, at first almost alone, with many empty tables around them, but these were soon occupied by the swarm of diners who swept into the restaurant with the coming of night. All evening the subway shook the ground under them. They were sitting in a corner booth, and when they raised their heads they came into contact with the leaves of a potted rubber tree. The far end of the room was white with steam from the kitchen; sometimes the plates moved like paddle wheels.

At first sight, the stranger's lips were very pale, but after a while Sorger stopped noticing them. Much of the time, even in speaking, eating, and drinking, the stranger held his head propped on one hand. He said (repeatedly sticking his tongue out): "You mustn't imagine that I want to ask you questions. I don't want to get acquainted with you. When I thought about our appointment during the day, I regretted my impulse. I toyed with the thought of not showing up—and I'm certain it was the same with you."

Involuntarily, Sorger hung his head. When he looked up, it seemed to him for an eerie moment that he was looking into his own wide-open eyes; only then did he realize that the stranger was crying. At the same time, the color of those eyes became a thing apart (as did his bare forehead). The two men moved deeper into the booth, until no one else could see them. The stranger asked Sorger for a handkerchief, blew his nose, and said: "Listen to me for a while." He spoke of "business failure," "inability to compete," "wife and children," "money," and the "impossibility of returning to Europe." He summed up his story in three outcries: "I know nothing!" "All I can do is clench my fist." And in the end, simply, "Poor me!"

Sorger summoned up his power, transformed himself (with difficulty) into the booth where they were sitting, and surrounded his chance acquaintance, who shook his head in surprise at the state he had got into and from time to time politely asked for (and obtained) Sorger's handkerchief. Sorger (as booth) enfolded the stranger until little by little the man's rigid torso came to life, put on the at first grotesque but then winning face of a child, and finally rubbed his arms, out of which, as he said, his "fear flew away." And then, in the deep space of night, Sorger felt a shudder of creation pass over him and, surprised at himself, wished to be physically united with this man, as though there were no other way of keeping him alive. But then one of those glances that want everything to be different proved sufficient, and in it the stranger was able to lean back, as it were. Later, Sorger deliberately looked the other way, as though one could cure the sick world by merely disregarding it for a while.

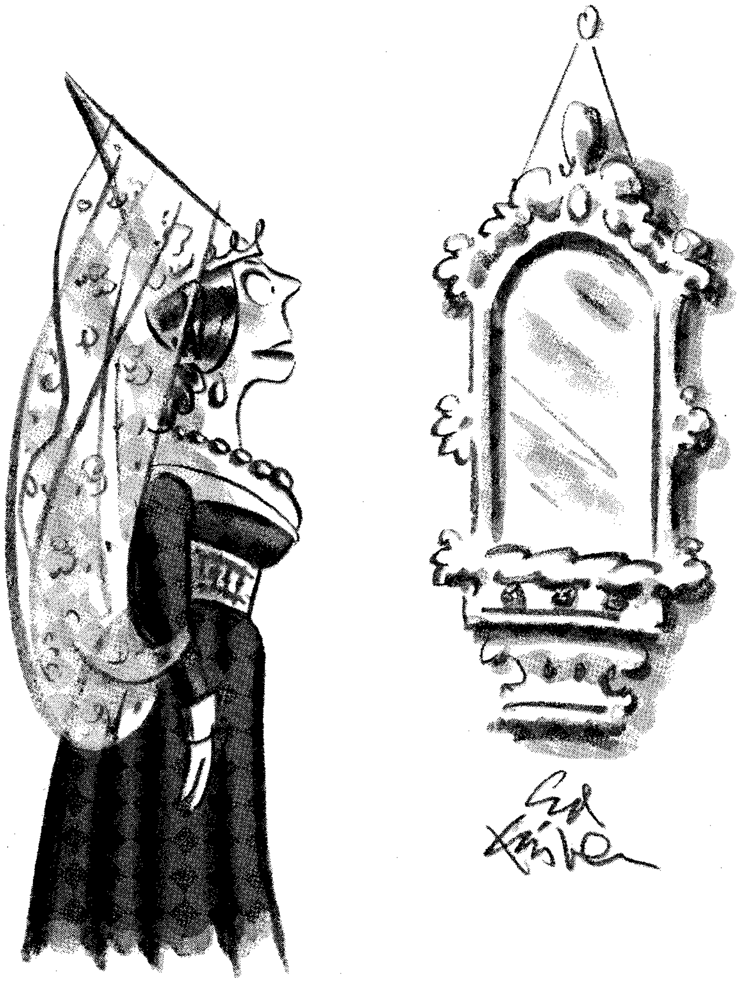
From the start he had the impression of listening to his own story—not because of any resemblance in the stories but because in this man's words of self-accusation he recognized the voice that had often denied him, too, the right to live. Speaking from another man's mouth (and no longer a silent litany within himself), this voice did not condemn him, Sorger, but was identifiable as the absurdity that sometimes stifled others as well as himself. And so Sorger, opening "the gates of his senses," and stepping back from himself and his companion, was able to become the "laughing witness," who fitted them both into a serene order; though moved by the stranger's misfortune, he felt, as he listened and watched him, the carefree pleasure of a merely sympathetic audience. From time to time he even smiled, and, noticing his smile, the still hesitant Esch took heart and spoke freely.

To describe his despair, Esch displayed it; not that he acted it out—he merely commanded the only fitting gestures and words for it and had the presence of mind to use them at the right moment. Portraying himself, fervent and at the same time laconic, he pictured his misfortune and became the prophet of truth; in this way (with Sorger as the indispensable opposite), he averted panic, and even, though without overdoing it, showed himself attentive to his audience, anticipating —while going on imperturbably with his lament—his every move: pouring wine, reaching for the check, etc. In the end, he mastered his condition so fully that he was able to frame it in a sequence of burlesque signs. He said: "I could cry the whole time—just watch me!" And, true enough, he actually produced a tear or two. In the next moment he displayed his trembling hands—whereupon beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and immediately disappeared. There followed a calm interval, which the narrator (again at the proper moment) broke off by whispering in his listener's ear: "I've nearly finished." Then he picked up the plate with the check and a pencil on it and, looking down at it, calmly told the end of his story: "In the afternoon, the cliffs of death were still rising from the park, and in the zoo the animals' cages were empty. But now, in the evening, what a pleasure to hold a plate with a pencil rolling on it. I wish us all a long life."

He concluded his performance with a parody of himself. He pointed to an aquarium, where small chunks of granite served as décor for the ornamental fishes; and then, earnestly, with nothing offensive in mind, called Sorger's attention to the neighboring booth where—there was little else to be seen—a woman's shapely leg was swinging up and down, and swore, without batting an eyelash, to "die a natural death." (Earlier, when he was asked if he wished to die, he had only darted his eyes to one side.)

The stranger got hungry. He ate not greedily but with almost ceremonious movements, drinking his wine in small sips, contemplating every morsel at length and putting it into his mouth with a look of affection. He said that he felt food and drink literally "sparkling" in his mouth. Then he smiled, and sustained the smile for several minutes, as though storing up energy.

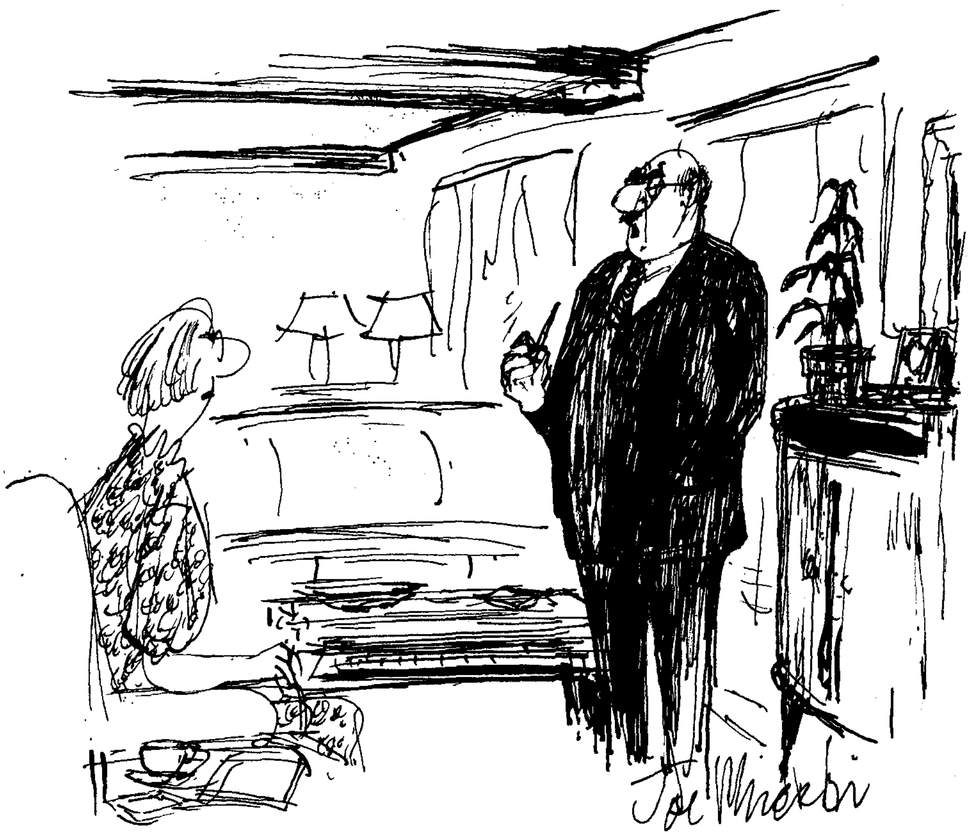
Sorger watched him eat and, learning from him, felt warmth on his forehead. His face was covered over by the stranger's face, and in the end there was no other.



"Who is the fairest one of all, and state your sources!"

They sat in the booth as on a bridge; it sufficed to exchange a grin of complicity now and then. Each sank into his private thoughts, but they enjoyed them in common. "A god had his sport with them." Once, Sorger fell asleep with his eyes open and was awakened by his companion's voice, but heard only the final sentence: "I've never told anyone that before." What had the man said?

To be sure, the stranger's misery resumed its hold on him. On his way back from the toilet Esch got lost and, without noticing, sat down at another table, with other people. There he sat motionless, staring into space, until Sorger went and got him. But before that hadn't Esch missed several times when reaching for his wineglass? Hadn't he put on his jacket inside out? "Power, come back to me." Sorger became his advocate—commanding, forbidding (and in his remembered fear the other was glad to obey), releasing him from pain, predicting good things—and in the end gave him his blessing, whereupon the last vestige of blackness poured out of the man's mouth and, as the hat-check girl later remarked, the gentleman's face revealed only a "sad contentment."



"I apologize for what I said last night, Edwina. I am incapable of apologizing gracefully, but I do apologize."

They did not go out into the night; rather, they passed from the restaurant to the street as from one city room to another. In the doorway leading into the open, Esch, as though he were the owner of these rooms, made a gesture of invitation to Sorger.

Sorger had once heard of a strange sacred mountain in China which was forbidden to foreigners. From its summit, the natives (when the weather was right) could see their shadows on the clouds below and read their futures in the shape of the shadows. A special shadow appeared that night on the yellowish-lit street along which the two of them took each other home, from south to north, from downtown to uptown, traversing half the length of the city. This shadow showed itself on one of the many clouds of dense white steam which, smelling of hot rolls and often hissing softly, rose through the asphalt and, in the corners of Sorger's eyes taking on the form of fleeing dogs, were driven swiftly into the darkness by the night wind. Near an underground work site from which an uncommonly large sheet-metal ventilator protruded far above the surface of the street, the white steam was much thicker; and it did not seep off to one side but high in the air formed a persistent but constantly renewed mass, upon which one of New York's intensely bright street lamps cast the shadow of a small tree. When, ceding to the wind and the rhythmic bursts from below, this mass of steam broadened or lengthened and narrowed, the tree shadow on it expanded or shrank with it. One moment it was bloated and blurred and the next it was small, shrunken, deep-black, and clearly delineated. Though neither a word nor a sign was exchanged, the two men stopped in unison to contemplate the shadow branches (on which a few individual leaves were discernible) on the clouds of steam. True, the playful silhouette answered no questions about the future, but, thanks to their perception of this commonplace sight (a sight not "forbidden," not "sacred," but accessible to all), the rest of their walk was dominated by a present that encompassed them both without distinction, and with every step on the pavement they sensed the beneficent hardness of the earth.

Was this beauty on the humpbacked avenue ephemeral (did the two foreign nightwalkers encounter it by mere chance)? Would the unique scene—the yellow light, the glaring white steam, the tree shadow that moved back and forth on it—soon vanish for all time in Eternal Formlessness?

THE Avenue of the Present, where Sorger and Esch continued on their way, jogging now and then along with the many night joggers, took on life before them as a place in itself, with its own unique nooks, vistas, and eminences, just as a neighborhood takes form for people who have lived there for years: and, indeed, a number of shopwindows displayed signs reading "Sunday Brunch on the Avenue," as though this avenue, leading straight through the metropolis, were a traditional sightseer's goal. On the left, the park appeared at the end of every cross street, as though inclining downward into the darkness, but here and there a light arose from its rocky hillocks; on the right, the waning moon, which at every street corner appeared slightly higher in the sky. Gradually—the air had grown noticeably cooler—the moon put on a wide halo, and at a crossing where the two walkers stopped outside an all-night supermarket (as though this were the place to part) it vanished in a great cloud that reflected the city lights. Then swarms of vague shadows raced across the pavement, soon followed by the bodies belonging to them—great snow crystals, which descended with a softly crackling sound from the night sky.

They were now in the vast American region of "Snow flurries" (vision of hilly countryside with wagon tracks and a single fence post) and had time to stand side by side in the snowfall. It was past midnight, but everywhere, far up and down the avenue, people were still afoot; some were even scraping the snow from car tops and trying to make snowballs.

Close by the two walkers, a woman hugged a man, who merely responded with a smile. But when, after a short conversation, the man tried to fondle the woman she turned away. Speaking softly, he tried again, drawing her whole body to him; she stiffened and he turned away with a gesture of discouragement. His cheeks went violently red; and Sorger, who now noticed for the first time how young the two of them were, drew the young fellow entirely into himself—that is, into the shimmering worldwide snowy night, into the healing wintry space—to make him well again.

Then, behind the window of the supermarket, the sad people reappeared—a grotesque, mocking world—in the form of two elderly men (the one sitting behind the checkout counter, white; the other, standing in front of it, black). They avoided each other's eyes as though—aside from the actual circumstance (which undoubtedly played a part) of their being "clerk" and "customer," "black" and "white"—something more, something worse than personal enmity, had erupted between them: the wretched incomprehension that blurs the features and muddles the mind—something that neither wanted and that made them both miserable.

Unlike the young couple on the street outside (where the man, with face averted, was timidly tickling the woman), the two old men in the supermarket were deeply wan. They did not speak; they hardly moved (except that the black man kept crumpling a brown paper bag). Both kept their eyes lowered; their lids quivered; not once did either appeal for support or help to the other customers, who stood congealed with their purchases, not even impatient, just as faded, silent, and forlorn as the protagonists. Only when the black man, soundlessly moving his lips, finally opened the door did the clerk raise his face to the next customer, but he did not grin (as the witness outside had expected); he merely showed (to no one in particular) his dark, desperately wide-open, and for a moment earnestly imploring eyes.

CARROTS
STICKS
STEVENSON

Immediately thereafter, as Sorger's eyes followed the black man, who, occasionally throwing up his hands, disappeared down the avenue, a beam of light flashed over the two companions and all those who were still abroad, including a group some distance away, waiting in the darkness for a bus, and then continued down the street like the beam of a searchlight, though no cars were passing just then. The trembling of the ground and the wind that followed made it clear that the flash rising through the street grating came from the subway below.

Sorger looked at Esch, who had turned into the half-shadow; Esch answered his look, and, glancing at each other from time to time, both went their common way: first helplessly rounding their eyes in a fervent plea for counsel, then half closing them like "enlightened ones," then almost roguishly winking at each other, and finally bidding each other goodbye with pure veneration (as if they knew that they could also have been enemies)—until their eyes turned away from each other into the nocturnal city, where snow and the autumn wind pursued the people descending the stairs into the subway, and where night plane followed night plane, occasionally flaring up in the sky, as though their course were just one more avenue.

In the end, Esch held out his calling card (the card of a "sad businessman") and jangled his European keys as a sign that he was capable of going home (it passed through Sorger's mind that he himself no longer had any keys at all); thrusting a positively puckish face into Sorger's, Esch castigated him for his "absent-mindedness" and recited a few lines from a poem: "The passage of beauty was as brief/as a dream in the snowy light," and as a farewell gift gave his compatriot his hat.

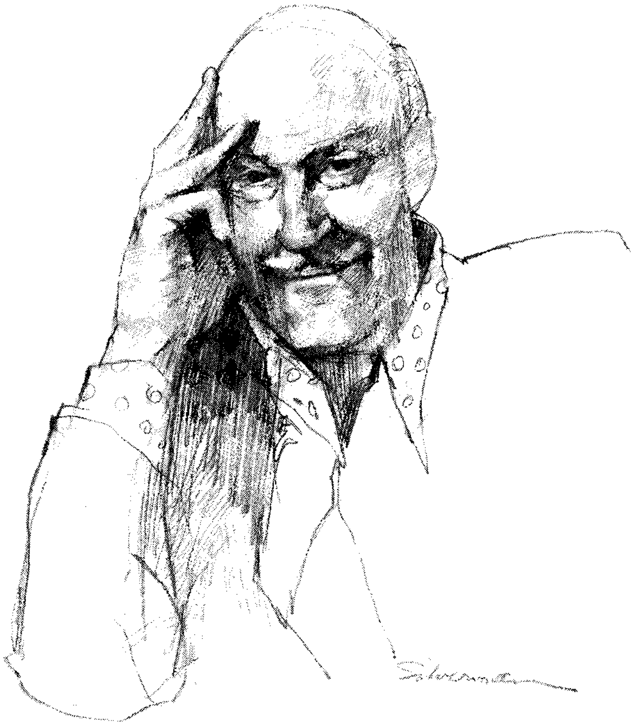
Had the catastrophe merely been postponed for a short time? No one would die. Sorger had the power to wish, and the repose of the horizontal world set in. The wind changed. Snow and leaves danced up the street.

—Peter Handke

(Translated, from the German, by Ralph Manheim.)

PROFILES

THE LIGHT IN THE EYE



Norman Parkinson

THE honeybee buzzed and plunged into a foxglove bell. The London *Times* slipped off my knee and rustled onto the lawn. I was in England during that strangest of English summers—1981. For weeks, the nation's television screens had been as gay as computer games, with petrol bombs and policemen's helmets flying about in riot-torn inner-city nights. Next, everyone was out in Hyde Park for Handel and fireworks, and (lo!) the Royal Wedding came on the television screens at last. I had been reading about the British photographer Norman Parkinson as I sat dozing in my garden chair. He was to have a big show—fifty years' worth of his fashion photographs and his portraits of personages lovely, famous, rich, or royal—at the National Portrait Gallery, in London. Alongside photographs by Parkinson (women golfing at Le Touquet in 1939; Montgomery Clift scratching his eyebrow in New York in 1952), the newspaper reproduced a photograph *of* Parkinson. He was manifestly a personage in his own right, seen striding through tropic greenery wearing a sort of Byronic cricketing outfit, a big snow-white last-days-of-Empire mustache, and what looked like a Victorian smoking cap. I was to learn that Parkinson was sixty-eight years old and six feet five inches tall, that he had been christened Ronald William Parkinson Smith, and that many people called him Parks. When he was not busy photographing lovely, famous, rich, or royal people all over the world, these days, he was running a pig farm and sausage-making factory, producing "Porkinson's Bangers," on the Caribbean island of Tobago, where he had made his home for the past twenty years. He was rather fed up with photographing fashion models by now, he told his interviewer from the *Times*. The new Princess of Wales was still away on her honeymoon, on the royal yacht, but Parkinson said he would like to photograph her really soon, before she lost her lovely bloom.

"I'M a bit of an expert on bloom, as a matter of fact," Parkinson said, lifting the big, starched napkin to give each end of his mustache a raffish wipe.

Over a year had passed, and he and I were lunching in a restaurant, one winter day, in New York. ("Shall we be really silly and go to Le Cirque?" he had said. "If they let me sit where I usually sit, it's a great place for *staring*.") He settled knife and fork on his empty plate and leaned back on the banquette with an air of satisfaction. Without the smoking cap, his head proved large, well shaped, and—save for a narrow tonsure ring of hair as snowy as the mustache—completely bald. He was dressed in a young-Chatterton linen shirt (the maître d' had waved aside with a pained expression Mr. Parkinson's question whether he might, like other men patrons, be called upon to wear a tie) and a linen suit with broad brown and olive stripes which was either inordinately ugly or spectacularly full of style.

"Bloom," he said, exhaling the word like smoke from a fine cigar. "Ah, *yes*. Hangs about a face before it's been exposed. Occasionally, you find people who still have bloom at forty or fifty, you know. What do you think of this Chablis?" He made a swirling motion with a chain-braceleted wrist. The wine mounted the inside of the glass in a sheet of gold, fell undulating back.

At tables all around ours, faces kept swivelling to the door at the sound of new arrivals, then huddling close together again, confidential in the petal light from hothouse flowers. Women's hands, heavy with diamonds, stirred coffee in tiny cups or alighted playfully on a neighboring sleeve. Young men's hands, with costly cufflinks and the slimmest of watches, waved languorously at wine buckets and waiters.

"What were those little eggs, Romeo?" Parkinson said, looking up as a hand came reaching out to take his plate. "Plover? Quail?" He had just come back from the White House and a sitting with Mrs. Ronald Reagan. "I've been looking at the transparencies, and it seems I've made her look like a girl of twenty-one," he said, with a grin. "Except for the hands, of course. Always give the game away, the hands." Security had been tight. "Specially trained dogs, sniffin' at one. Remarkable, really." Playfully, he tossed an imaginary rubber ball in the air ("That's how the trainers set them off") and did a perfect imitation of a dog ("A young bitch was assigned to me; I was lucky") snuffling with eager nostrils after potentially explosive clues.

As an apprentice in London at the start of the nineteen-thirties, Parkinson learned all about producing portraits of débutantes who came along to the studio of Speaight & Son wearing long white gowns, long white gloves, and white feather head-pinnings (as their mothers and grandmothers had before them) after curtsying as they

THE COMPANY WE KEEP

Do you know we stayed two houses apart
one night without knowing, while Pickwick Dam's power
generated light in the windows
of the houses on the mountain
to make star shapes that were electrifying?
You stayed in a house with your wife,
a daughter who resembles her mother,
and a small son who misplaces his glasses
and fears and loves his older sister,
while I, together in another house
with Viston and Sheryl and Steve and Jan and Roses,
left guitars and a piano and moved
into the kitchen to make music
with measuring spoons thrummed against pots
and a colander, an eggbeater whirring,
and the door of the dishwasher closing and opening and closing.

Let's meet once at the equinox in this kitchen
to take the brown-shelled eggs from a carton
and balance them on end for thirty minutes.
You will explain that the greatest show of physics
is what we know—the way we travel in life
through multiple dimensions, or stand, as I stood once
in Houston, haunted by a small tornado
that crossed the house, flattened down the banana trees,
and opened the kitchen door and all the kitchen cabinets
to release forever a world of household spirits.

—Susan Prospere

• •

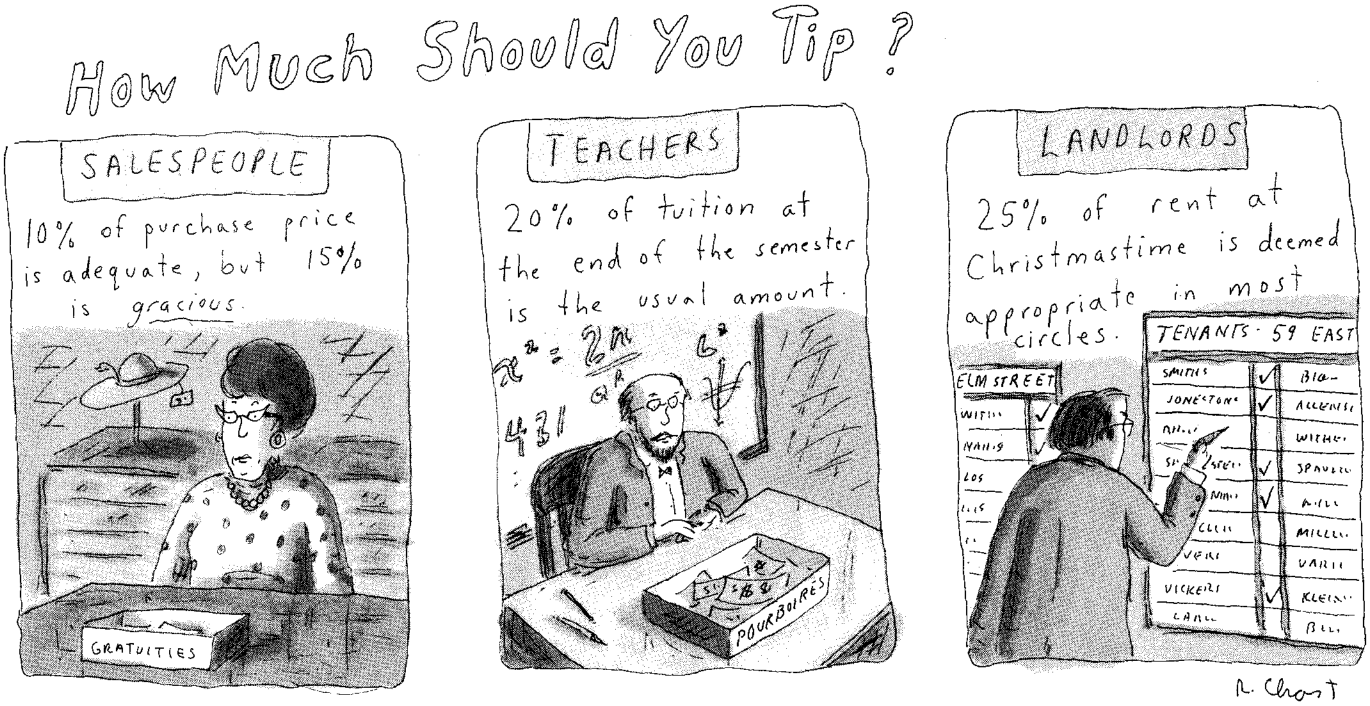
were presented to the King and Queen. "Speaight was a court photographer, not a society photographer," Parkinson said, once he had discussed and then ordered Le Cirque's crème brûlée. "There was a cunning difference. 'Society' was about as nasty a word as 'fashion' in those days." Then he had set up on his own in Dover Street, producing portraits and fashion shots, working for magazines such as *The Bystander*, and covering Noël Coward's garden party and Edward VIII's famous tour of Depression-bound Wales.

Sometimes, with Norman Parkinson, there is the impression of a self-protective click, a puff of photographer's smoke that lets him skip out of reach behind a jovial double. "I was a photographer and a farmer," he said from behind his double when I asked about the Second World War. "Most of the officers of the brigade I would have joined were killed at Dunkirk, so perhaps it was just as well." That he was a conscientious objector is one of several speculations, most of them well-meaning, that acquaintances hold about him. ("It may sound a silly thing to say," Parkinson says, "but I don't think I have many enemies.")

Along with the war came Condé Nast. Parkinson's passionate relationship with British *Vogue* lasted for over thirty years, until it was shaken by a bitter dispute with Condé Nast over copyrights. ("A photographer without a magazine behind him is like a farmer without fields," he says.) In the late forties, Parkinson also began selling work to American *Vogue;* for a decade, he spent part of each year in the United States. "What was it carved on the wall at the old Idlewild?" he said. " 'Bring me your tired, your starvin' poor . . .' " Parkinson was dangling his silvery teaspoon perpendicular, its tip teasing the fragile crust of his crème brûlée. It was hard to imagine him as any kind of huddled mass. "I was the tiniest bit huddled in those days, actually," he said, allowing his spoon to plunge into the cream.

HUDDLED or not, in the times when Parkinson was at home in the rationed Britain of the late forties and early fifties he produced what purists regard as the finest work of his career. Like the Princess of Wales, Parkinson's photographs had their big moment of bloom. (By the spring of 1983, Parkinson was telling the magazine *People* that although Her Royal Highness had had a tremendous share of that commodity she seemed to have lost it singularly fast.) When his work was assembled and sorted for the first time, for the National Portrait Gallery show (all his prewar negatives had been lost in the blitz; some later prints lay forgotten in Twickenham, where Parkinson has kept a London pied-à-terre), it was the forties and fifties photographs that seemed fresh and clear—windows open on an England vanished, shimmering, and non-Americanized. Here was London as an exclusive, insiders' city, unfolding itself after the years of war. Squares, churches, railings, self-confident, dandified men in bowlers, and fragile, feminine women in New Look skirts stood out as if new-minted against a radiant, misty air. Parkinson's countryside bloomed, too. Here were pony carts and picnic hampers, stiles and sensible shoes, gaitered yokels and shove-ha'penny boards in old pub parlors, branch-line stations and steam trains, and hedgerows overflowing with meadowsweet. At the heart of it all, as like as not, there was a beautiful little face with a look that seemed to hover perpetually between sadness and fun: the face of Wenda Rogerson, who was then Parkinson's favorite model, and who has been his wife for the past forty years.

"I'VE been mad for King Ludwig of Bavaria ever since Blunt's book came out," Parkinson said, referring to Wilfred Blunt's "The Dream King." Parkinson was in New York often in the winter and early spring of 1983. On one of his meteorlike passages through town, he had invited me to his hotel room, high up above Central Park, on a day when the light was like a gray eiderdown puffed out with impending snow. His aluminum camera cases stood ready, softly gleaming, by the door. He was wearing a flowing white shirt, girdled at hip level with gold-metal X shapes; a necklace with little figures of naked women; and trousers that looked, on his heronlike legs, like terrycloth long johns. He was showing me some transparencies—not of Nancy Reagan, to be sure (for he would shield an unretouched first lady as diplomatically as a queen), but of Mrs. Gordon Getty. She was a redhead. Festooned in a series of magnificent gowns and jewels, and cor-


How Much Should You Tip?
SALESPEOPLE
10% of purchase price is adequate, but 15% is gracious.
GRATUITIES
TEACHERS
20% of tuition at the end of the semester is the usual amount.
POURBOIRES
LANDLORDS
25% of rent at Christmastime is deemed appropriate in most circles.
TENANTS · 59 EAST
ELM STREET
R. Chast

• •

nered in the baroque exuberance of the Mad Monarch's castles at Linderhof and Herrenchiemsee, she looked distinctly high-strung.

"April *Town & Country*," Parkinson murmured, screwing a magnifying viewer to his eye and quizzing his efforts with some satisfaction. As he sat by the window with the smudgy snow-light on his brow, he looked like an Englishman in an eighteenth-century painting. In the real world down below, tiny figures in bright tracksuits ran round and round the bare gray park, looping under leafless trees. With thumb and forefinger Parkinson held out a transparency. I took it from him and held it between my eyes and the light. Mrs. Getty was standing there inside the little white frame wearing wild-looking hair and flinging out an arm toward a cockleshell boat that floated in an artificial grotto.

"Ludwig loved swans, as you know," Parkinson said, handing me a second slide. There was a painted swan, and a stuffed one, and Mrs. Getty dressed something like a swan as well.

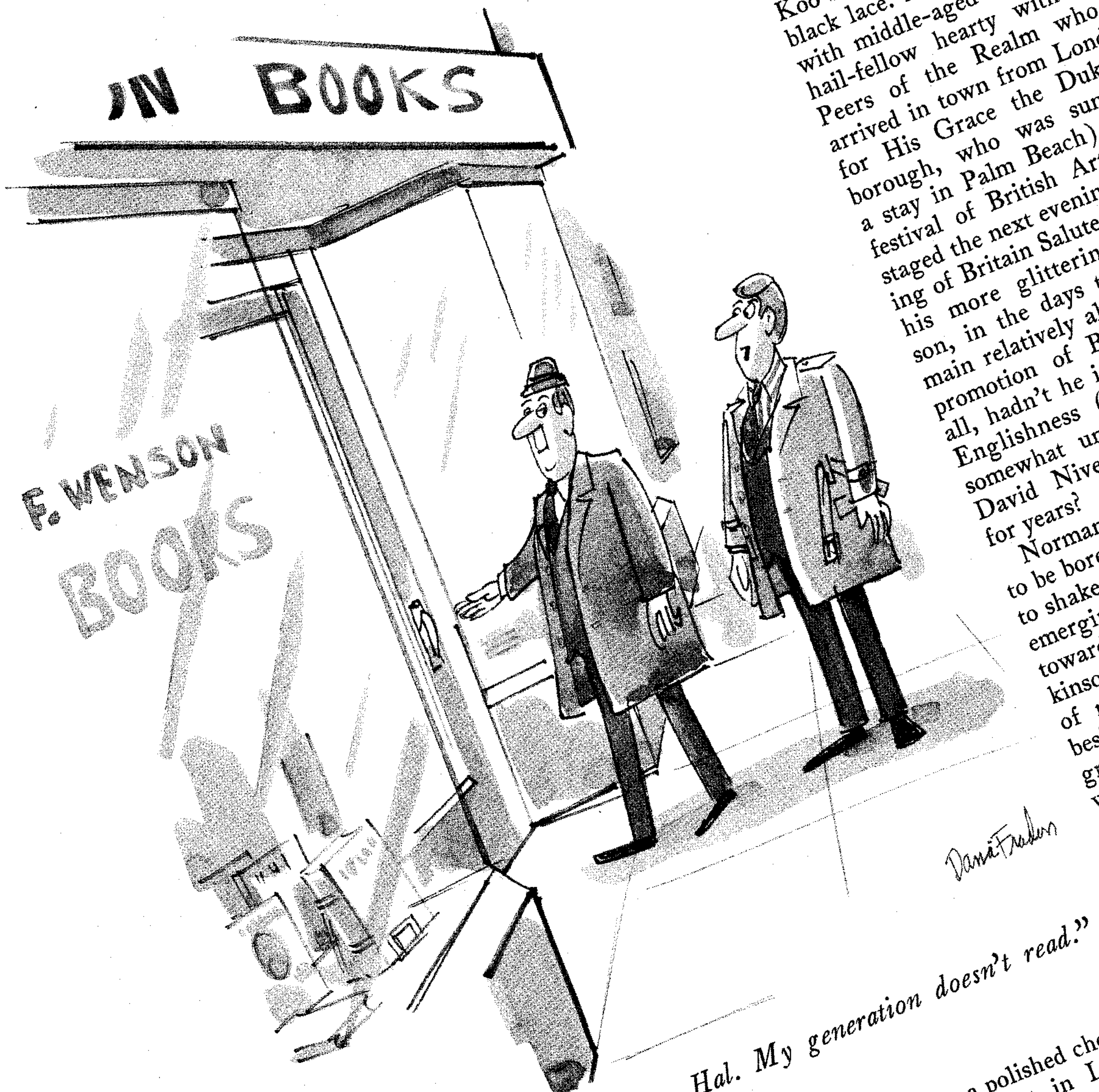
"And peacocks." In another photograph, Mrs. Getty looked something like a peacock.

There followed an extravaganza of frescoes, cherubs, mirrors, flickering candles, rococo gilding, yet another make-believe bird. Mrs. Getty was seated at an ornate instrument, a mating of a piano and a harmonium—it looked a little like a wedding cake—and pretending, with a look of wary ecstasy, to rest her head on its keys. "My most Wagnerian," Parkinson said. "See what I mean about this being a good moment for a return to *style*?"

PARKINSON planned to be in New York again in April, to mount an exhibition of his work at Sotheby's; celebrate his seventieth birthday; and launch the book "Fifty Years of Style and Fashion," a selection of his photographs with an autobiographical text. His schedule, habitually frantic, became even more so as the triple event approached. "Threescore years and ten, and one has so *much* still to do," he said around this time. "You have to get the whip out when you're into the last furlong." He flew from New York to London, commissioned by *The Tatler* to photograph Koo Stark, a young woman whose relationship with Prince Andrew, the Queen's second son, had fuelled the Fleet Street gossip machines for some time, not least because her brief career as an actress had included a role in distinctly dubious taste. ("The Earl of Pembroke and a fellow called Chalky White put her in a little film," Parkinson told me before he left for London. "A sort of fantasy, you might say. Then the media dubbed her a porno star. Not enough breast to fill a thimble; no real beauty; but a sweet girl, very bright.") He flew back to New York and photographed some models. ("Who would have thought, after fifty years of snappin', that the ultimate accolade would be not to do the Royals but to do a catalogue for Bloomingdale's?" he once said.) He flew home to the Caribbean to attend carnival in Trinidad, as usual. "I got suitably pixillated," he said when he came back to New York again. "I like to shed my skin of privacy at least once a year." He flew off to London once more, to photograph what he called "some minor Royals."

"I find I get tired more easily in London," Parkinson says. In New York, his energy always seems boundless. "People are so full of envy there—they're always *fencing* with one, like in 'The Three Musketeers.' In America, they *like* success, they embrace it."

He flew back to New York and accepted the *Times Magazine's* commission to photograph a number of men designers, including Calvin Klein. He photographed some women, among them Mrs. Harry Helmsley, wife of the real-estate owner, posing in gorgeous gowns behind the scenes at the hotels she runs and pretending to be a queen. ("Women always get into the spirit of a sitting so much better than men," he said. "They say, 'Would you like me to try another dress, Mr. Parkinson, or different jewels?' ") He hired a public-relations expert to help promote his book—"to play John the Baptist for two or three months," he said—and then ran a good P.R. campaign for himself, of the kind that doesn't seem to try. He



"I'll wait out here for you, Hal. My generation doesn't read."

lunched at Le Cirque again, and talked a lot more about bloom. He folded his long legs into the limousine used by *Town & Country* and raced here and there around New York. Murray Cohen was generally the driver on these trips. "I love fashion," Mr. Cohen said to me once. "Used to be in the cloak-and-suit trade myself. I don't always understand the way the guy dresses, if you get what I'm saying. But that Mr. Parkinson, he's a real gentleman."

PARKINSON's bald pate was like a calendar, announcing how long he had been gone from his home—a house that (if he does say so himself) is one of the most beautiful houses in the Caribbean, and from whose bedroom window (on a clear day) he can see Venezuela. After time spent in Tobago, his head was a polished chestnut brown; after time spent in London or New York, its color faded, and freckles stood out on it like speckles on the belly of a trout. By mid-April, and the gala dinner for the exhibition of his work at Sotheby's, the pate was at its palest as he stood in the receiving line and inclined it toward arriving guests. Each invitation card bore a copy of Parkinson's most famous portrait of recent years—the triple study of the Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret, who had all got into the spirit by agreeing to dress up in blue satin capes and match exactly, as though they were the Supremes. The portentous glamour of "Royal Blue Trinity," with its suggestion of a Royal Command, was a nice Parkinsonian touch; it was actually *Town & Country* that was picking up the evening's tab. In the receiving line, Parkinson, in black velvet coat, striped trousers, and wing collar, was quasi-paternal in his greeting to Jerry Hall, the Texas fashion model, in her black velvet dress; quasi-paternal, too, with Koo Stark, the very bright girl, in her black lace. He was courtly and gentle with middle-aged society women and hail-fellow hearty with a covey of Peers of the Realm who had just arrived in town from London (except for His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, who was suntanned from a stay in Palm Beach) to publicize a festival of British Arts. Having upstaged the next evening's official opening of Britain Salutes New York with his more glittering event, Parkinson, in the days to come, would remain relatively aloof from that group promotion of British culture. After all, hadn't he imported his individual Englishness (highly wrought, and somewhat under aspic, like the late David Niven's) successfully enough for years?

Norman Parkinson hates, above all, to be bored. Hand after hand came out to shake his hand. Ball gowns kept on emerging from limousines and floating toward him up the stairs. Wenda Parkinson, whose face still wears its look of mingled sadness and fun, stood beside her husband in the line. He greeted another arriving stranger and waved in Wenda Parkinson's direction. "I don't believe you've met my mistress," he said to the stranger, and the stranger looked surprised.

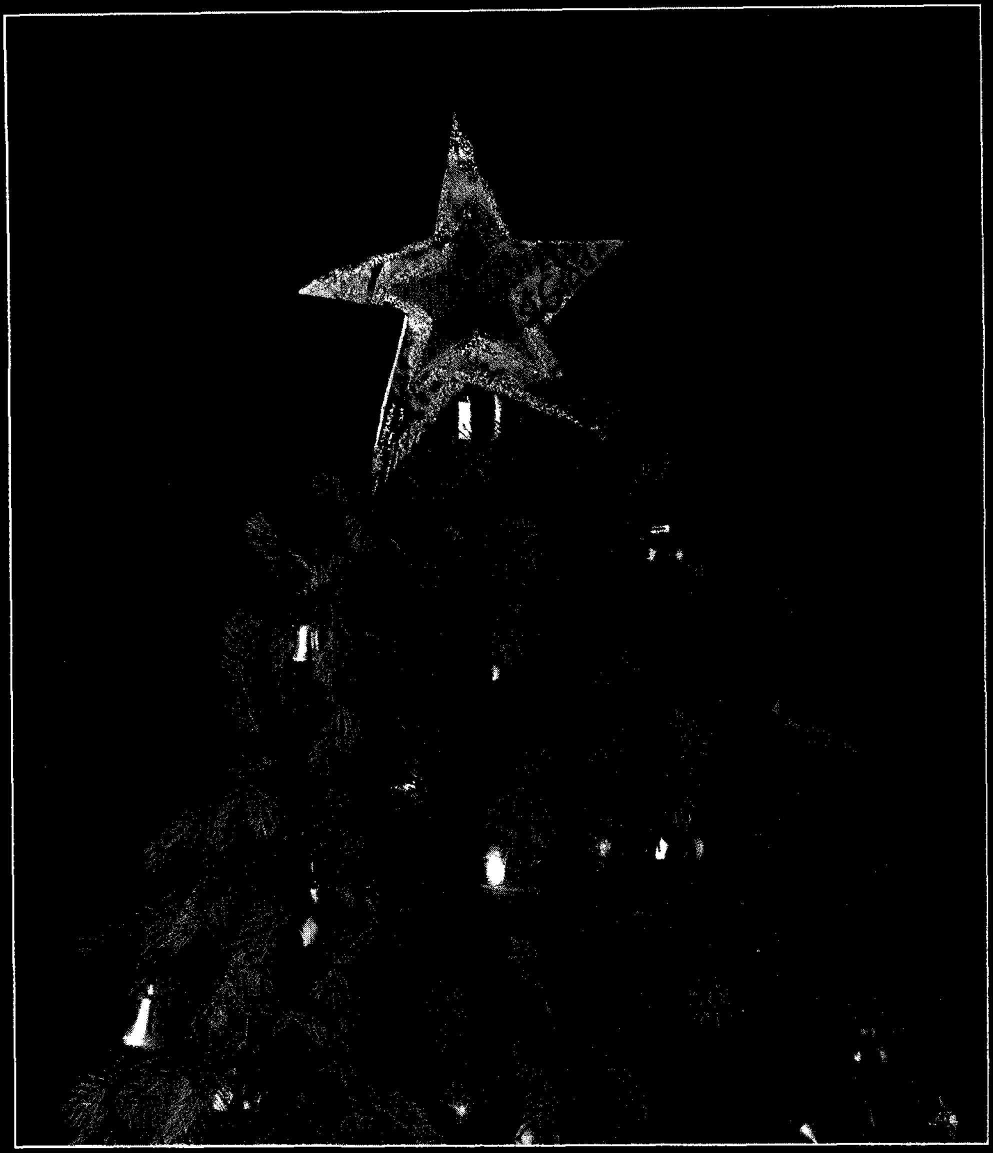
"Parkinson won't let me have a face-lift," Wenda Parkinson says from time to time. Many of the arriving faces were as taut as masks. These were faces that had been made into photographs very often in the past; some of them were in Parkinson's prints, hanging on the walls. These were faces that would without exception be photographed again before the night was out, for each male escort would receive a loaded Polaroid camera as a favor, between the first course and the entrée. These were faces that seemed two-dimensional, like photographs, now, as they circled the rooms diplomatically exchanging mutual visibilities.

"You look gorgeous, as always," said one, with a little stiff bow.

"Doesn't Betsy look divine tonight?" said the other, by way of a reply. Glances and astringent kisses buzzed about.

I walked around the rooms.

Item (hanging on the wall): Vari-



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Forward

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When we developed Ford Tempo, we didn't forget your family's need for room, comfort and trunk space. But since we don't think that a family car has to be a boring car, we added some special refinements. One of which is Tempo's advanced aerodynamic shape.

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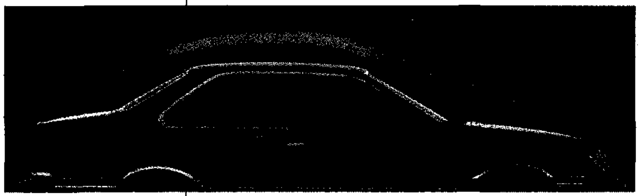
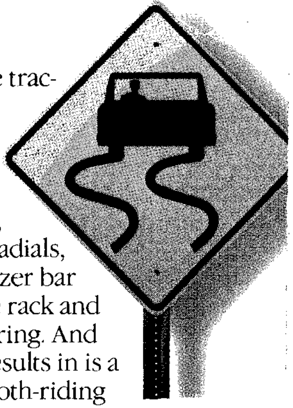
A round-object, of course, is much more aerodynamic than something square-shaped. And that's why Ford Tempo's lines are rounded rather than squared-off. This kind of forward thinking results in a distinctive design. And just as importantly, it results in a functional shape that actually reduces lift for improved directional control and stability. In short, Tempo's shape improves the way it drives. Which brings us to the next paragraph which deals with handling.



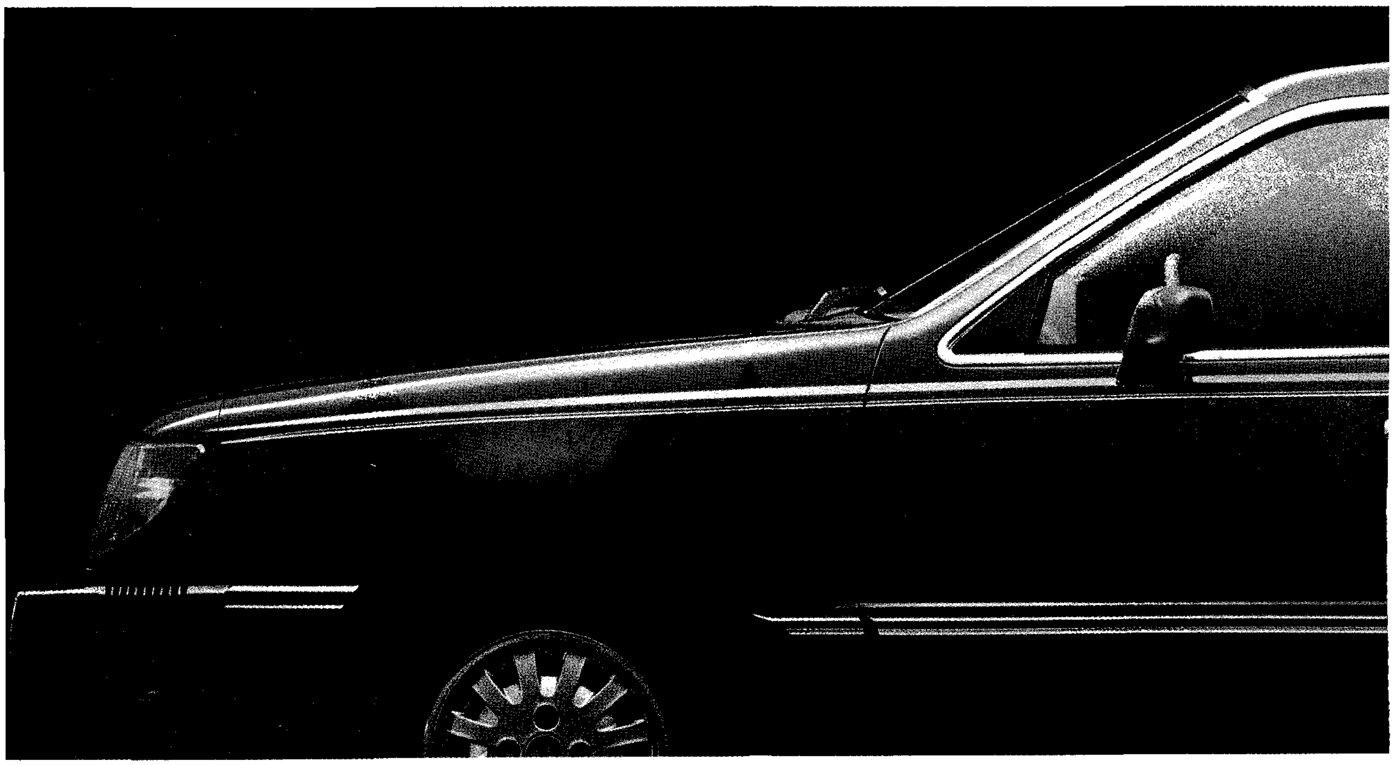
Excellent reflexes.

As you'd logically expect from a forward thinking car, Tempo offers front-wheel drive traction. It also offers four-wheel independent suspension, all-season radials, front stabilizer bar and precise rack and pinion steering. And what that results in is a stable, smooth-riding car that helps the driver handle the idiosyncracies of a winding road. Goo news for the driver. And the passenge



Forward thinking under the hood

Tempo is powered by a specially



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rue instincts of a driver's car.

veloped 2300 HSC (High Swirl Com-
stion) engine. And to keep Tempo's
nking current, we've added
ectronic Fuel Injection this year. A for-
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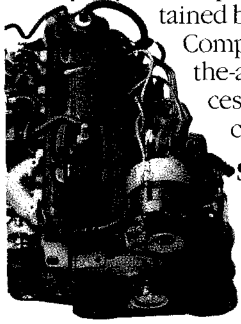

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ous portraits of Wenda Parkinson when young, including Wenda thumbnail-size in front of a great waterfall in Natal, in 1951.

Item (framed, on top of the grand piano, along with some candelabras): Princess Anne on a cantering horse.

Item (framed, on the wall nearby): Princess Anne with a diamond tiara on highly teased hair; a fluffy white fur wrap; and a face dramatically contoured by elaborate makeup.

Item (on the wall): A red-haired young woman followed by two Italian dwarfs in cap and bells.

Item (in person): Leona Helmsley in a dress with sleeves like Lurex water wings.

Item (on the wall): Leona Helmsley in pink organza.

Item (on the wall): Miss Piggy.

Item (on the wall): The Queen Mother photographed through rain-spotted glass and with shafts of light shooting out from her diamonds.

Item (on the wall): Elizabeth Taylor (ditto).

Item (on the wall): Mrs. Reagan, with young-looking hands.

Item (on the wall): The fashion model Carmen Dell'Orefice (known simply as Carmen) wearing a bikini and waist-length black hair on a beach in the Bahamas, in 1959.

Item (in person): Carmen with silver hair standing straight up from her narrow face in a Mme. de Pompadour-wig effect, and wearing a crinoline ringed with coq feathers. ("The dress is Michaele Vollbracht," I heard someone say. "Can you believe she's *fifty-two?*")

Item (on the wall, and on the cover of Parkinson's new book): Iman Haywood, the Somali model, and Jerry Hall, the Texas one, wearing dark fur hats and with their cheeks together.

Item (in person): Iman Haywood and Jerry Hall sitting at a table with Apollonia van Ravenstein, another model, and with Iman's husband, Spencer Haywood—a bearded, six-foot-nine-inch black man from Detroit, in transition between careers as a basketball star and as a businessman and occasional model.

Item (on the wall): Jerry Hall wearing extravagant jewels and embracing her boyfriend, Mick Jagger, both parties bare to the waist.

Item (on the wall): The Parkinsons' son, Simon, as an angelic five-year-old with pale-blond hair.

Item (in person): Simon Parkinson as a thirty-seven-year-old man, the owner of a restaurant in Port of Spain, Trinidad, and of a Polaroid camera, which he is busily directing at the gathering.

Item (on the wall): The newspaper gossip columnist Aileen Mehle (Suzy) wearing a kind of diamond swimming cap, scanty classical draperies, and a tremulous expression.

Item (in person): The television celebrity-interviewer Nikki Haskell, in a strapless gown, arranging people for interviews in front of their portraits in a beatifying blaze of camera lights.

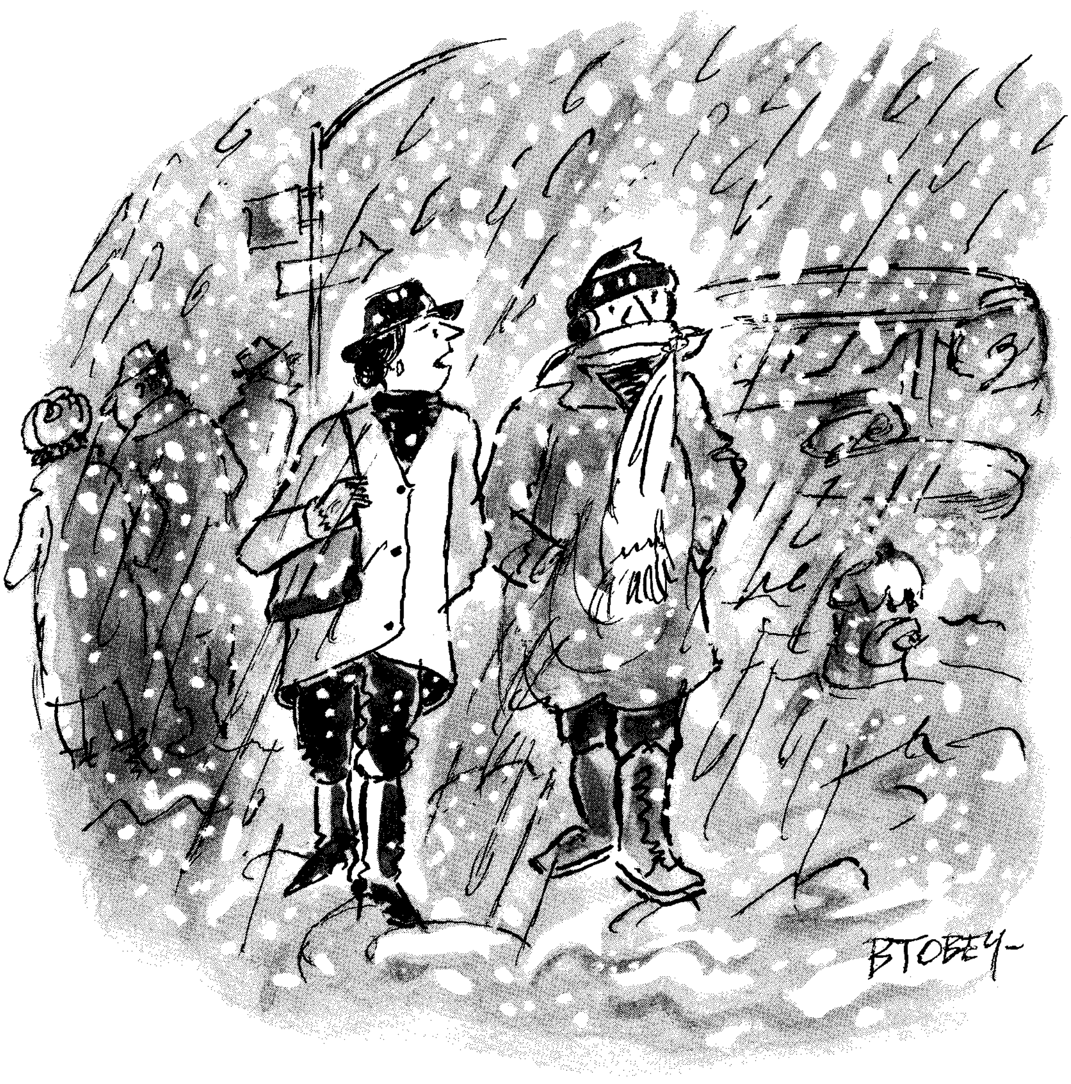
Item (on the wall): Barbara Cartland, the romantic novelist, in full fig, together with her Pekinese.

"OH, I know what they always say about me," Parkinson told me once. " 'Why is that chap Parkinson always so *weak?*' But, really, what ever is the point of weaseling one's way into Mrs. Astor's and then making her look like a hobgoblin? When I look through the camera, I see an aura about people, a joy and a gaiety about it all. The camera can be the most deadly weapon since the assassin's bullet. Or it can be the lotion of the heart."

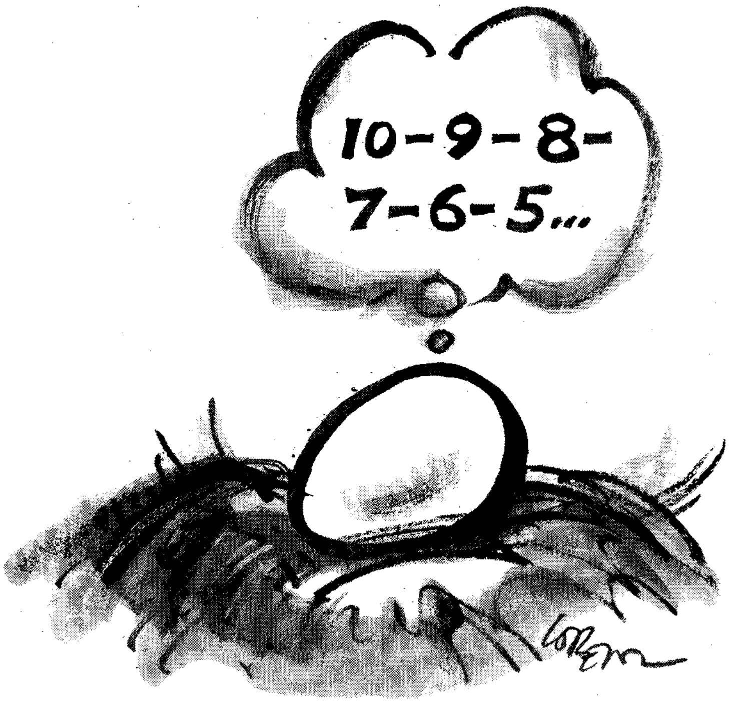
I asked how he felt about photographing people he didn't like.

"I don't believe I've ever had to do it," he said.

Now Parkinson was bounding with high-lifted knees across the dance floor at Sotheby's to take the microphone



"You're the one who wanted a quiet walk through the first soft winter snowfall."



after dinner. He likes making speeches—"getting on his legs," as Anthony Trollope would have said.

"I'm a tear-jerked old man," he said. "I've never seen a snapper—and that's *all* I am, you know—given an occasion like tonight's." He made some remarks about success and failure, and told a story about a cockerel and some ducks on a farmyard pond. "I won't go on and on, like Dickie Attenborough at the Oscars," he said. "I'm not for peace! I'm for beauty!" The invited crowd in evening dress ("You dear, good, kind people in America," Parkinson had called them), seated round tables littered with Polaroid images of itself, lifted ring after ring of flushed, pale, or painted faces at these remarks and let out a roar.

"WITH Parkinson, there's none of that nonsense photographers cling to about the difference between their commercial and their artistic work," one observer said at the Sotheby's show. "It's *all* his 'real' work. That way, he never opens the door for anyone to judge him. There are probably as many different Parkinsons on these walls as there are magazines he has sold to. But then who's to say that everyone should be like Avedon and have everything you do look like an Avedon?" Lucrative careers doing what Parkinson calls "reaping the harvest of fashion" have led some photographers to look hard at uncommercial images of ugliness, age, and death as well. There are rumors that Parkinson has a private collection of photographs of freaks and physical deformities, but his public work has generally involved an unflinching gaze at generations of beauties or the patient wait for that flash of light on the tiara. (It is tempting, though, to see Parkinson's flattery—that of his recent portraits, especially—as a veiled contempt. It is as if he embraced his starry-eyed subjects and slowly hugged them to a high-camp, Technicolor death.) "Parkinson never looks back," people say. "He's always thinking about the next shot." He has seen wave after wave of youth and beauty. "I always think when models go to make a movie after six or seven years they've only got the fag end of their looks," he says. He was a star participant—along with David Bailey and Lord Snowdon, and other photographers far younger than he—in the booming visual birth of "Swinging London," in the late fifties and early sixties. For *Queen*, the liveliest of the period's glossy magazines, he photographed haute-couture fashions out of helicopters and in mountains and deserts far away. He took the portraits of the Rolling Stones as striplings and the Beatles with their bloom. In 1963, he left England and its tax system, thinking he would retire to Tobago and fish and swim. "But I wasn't as rich as I thought," he told me once, "and the first time a fashion editor sent a telegram saying 'Sending model with twenty bathing suits' I was off again, like a shot." (This most jet-setting of men has lived without a telephone at home for more than twenty years.)

"The age of real fashion, big fashion, died with Dior," he says. "These models now, they fly in and out; they get their two thousand dollars a day, then they give you the same photograph they gave the chap who did them yesterday. There's no such thing as real beauty anymore—just the face that takes the makeup best. All these hairdressers and makeup men, they're all still playing with dolls, really. I suppose *I'm* still playing with dolls, come to that. Even at my age, I find I'm still attracted to the models. It's like the mongoose and the snake, to get a shot. A rhythm springs up; it can go for an hour, an hour and a half. Then, suddenly, that girl will give you something—a little shrug, a look, something. You've got to take it then. If she gave it and you didn't take it, you'd lose her. I have a passion for the opposite sex. I like the way they look at themselves in shop-windows—all that. One knows the way their *muscles* work. I suppose you could say that's how I came to get involved, as I did, with breeding race horses."

PARKINSON's book went bobbing along on its maiden voyage through New York, alongside the more stately progress of the Britain Salutes New York festival. He continued to publicize himself most affably. "They've given me a bell and a tricorne hat and a pair of rather down-at-heel shoes," he said, describing his efforts, "and I'm kept busy doing the old 'Oyez! Oyez!' " Bloomingdale's gave a little tea party in his honor in the sixth-floor restaurant decorated like a Pullman car. The British Consul, Carmen, Iman, and Apollonia van Ravenstein held teacups while Parkinson got on his legs to thank "dear Bloomers" and allude to Noël Coward and his talent to amuse. Afterward, the Parkinsons went down in the elevator with Terence Pepper, the curator of photographs at Britain's National Portrait Gallery, who had helped mount Parkinson's New York show at Sotheby's as well as the earlier, English one. The doors opened on the main floor next to some pompous-looking display cases crammed, in honor of the Anglophile moment, with an assortment of royal memorabilia. American citizens with shopping bags passed incuriously to and fro in front of black-bordered cards to "Admit Bearer to the Quadrangle" of Windsor Castle for the funerals of

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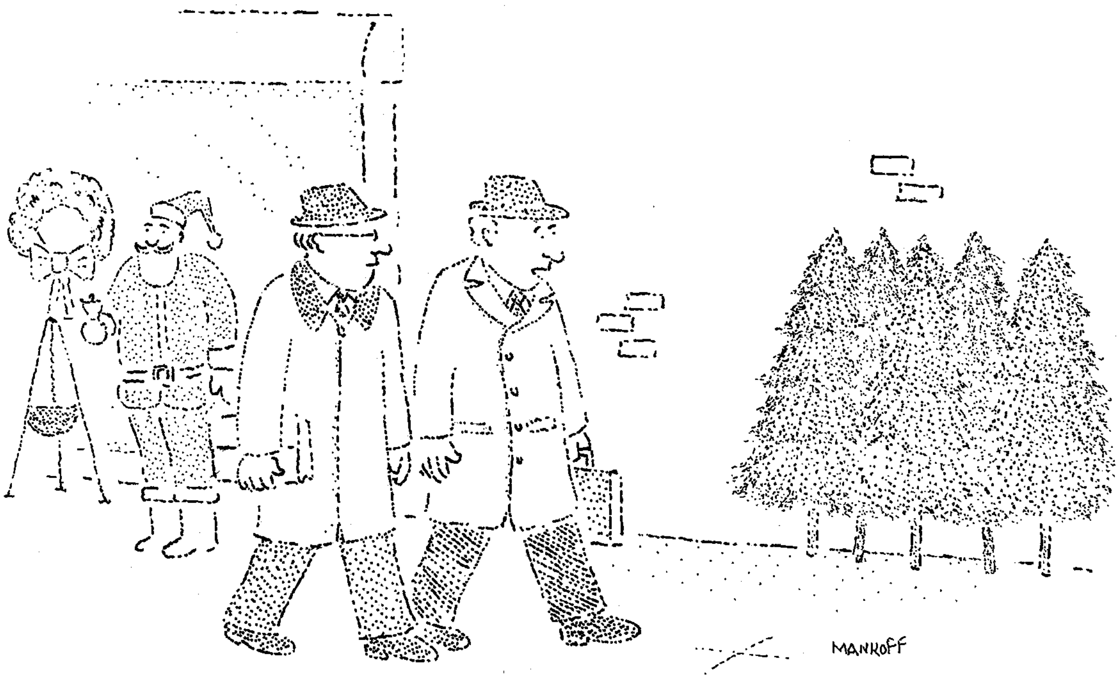

"Yes, I'm somewhat depressed, but seasonally adjusted I'm probably happy enough."

• •

monarchs, or china struck to show support of Queen Caroline against the Prince Regent.

"Rather a splendid collection, actually," Parkinson said, stooping to inspect it. He had put a perfectly ordinary tan parka over a graph-paper-checked ice-cream-color suit.

There was a photographic portrait of King George VI in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. Parkinson and Pepper focussed on it intently. "Who did it, do you suppose?" they asked each other.

Parkinson bent lower, put his nose to the glass, stared fixedly in at the King, straightened himself up again. "The light in the eye has been retouched," he announced.

PARKINSON'S seventieth birthday came round. In the fashionable hired rooms, photograph people bowed, squeaked, kissed the air at other photograph people, or sometimes cut them dead. I saw a man I know wearing a look of bored alertness along with his dinner jacket, the way some of the other men there wore cummerbunds. "Weddings, parties—there's always something happening in this place," he said. "I'm often here. Always the same guys, the same faces from the gossip column of *Women's Wear*."

"You're out a lot," I said.

"Every night, except when I'm in love."

Ann Getty (of the swans and peacocks) and Arianna Stassinopoulos, the author and socialite, were giving the birthday party, and had invited most of the guests. "Who is this Parkinson, anyway?" I heard people say. Some months earlier, Parkinson had photographed Arianna Stassinopoulos in her native Greece, blithely waving scarves at the Parthenon and then looking solemnly into the camera while wearing bunches of grapes all over her head. ("We could have done the shot in the hotel room," she told me later. "But he insisted on going into the vineyard and picking the grapes himself. He said he wanted them with their—what's that word?—*velvet* on.")

Around the white-robed tables in the dark-green-painted room, manners were hard to fault.

"Were you one of the group of ladies who went to the spa at Rancho La Puerta?" asked the neighbor on my right.

The neighbor on my left, conversing in his turn, made a feather-light allusion to having dined *en famille* with the Duke of Wellington. "My wife's half my age, you know," he said next. Tortoiseshell-bespectacled, and cozily buttoned into his double-breasted dinner jacket, he suggested an expensively upholstered armchair. "My first wife and I were married for twenty-eight years. We came from the same world," he said, twisting in his seat and scanning the other tables for a glimpse of his present wife. The strangers making up the little circle at our table were lifting hands to mouths with clockwork motions, giving themselves judicious forkfuls and napkin dabs. "For the past ten years, I've had more darn fun," my neighbor said, turning back to his plate.

A woman with a Victorian coiffure said she was grateful for her piano, which enabled her to self-express. An elderly man with a completely naked head, sitting barely higher than the level of the place card ascribing to him a European barony, simply worked his jaws in silence, where he sat on her far side. The woman seated beyond the baron was silent, too, peeping timidly out from her Miss Havisham-style face colors while, on her bosom, a necklace of enormous rubies and diamonds gently rose and fell.

Dancing started, and rather more energetic table-hopping. Simon Parkinson and Terence Pepper were up and about, making much of the black shape, the whirr, the milky-green tongues of their Polaroids. A big birthday cake was carried in. It was topped with a chocolate version of Parkinson's famous embroidered smoking cap. (He always wears this while working, to fend off "gremlins," even when he is photographing queens; a regular supply is sent from Kashmir, where such hats are traditionally worn at weddings.) Parkinson put on the chocolate hat and rose from his seat between Geraldine Stutz, the president of Henri Bendel, and Suzy. Thanks to his two hostesses, he said (taking off the hat before it could melt), he had been able to gain access to the most exclusive, private sites in Germany and in Greece. He waved a piece of paper and craved his audience's indulgence while he read a telegram he had sent that day to Buckingham Palace. "Congratulations to Your Majesty on our birthday from her humble servant Norman Parkinson," he intoned. It seemed that it was the Queen's birthday, too.

Chairs were pushed back from the

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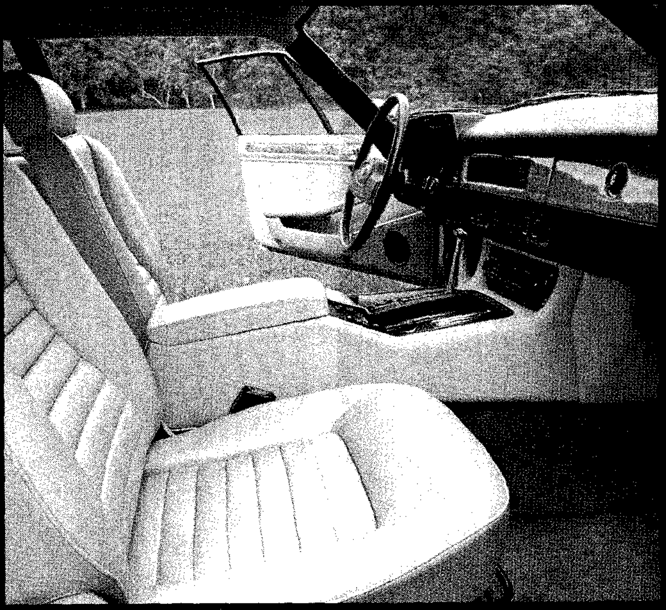

In the expert opinion of the editors of Road & Track, the S-type's only real competitor was the Porsche 928S. Why did they choose the Jaguar? Here's what they said:

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tables again. My married neighbor looked up eagerly as his wife—a striking blonde in a striking gown—passed by our table in a cloud of perfume and a rustle of silk. She headed for the table across the way, where a dark-haired man of her own age leaped to his feet and greeted her with a flurry of kisses. Her husband looked on. The pair were rubbing noses now; the younger man was waving his arms above his head like tree branches; they were wiggling their bodies at each other in samba movements. “They adore each other,” the husband said, taking his eyes away and giving me a little nod. “But I don’t have to—you know—*worry* about her with him.”

“I think Parkinson finds most social life rather vapid,” Wenda Parkinson once said to me. “And I’m really rather a recluse. When we’re in London, we might go down to the corner pub for a glass of beer, and that’s it. He has this obsession with agriculture, he really does. He can deliver cows and pigs—things like that. I seem to remember he won a plowing competition once. And he loves children. Our little grandson dotes on him.”

The Parkinsons came back to their table after dancing to a ragged-sounding band of Greek musicians. Norman and Wenda Parkinson dance beautifully together under any circumstances.

“Did you think his speech went off all right?” Wenda Parkinson asked me, and smiled. “He is rather fun, isn’t he?” Yes, today was his real birthday. “We had a tiny celebration at midnight last night, in our hotel room. He’d been out somewhere, as usual. I just put the little presents on the bed and said ‘Happy Birthday, Old Thing.’ ”

My acquaintance from earlier in the evening was tilting on the back legs of his party-rental chair and contemplating across a table empty of all but flung-down napkins and uneaten desserts the sight of Carmen, the model, fox-trotting (in a different Vollbracht dress tonight) with one of the guest list’s good-looking men. “This group feels *safe* here—at home,” my acquaintance said. Jerome Zipkin, Nancy Reagan’s friend and a man-about-town, was shepherding a posse of women in fashions as colorful as Caribbean postage stamps through the emptying tables to the door. “They dress up. They eat. They dance,” my acquaintance said. He yawned, decisively tapped the tablecloth with two sets of fingertips, and made to rise. “The proverbial cruise to nowhere,” he said.

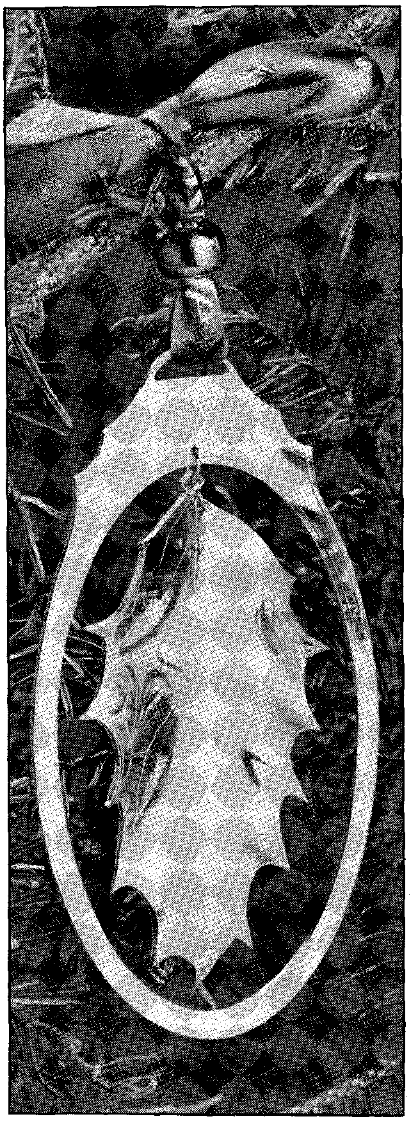
NEXT night, I went down a sort of mirrored tunnel, a flight of red-carpeted stairs.

“Must be Chow’s private room, the inner sanctum,” came an alert, bored voice near my ear. “Not my usual turf,” said my acquaintance, who was out again.

Martin Summers, a wealthy London gallery owner, had flown over his neighborhood youth orchestra for a concert to coincide with Britain Salutes New York. (“We thought we ought to have a go,” he said.) Now he was throwing a black-tie post-concert supper for a hundred and fifty people at the Mr. Chow restaurant. His wife, Nona—a slender woman in a long blue gown, with an animated manner and a Pre-Raphaelite mass of red hair—presided over a score or so of the guests who were to sit downstairs. Parkinson’s head was immediately visible as I rounded the corner at the bottom of the stairs, and so was Carmen’s electrified silvery coiffure. Steve Rubell, the former co-owner of Studio 54, was already seated at the long table, with his back to the upholstered cream-colored wall. Another man was standing up with his back half turned to the door, extending his hand in greeting to each fellow-diner who came in. A sharply defined angle of his shoulder blades under well-tailored cloth lent him an air of almost adolescent vulnerability. “Calvin Klein,” he was saying to one guest and then to the next, making a little, sketchy bow. Bianca Jagger, Mick Jagger’s ex-wife and the mother of his daughter, stood at Klein’s side, wearing a Velázquez-Infanta purple gown. “Calvin Klein,” Calvin Klein said again, unfolding his napkin, as we all sat down. Platters of fashionable, pretty food were carried in and set down on the cloth between vases of narcissus and hyacinths. Calvin Klein picked up a platter and held it out for me to serve myself; Chow’s dumplings shook slightly, in a little dance.

Parkinson had photographed Klein some days earlier. I asked Klein how it had gone.

“Wonderful,” he said. “The best sitting I *ever* had. Mr. Parkinson is so funny, so kind, such a *gentleman*.” Tears welled up in his eyes. I looked



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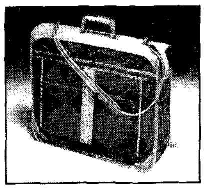

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up at the wall, at Steve Rubell, down at the flowers, at my plate, at Calvin Klein's. He had served himself a single bright-green snow pea and a single bright-pink shrimp. "I already ate, before I came," he said, recovering his poise.

Nona Summers had left her evening purse upstairs somewhere and was worrying about it. Suddenly, she was extricating herself from where she sat on the banquette and was climbing up onto the table and down the other side. Her feet in high-heeled blue satin slippers, her slim ankles in blue-spotted hose were there near eye level on the white cloth, next to the flowers and the snow peas, and then they were gone again.

Klein brought his face very close to mine. "I'm so tired," he said. "I've been working with thirty models all day, doing fittings for my collection. Working with women like that! You've no idea! They're *impossible!*"

Bianca Jagger leaned forward in her seat, on Calvin Klein's other side, and looked at him protectively. Klein moved his chair closer to mine and, picking up my hand from where it lay on the cloth, began to stroke it abstractedly as he went on talking in a conspiratorial tone. The hand seemed quite detached from both him and me; it might have been a glove he was playing with while he talked on the telephone.

Bianca Jagger leaned forward again and said she was ready to leave and go dancing.

"Anyone know someplace really sleazy?" Klein asked, pushing back his chair.

I turned to Parkinson and asked whether he had enjoyed his birthday party.

"A bit of the old puritan comes out in me sometimes," he said. "All those grapes and pineapples left over, just chucked in the dustbin. That *huge* cake, all that dessert. People hardly touched them—did you see?" He looked down the length of the table. "Café society," he said. "Doesn't faze me. New York doesn't faze me, either. But the Bowery isn't there for nothing, is it? It's as though there were success or failure here, and nothing in between." He'd spent his day giving interviews. "Reporters always ask the same eight questions," he said. " 'What's it like to work with the world's most beautiful women?' 'What's Koo Stark really like?' 'How do you get the Royals to relax?' Once, when I was having lunch with the

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Queen Mother, I said that we all appreciated how hard the Royal Family worked. Rather sycophantic, you might say. She said the hardest part of the job was all the chat. She said the terrible thing about walkabouts is that one asks something—'Have you been waiting long?' probably—and then moves on to the next group. But your words get passed down the line faster than you can move, and they haunt you all the way. And she said the worst part of all is when you get to the very end of the walkabout and people have been hanging about for four hours in the rain and when you speak to them the poor things just freeze up, out of exhaustion and nerves." Parkinson did an imitation of loyal subjects at the tail end of some drizzly British walkabout silently opening and shutting their mouths.

THE sky above Manhattan next morning was brilliant blue and dotted with the little alligator-shaped white clouds of spring. I walked from my house to buy a loaf of bread, passing a grizzled old man who sat on a stoop waving a bottle of Night Train Express and talking to a group of garbage cans. "I love my dog," he was saying. "I love my dog more than my brother."

The store was a fancy one, selling bread that might be pink or green, sometimes even striped. The two young men behind the counter had their heads close together—in chefs' toques that were yeasty-looking and cherry red—and were gossiping as if their lives depended on it.

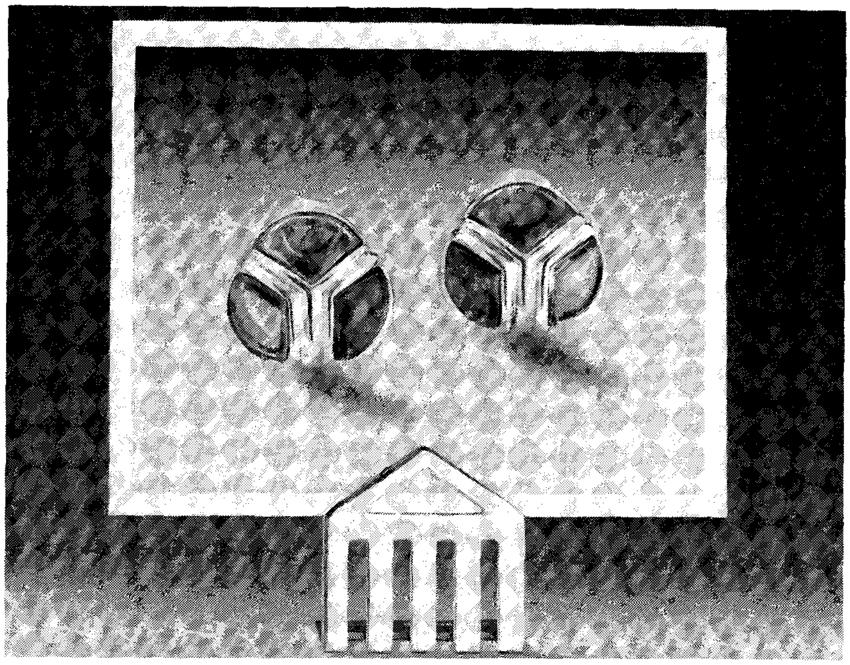
"Then what did you do?"

"We ended up going over to Studio."

"Was it fun? Anyone there?"

"Calvin the K. was there, with Bianca. I always love to look at Bianca."

CALVIN KLEIN's fashion show was surrounded by the usual swirl, the usual struggle. Business people, press, and teams of buyers, from Europe, Seventh Avenue, and Japan, frazzled by weariness and vanity, pushed at each other in the shrunken space of his showroom's lobby, then broke through at last to search, inside, for their names on long lines of seats set up facing a runway. Camera wielders were strongest and boldest, forging through with their knobby bags and leather straps and all the rest of the impedimenta of the magic eye. A mirrored ceiling above the runway reflected the progress of the twirling,



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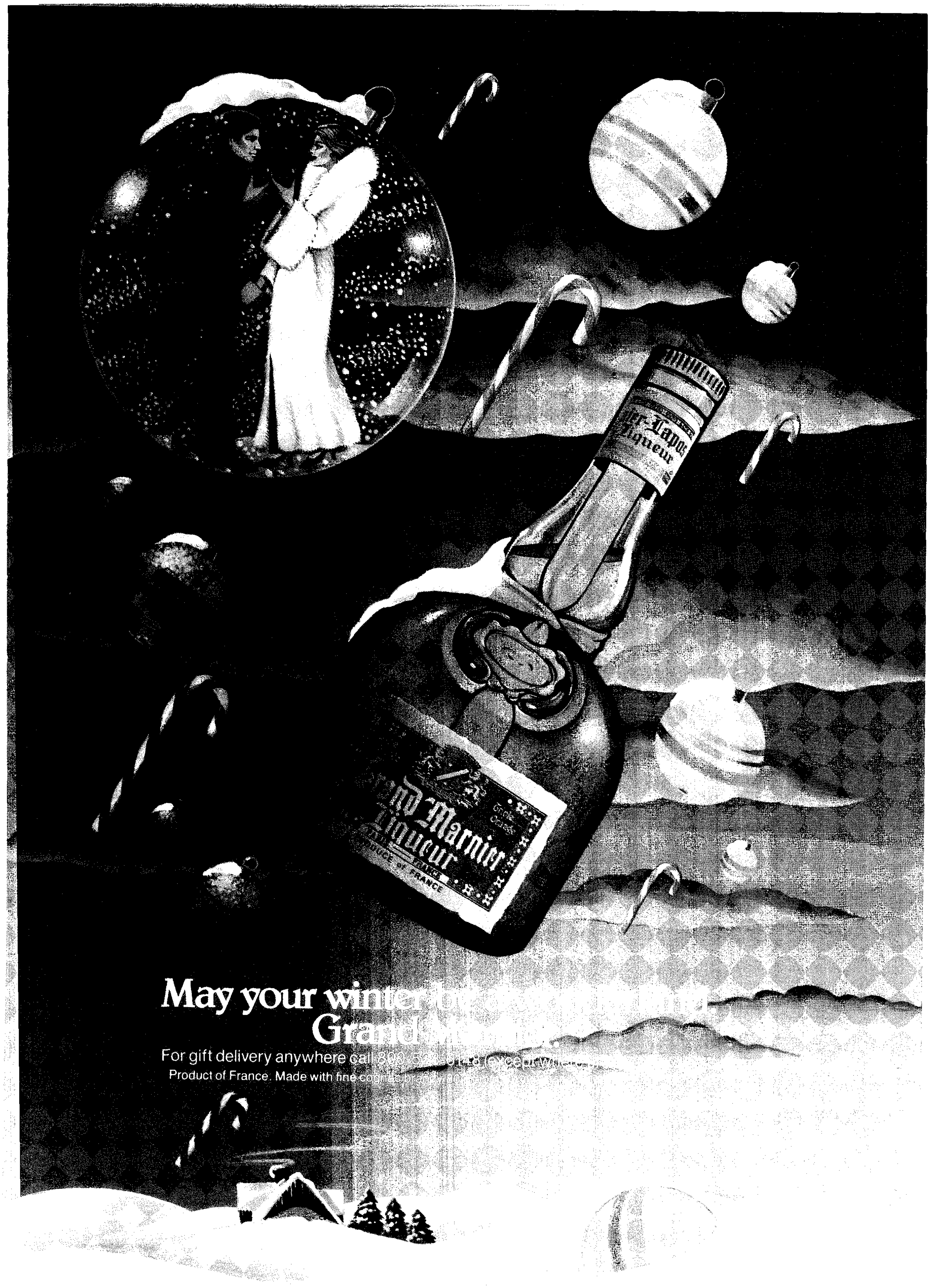ier-Lapos
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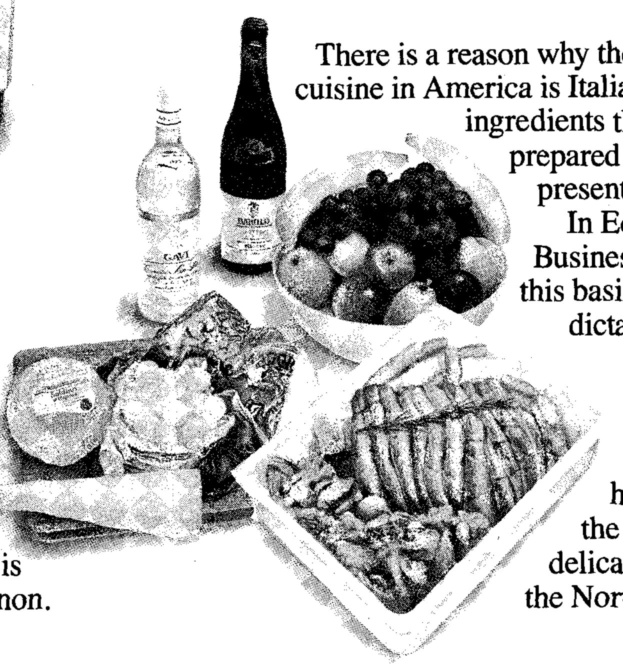

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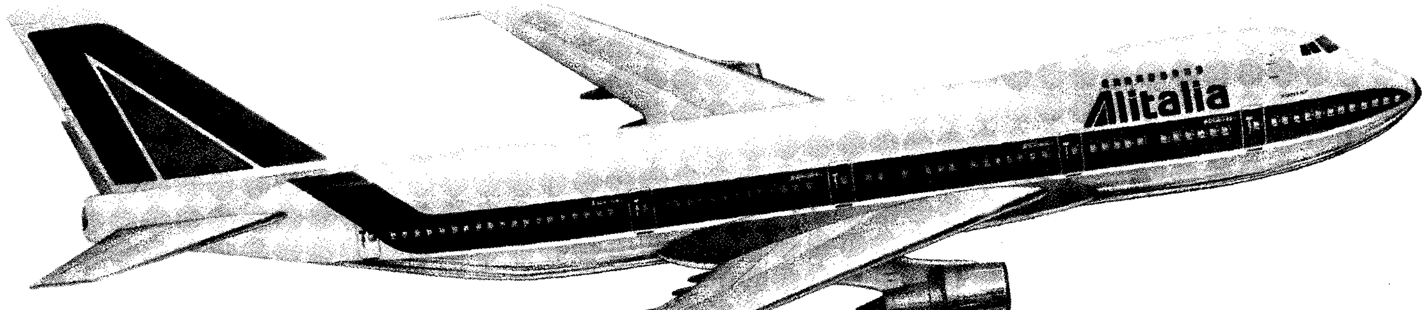

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stalking models in foreshortened form and held the shifting patterns made by crowns of bright-colored hats.

Carrie Donovan, the fashion writer and senior editor of the *Times Magazine*, pushed her huge spectacles back up her nose. "Will you *look* at that neck on Iman!" she said to André Leon Talley, the fashion writer, who was sitting with a hand on the silver handle of his umbrella.

The model Carmen sat in the audience with her chin resting lightly on fingers that looked carefully arranged, and watched the undulating progress of Iman with a professional appreciation. Jerry Hall's grand sunlit waterfall of waist-length blond hair swayed as she followed a few paces after Iman, wearing at the end of one slim arm a big Shocking-pink-dyed fox-fur muff. Her hand swung to and fro, the muff waving like a rhythmic censer at the knees of Jerome Zipkin, Bianca Jagger, Andy Warhol, and the striking blond wife, who were sitting in a line in the front row. Then Jerry Hall made her little dimpling smile—the lazy lift of the corners of her red-painted lips—and bestowed it like a posy of spring violets on Parkinson, who was sitting in the second row, wearing his striped suit and with a pin shaped like a Teddy bear in his lapel.

Parkinson's head was tanned again when, one morning some weeks later, he looked out of the window of a car carrying him through Palm Beach. "Mrs. Vreeland always used to say, 'Remember, Parks, there is *nothing* more *unchic* than a *palm* tree. Don't let me *see* one in your pictures,' " Parkinson said, imitating the dramatic intonation of Diana Vreeland, the former editor-in-chief of American *Vogue*.

Nancy Tuck Gardiner, the beauty, health, and special-projects editor of *Town & Country*, was looking out of the window, too. Sprinklers swept surrounding lawns with rainbows. "That's the Merriweather Post house," she said. "Yoko Ono has bought a home here." Nancy Gardiner was a trim woman of thirty-eight with outstandingly good cheekbones and upswept dark hair, who was dressed in a couture tracksuit. "There must be more grooming goes on in Palm Beach, more clipping removed per inch of yard, than anywhere else on earth," said Nancy Gardiner, who has lived in the resort for part of each year ever since she was born. "And we've got something like one police-

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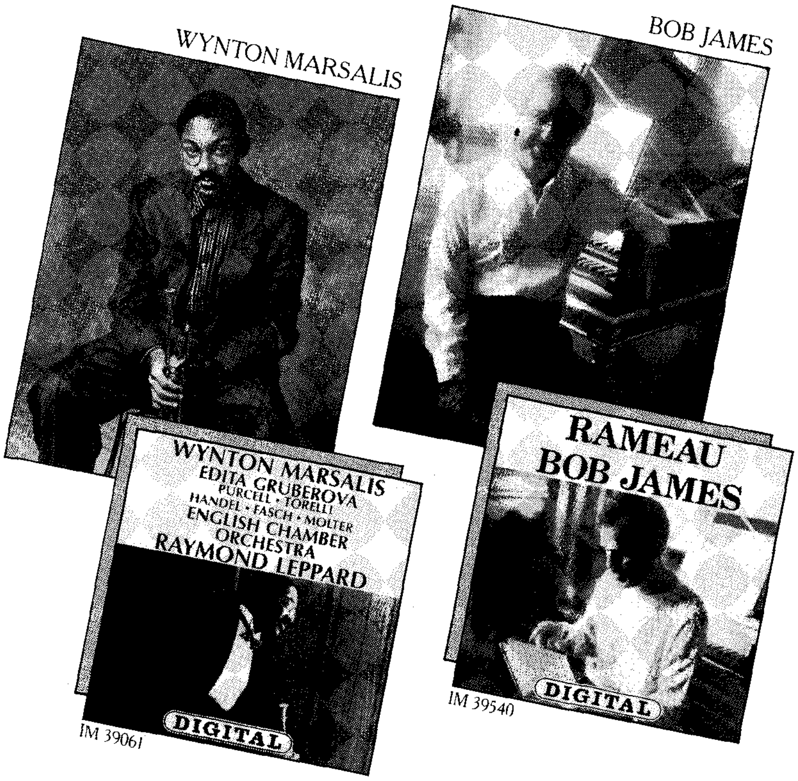

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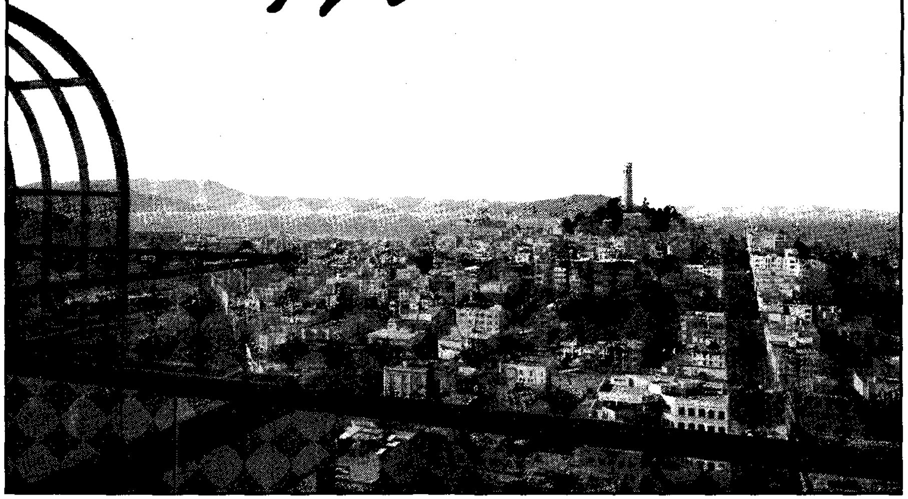

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man for every hundred people." This statistic makes for amicable relations: it had been arranged for an off-duty Palm Beach police officer to guard the jewelry to be used for several days of fashion shooting that Parkinson was embarking upon. At least, the local man would guard the half-million dollars' worth already on hand. "That nice man from Harry Winston" was scheduled to fly down from New York with the real biggies later that morning, Nancy Gardiner said.

Parkinson was wearing one of his specially made shirts—an Italian-silk number whose yellow-and-purple swirls had caused quite a reaction among the representatives of the National Beer Wholesalers' Association sitting at breakfast in the hotel dining room earlier. Except for the shirt, Parkinson looked more than ever like the empire-builder setting off purposefully in morning sun at the head of a column of supply-laden bearers. "Wait till you see this museum," Parkinson said to me, of the Lannan Foundation, in Lake Worth, where part of the shoot was to take place. "It makes Picasso look like Millais."

"Wait till you see the Lannan house," Nancy Gardiner said, of the Palm Beach home of the magnate J. Patrick Lannan, where the rest of the shoot would take place. It seemed that museum and house were bulging with an enormous collection of modern art, which had been built up by Lannan, actively assisted in recent years by his friend the designer Mary McFadden. "Wait till you see what they did with this perfectly ordinary little house," Nancy Gardiner said. "At least, a perfectly ordinary little house with an ocean view and a lake view, which is worth five million right there."

The museum turned out to be a former movie theatre, a Deco structure with white-painted buttresses sharply etched against the blue Florida sky. Beyond a set of heavy black doors, the lobby seemed ice-cold and dim. On a low clothes rack just inside the entrance of the museum (which was closed to the public that day) someone had hung a row of silky dresses in garnet, silver, ivory, and gold. They were shoulder to shoulder in the gloom, bent at the knees as if at prayer. Around them, gold-trimmed robes, ornamental belts, pharaonic bangles, peacock feathers, and stockings came spilling and tumbling out of opened trunks. In a brightly lit room off to one side, Iman was preparing to be photographed wearing some of

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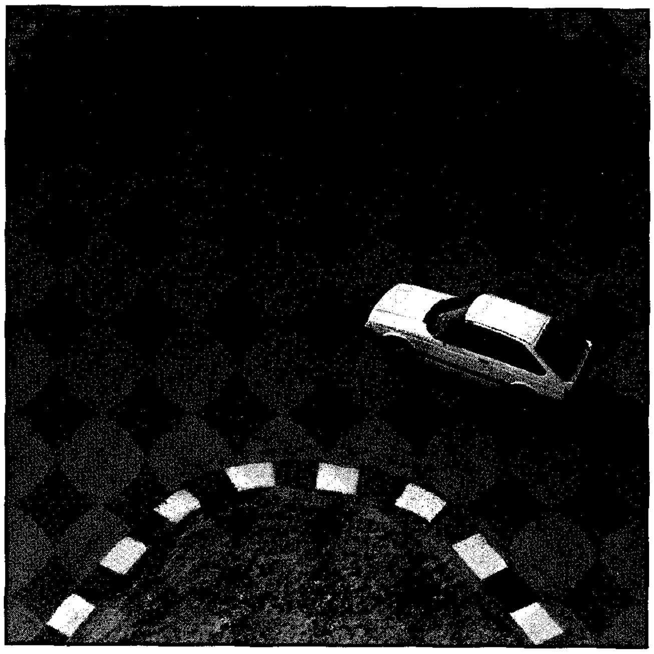

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these clothes (which were designed by Mary McFadden) by sitting with her Burmese-cat face tilted up toward Olivier Echaudemaison, a Parisian makeup artist whose living canvases have ranged in the past from Princess Anne (on her wedding day, and with the white fur and the tiara) to Josephine Baker (whose eyelids he adorned with spangles). Iman's husband, Spencer Haywood—one of the very few men whose legs can look cramped in the back of a Cadillac limousine—sat sprawled in white shorts in a nearby chair, and watched. "Even *I* only come up to his epiglottis," Parkinson had said of the former forward of the Washington Bullets. Parkinson had had an idea for a shot of the Haywoods in front of an electric-blue sculpture. (Unlike other shots planned for the coming session, this was not intended for an issue of *Town & Country* which would appear some months later.) The man was to be wearing a small, as yet unbought electric-blue swimsuit and to have his wife somehow riding on his hip "like an African woman's baby" and in an outfit as yet undisclosed. "I ain't going to be naked, Parks," Iman had said.

The museum's collection *was* amazing—a profusion of painting, ceramic, art glass, and other media, ranging from metal and wood to noise, neon light, and what looked like scraps of old soft-drink cans. The totemic, the talismanic, the mammoth. The hottest new art-world names alongside the well-established. From high up in one corner of the gallery's main room—abutting some expansive squiggles by the young artist who moved from drawing all over the subway system to having annual sales exceeding a million dollars—a painting of a strange, crouching pea-green homunculus gazed down with a melancholy watermelon slice of a grin. Snaky coils of electric extension cords, stilt-legged crucibles of photographic lamps, and little families of aluminum camera valises contributed their share, this morning, to the museum's general homage to modern-art forms. Martin Seymour, Parkinson's American assistant—a young man with a ducktail haircut and a red T-shirt reading "AEROMÉXICO GIVES WINGS TO YOUR DREAMS"—unpacked Parkinson's hat and threw it to him; Parkinson put it on. ("You must never just *pass* the hat to him," Parkinson's English assistant told me once. "The hats live in the camera bag, and you're responsible for them. Every year,

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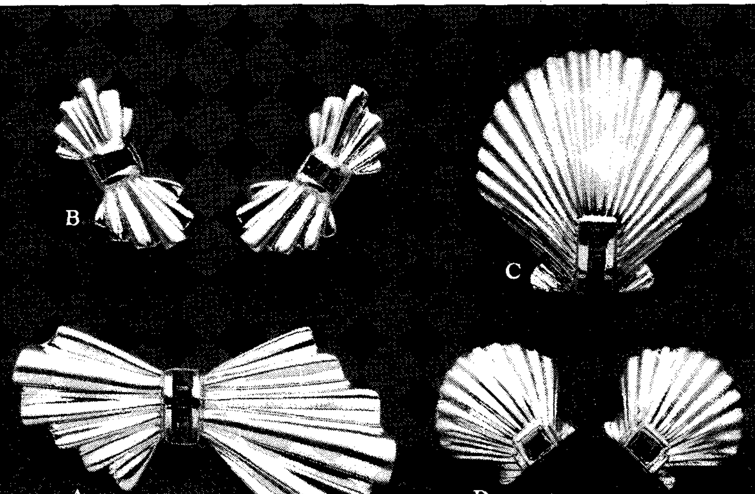

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there's a new hat to be trained to know everything the old hat knows.") The Hasselblad was set up on its tripod and pointed in the direction of a massive steel sculpture by Lucas Samaras, which Parkinson had designated on the previous day's reconnoitre as the background for the first of his fashion shots.

"It's supposed to be you having an *affair* with this thing," he had told Iman before she went to put on a McFadden dress and sequester herself with a hairdresser and the makeup man. Parkinson had settled down to wait. "It's always the same. An hour and a half to get the model ready, ten minutes for the shot," he said. The Samaras sculpture stood nearly as tall as Spencer Haywood. It was a gigantic, three-dimensional wrought-iron gate of a piece with heavy scrolls and barbed-wire-style spikes, all made of thick rusted steel. "Iman will *fight* with this, just you see," Parkinson said. "Iman is *strong*." Parkinson claims to have been the first photographer to work with Iman after she came from Somalia, at the outset of what has been a spectacular eight-year modelling career. She is known for the flexible, double-jointed quality of her slender chocolate-brown body, the length of neck supporting a tiny head, the expressive gestures of long-fingered hands. "She won't give those amazing fingers away to Bloomingdale's, you know," Parkinson said now. He demonstrated her famous articulated gestures, with some fingers winging up in exotic curves, others down. "She is very possessive of her fingers."

Across the room, under a tentlike hemp-and-metal piece by Barbara Chase Riboud, Nancy Gardiner was supervising her associate Robert Clark, who happens to be her nephew. ("Call me Bobo," he had told me when we were introduced the previous evening. "Everyone in the family does." The name is pronounced "Bobbo.") A dark-haired man of twenty-two with the worldly-wise manner and fuzzy waistline of one who has eaten many a meal with wealthy people twice his age, he was unpacking a box of jewelry from Cartier with a practiced hand—dipping a thumb and forefinger into little black pouches and fishing out sparkling bracelets and earrings. A slight man barely older than Clark but dressed in an ill-fitting vested suit with an old-fashioned wide necktie stood looking on with a most self-conscious

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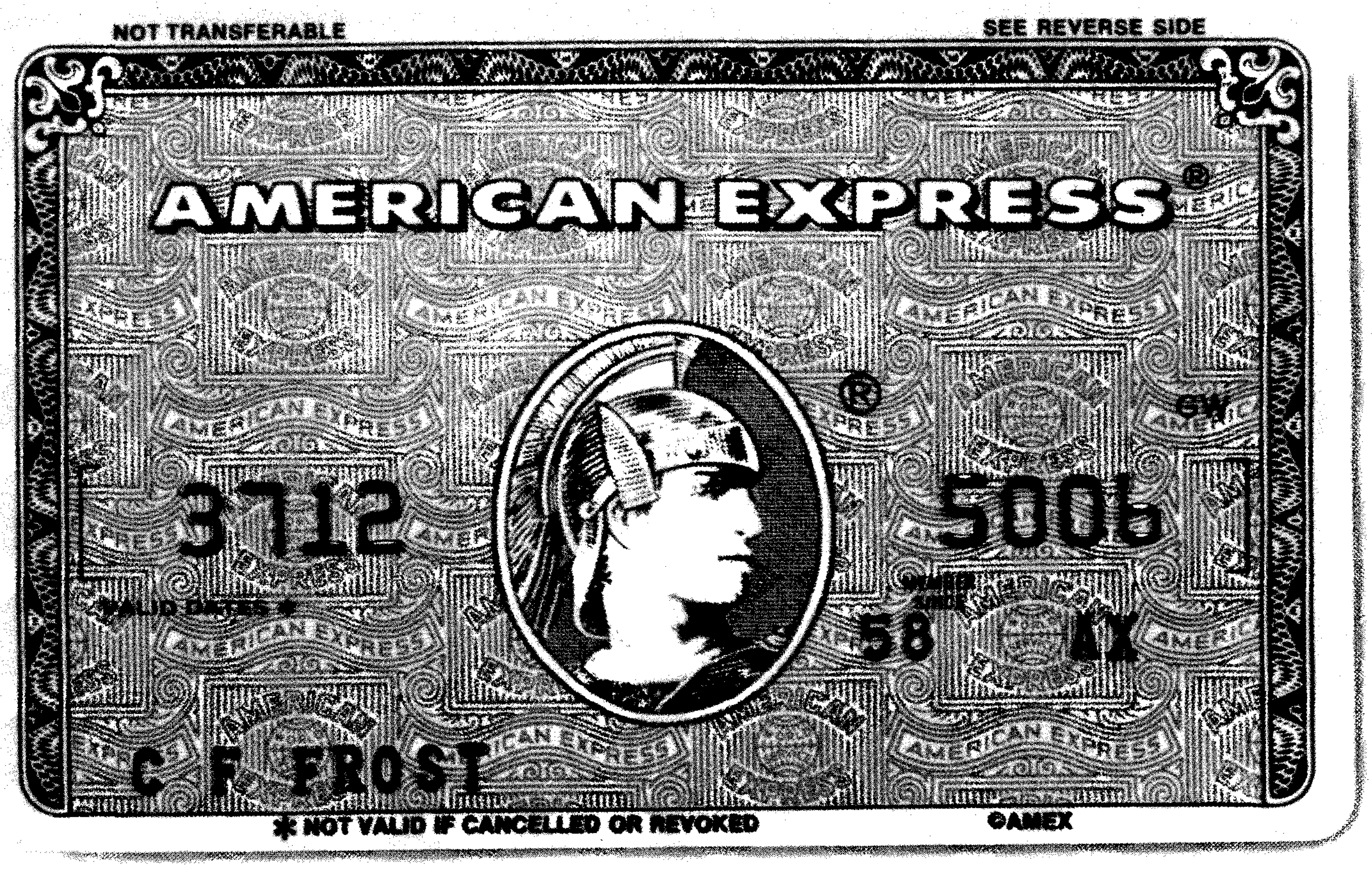
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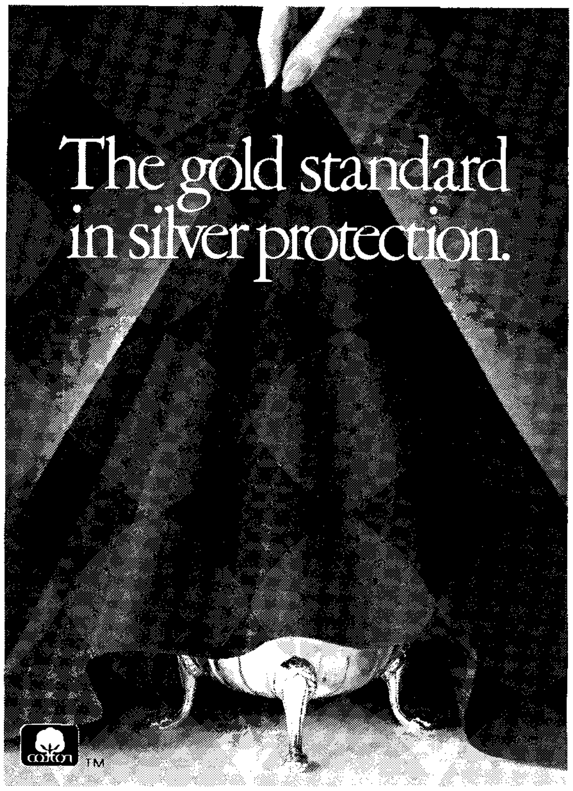
air of responsibility: the man whom aunt and nephew had called "our policeman."

Parkinson was still waiting for Iman. "They command fantastic incomes, you know, these girls," he said. "It's like working with Elizabeth Taylor. Stars like Iman and Jerry gross two and a half million a year."

A gray-haired man standing nearby said that television crews were almost as expensive as models. He was David Burke, and he was producing a fifteen-minute segment on Parkinson for a magazine show that NBC was launching as its latest Sunday-evening assault wave against CBS and "Sixty Minutes." The competition had already broadcast a segment on the Earl of Lichfield, the Queen's cousin and one of the three main photographers trusted by the Royal Family, the others being the Earl of Snowdon and Parkinson. Lichfield had been promoting his new collection of designer luggage when he appeared on "Sixty Minutes." He is also known for advertisements in which fellow-aristocrats wear Burberry raincoats, and for an automobile-parts company's annual calendar in which young women wear almost no clothes at all. Burke's crew consisted of a cameraman and a soundman—two energetic men in their thirties, both with curly hair and mettlesome suntans acquired during past days in Florida. They were bustling about the museum, setting up the equipment with which they would record images of Parkinson recording his images. Alongside their elaborate video equipment, Parkinson's camera—on its tripod, with an opened, light-directing white parasol over it and a humble plastic shopping bag with extra lenses dangling underneath—looked antediluvian, something out of a boardwalk scene by William Merritt Chase. The three television men had last worked as a team on a documentary about some Marxist revolutionaries on what had been at the time the completely obscure Caribbean island of Grenada. Now they had been following Parkinson and his fashion-shoot entourage (which included the models Jerry Hall, Apollonia van Ravenstein, and Carmen as well as Iman) for several days. "You should have seen Apples walking around the hotel at Bonaventure in these incredible black-and-white striped tights," one of the television men said.

Iman came out of the dressing room. She was wearing a clinging black column of silky stuff with a ruffle



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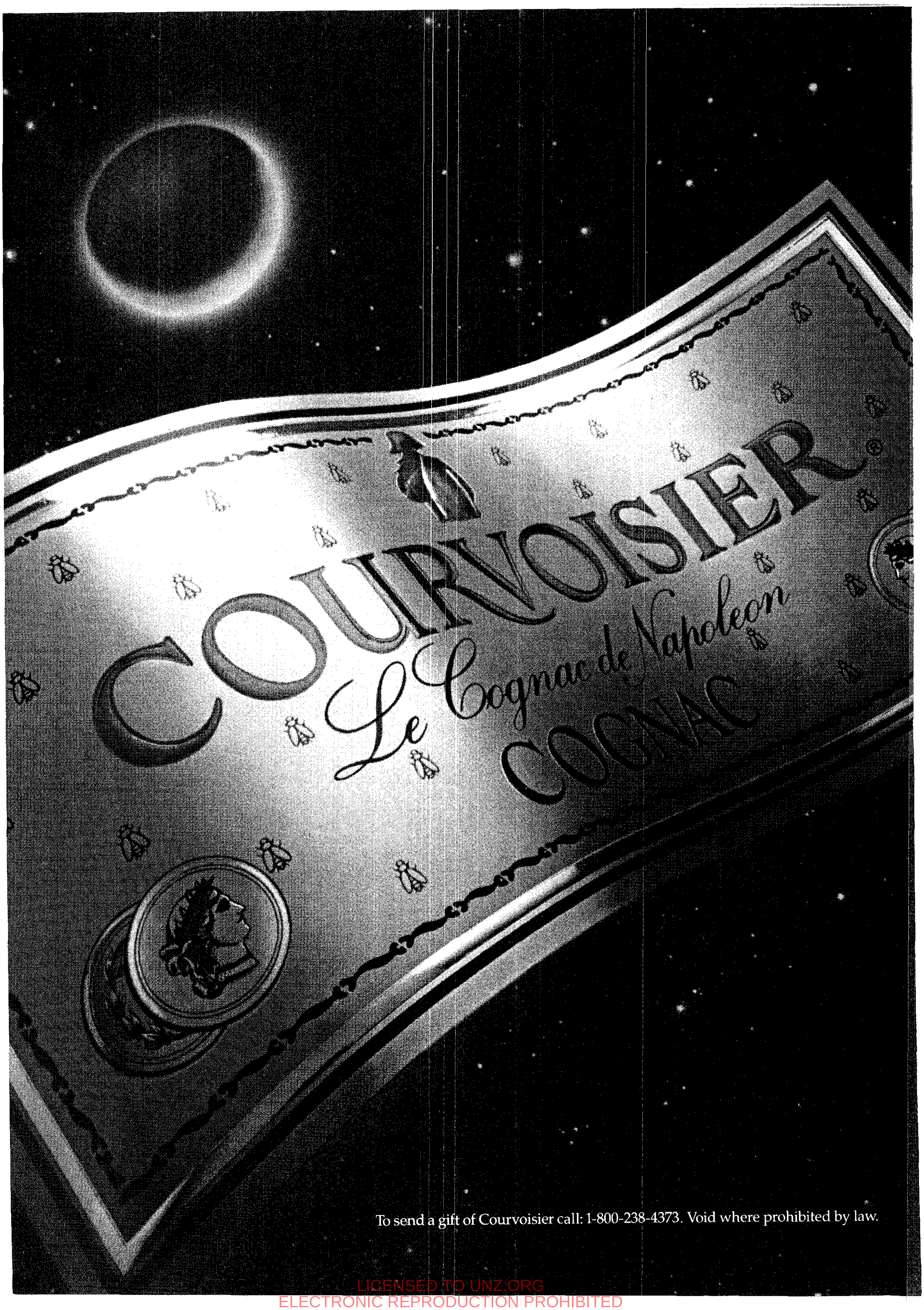
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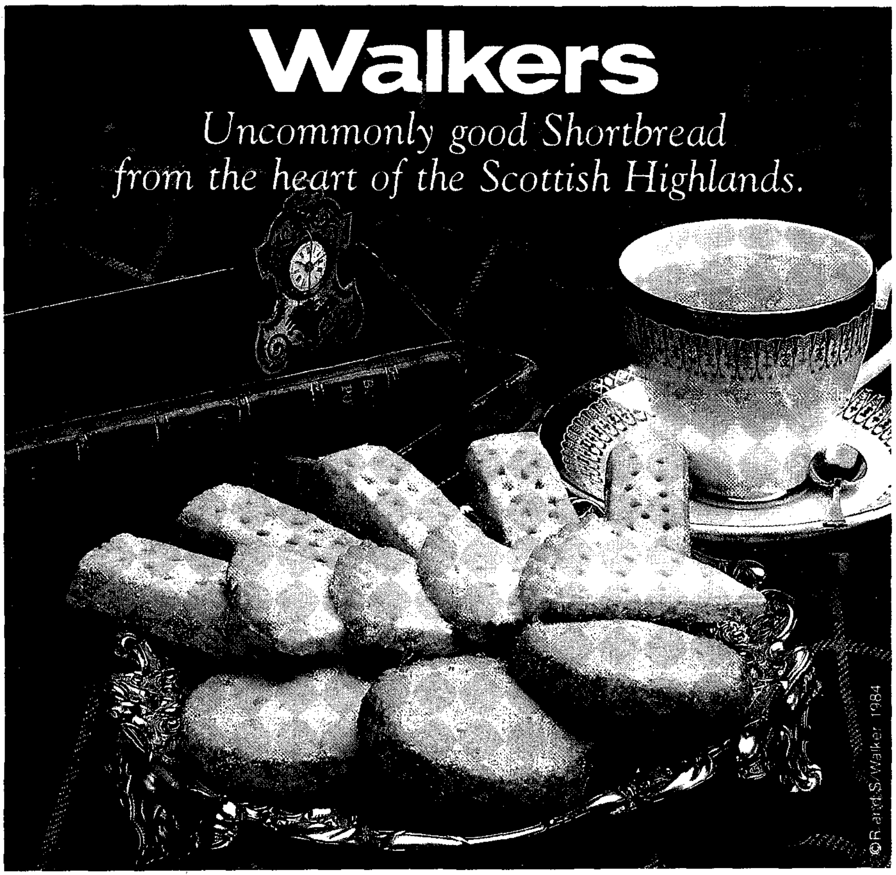
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at the hem. ("We can make her look like a *razor blade*," Parkinson had said as he supervised Seymour's placing of powerful photographic lights.) Her hair was folded close to her small head, and a tremendous foot-and-a-half-high crest of black feathers had been pinned in an arc from the back of her head to her brow, in the style of a kingfisher's crest. She walked over to the sculpture, in high-heeled shoes. A short man with a blue shirt and a proprietary expression came trotting behind, preening the feathers with the long, spiked tail of a comb. This was René Romeu, who had flown in for the shoot. ("He is the chic-est, poshest hairdresser in New York," Parkinson had told me firmly. "He works in the Pierre in a terribly *private* way, with people like Mrs. Gordon Getty or Arianna Stassinopoulos.") Parkinson stood behind his camera and talked Iman into position. Her back was against the sculpture, with its curls and axelike blades of rusting steel.

"Knee up, darling. . . . Fingers like spikes. Very *spiky*, chicken. . . . Shoulders back. Head down. We don't want to lose an inch of that neck. . . . You haven't got your swept back right! I want to see that black ass! . . . Stay, baby."

The powerful muscle at the side of her neck slanted like the rope that raises a drawbridge. Her back, between shoulders and buttocks, curved inward in an astonishing parabola. Between the camera's whirrs and clicks, Romeu and Echaudemaison darted crouchingly up to her, made slight adjustments, and fell back again.

"We'll now get this right!" Parkinson said. "One wrist higher than the other. Fingers up!" He was almost bellowing now. "Spikes! More spikes!"

"These shoes are killing me," Iman said.

THE heavy black doors to the outside world opened wide enough to admit a pie wedge of blinding, humid air, and also Spencer Haywood, returning from a trip to a sporting-goods store with Parkinson's son, Simon, who had flown up from Trinidad for the duration of the shoot. After all, hadn't Nancy Gardiner described the events as "a bit of history being made"? Haywood was wearing mirrored sunglasses and carrying in one huge hand (its fingers, each with one more knuckle than on a normal hand, are almost as prehensile as

Iman's) a small scrap of electric blue.

"He's going to need some baby oil," Olivier Echaudemaison said.

The black doors opened again, admitting another strip of damp whiteness, and also the rumbling and admonitory peep-peeping sounds of a dump truck doing road work in the street. Jerry Hall, stepping out of a black limousine with her corn-colored hair bouncing in recently hot-rollered ringlets, had to cross a baking strip of soft sand where the sidewalk had been, earlier that morning.

"Why, hello, y'all," she said to the company as she came in. She smiled. Before Jerry Hall's first shot and the African-baby tableau, there was to be a double head shot of the Haywoods (for Spencer's modelling portfolio, someone said) and more time to kill.

"Don't comb Jerry's hair out yet, René," Parkinson said, sitting down under a towering structure that looked like a Maori totem pole.

"Of course, I feel an aesthetic responsibility to the museum and the artists," he said, turning to me. "I know these chaps are the real thing. We are only the second eleven—the recorders and the copyists, not the originals." He waved at a nearby canvas that he wanted to use as a background for Haywood seeming to hold his wife's head "like a nut" and as if floating in his big hands. "I feel very privileged to have the opportunity to work with an early Kenneth Noland 'Target,' " he said. He launched into a rambling allegory about two people, a plate of Brown Windsor soup, and a stain that even Lilliman & Cox, the Mayfair dry cleaners, couldn't get out. "That's what fashion's all about," he said at the end.

IN the dressing room, Iman was expressing reservations about heavy black pencil marks that Echaudemaison had added to her husband's eyebrows, which made him look like the Moor of Venice waiting for his cue. Echaudemaison handed Haywood a brush and told him to brush his beard, and then turned his attention to the upturned face of the wife. Romeu was holding a little switch of black hair and thoughtfully swishing it into the palm of one hand. He proffered the root end to me, and I grasped it in my fist while he used both his hands to comb it with rapid tugging movements, mold it, and cover it with a fine-mesh net.

"Sculptural," Iman said, looking intently at the shape of her mouth in a

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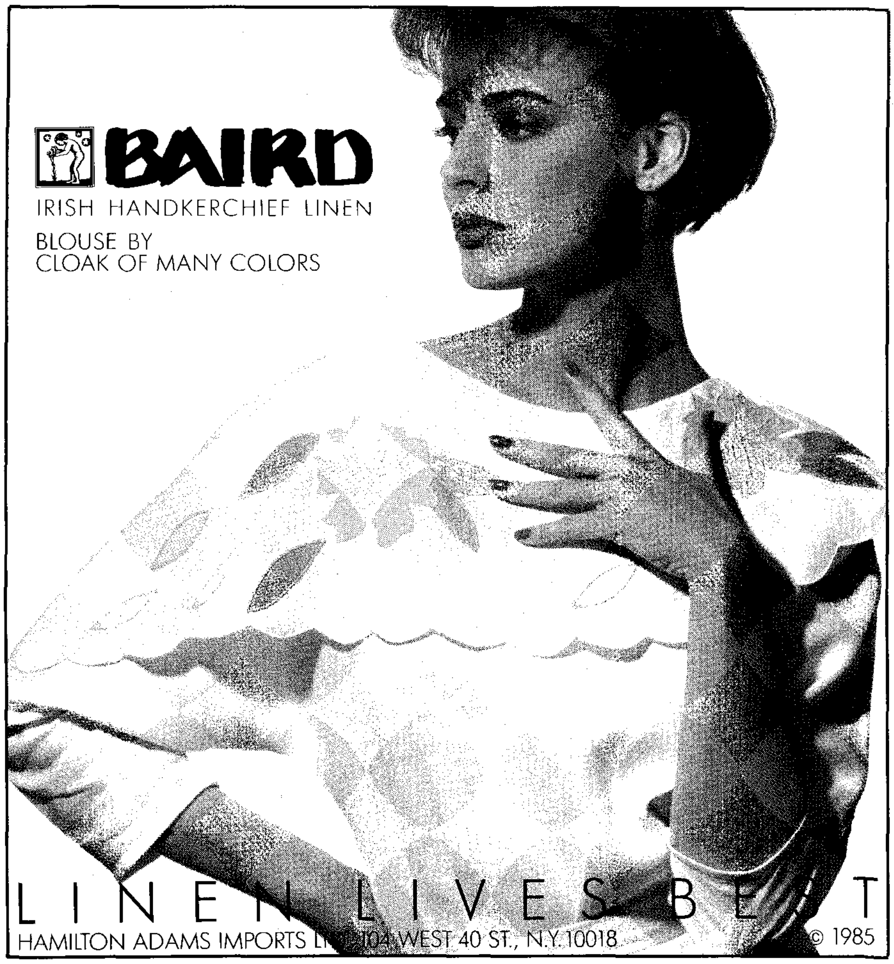
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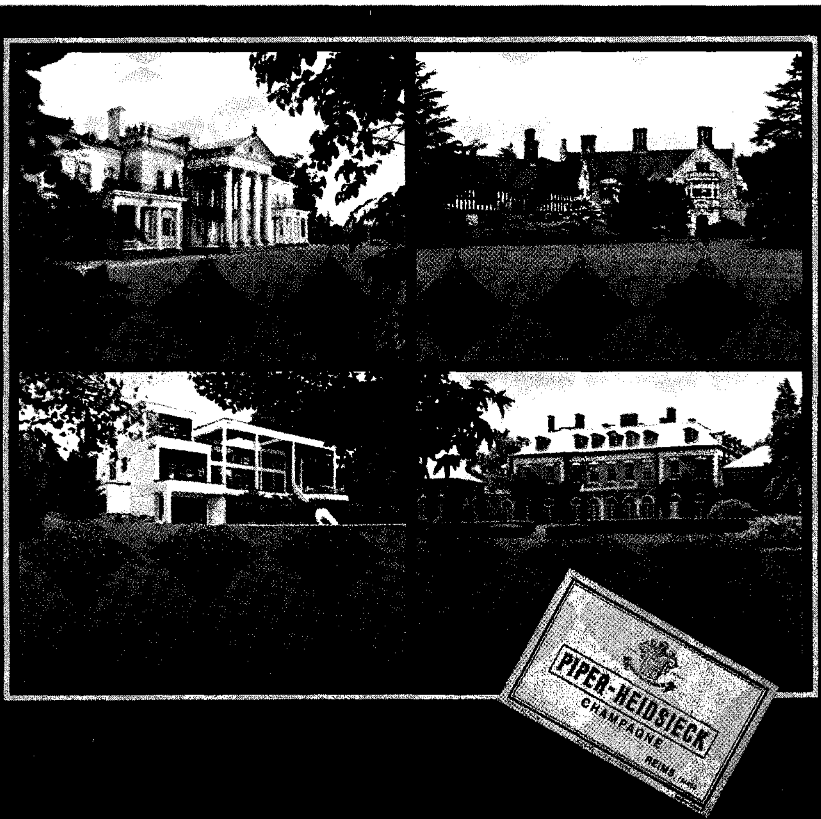

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mirror and pausing with a loaded lip brush in her hand. "It's got to be sculptural."

Romeu pinned the hairpiece like a little black question mark on the very top of her head.

"That ain't sculptural," she said, and he unpinned it and started all over again.

Simon Parkinson sat on a half-landing aiming an electric fan at Jerry Hall, who had put on a black-and-white evening gown. The fabric of its skirt molded her legs on one side, blew ripplingly away from them on the other.

"Open the mouth, darling!" called Parkinson *père*, from under his reflecting parasol. He kept quickly turning the handle to roll the film on, and it went *clicketa-whirr*, *clicketa-whirr*. "Swing your hair! Swing your hair!"

She twisted her waist, flung up her arms, and, by flipping her head back and forth, made for his lens (as she had done in Russia and in Marie Antoinette's boudoir in past years) a flying-halo effect with her long gold hair. Emerging, trophylike, from the wall just above her, a faceless, helmeted black figure by the artist Robert Longo reached down toward the shining hair with widespread arms, as if it wanted to embrace her. Sapphires and diamonds sparkled at her fingers and her ears. Martin Seymour stepped forward, chewing gum, and held the black box of his light meter up to her powdered cheek. The television camera sat like a big black monkey on the shoulder of the curly-headed cameraman. Simon Parkinson swivelled his fan. The skirt was blowing out, and a Calder mobile was spinning like a carrousel.

"René!" Parkinson shouted. "Where are you? We need you to help the hair!"

Over and over, the hair flew out. Over and over, the figure made its sinuous movements like a jumping summer-evening fish. On the wall above the Longo man was an artist's version of the Stars and Stripes, overlaid, as with a graven image, by a baleful-looking gold-colored calf.

THE members of the NBC crew were assessing their morning's take by replaying their video tape. They pressed a fast-forward button, and scenes from the immediate past were replayed at lunatic speed on the four-inch screen of their portable recorder, which was sitting on the floor.

Voices came out of the little black box in speedy, mouselike squeaks. Then the men pressed another button, and the image was frozen at a single frame.

"That's great," Iman said. "Now we can know exactly when we got the shot."

At normal speed, here was the sequence of Parkinson photographing the Haywoods in front of the Noland "Target." There was a pint-size Parkinson, a parasol small enough for a Polynesian cocktail, two tiny black heads framed by concentric halos of red and green paint.

"Like a nut!" said Parkinson's voice, from the black box.

"Little white teeth!" the voice said authoritatively.

Parkinson had strolled across the museum and stood with folded arms gazing down at the scaled-down version of himself. He looked at once dismissive and amused. "Funny old man," he said, with a smile. "Why do I always sound like Prince Philip?"

Echaudemaison appeared with a bottle of baby oil in his hand and waved it in the direction of the life-size Spencer Haywood, who was horizontally extended—at what seemed like infinite length—prone on the rug by Parkinson's feet, his nose at the level of the miniature image of himself and his wife being photographed. He started doing pushups in preparation for his next appearance.

"Got to pump 'em up a bit," he said, getting back on his feet and ambling off with the makeup man.

THE black doors opened again, and suddenly the tone of the gathering was changed, the museum charged by the presence of a handful of solid-looking men wearing tan suits, dark glasses, and "Magnum, P.I." mustaches, and giving the impression that their beefy hands were hovering over hidden guns. A white-haired man, looking distinctly damp and rumpled from his journey, put down a briefcase near the totem pole, opened it, and took out some manila envelopes. "That nice man from Harry Winston" had arrived, with his security guards and his two million dollars' worth of diamonds.

"We'll give Jerry a nice big rock to play with," someone said. "That'll keep her happy."

The Harry Winston man was methodically licking his thumb and using it to separate and set out sheets of clean white tissue paper, which became

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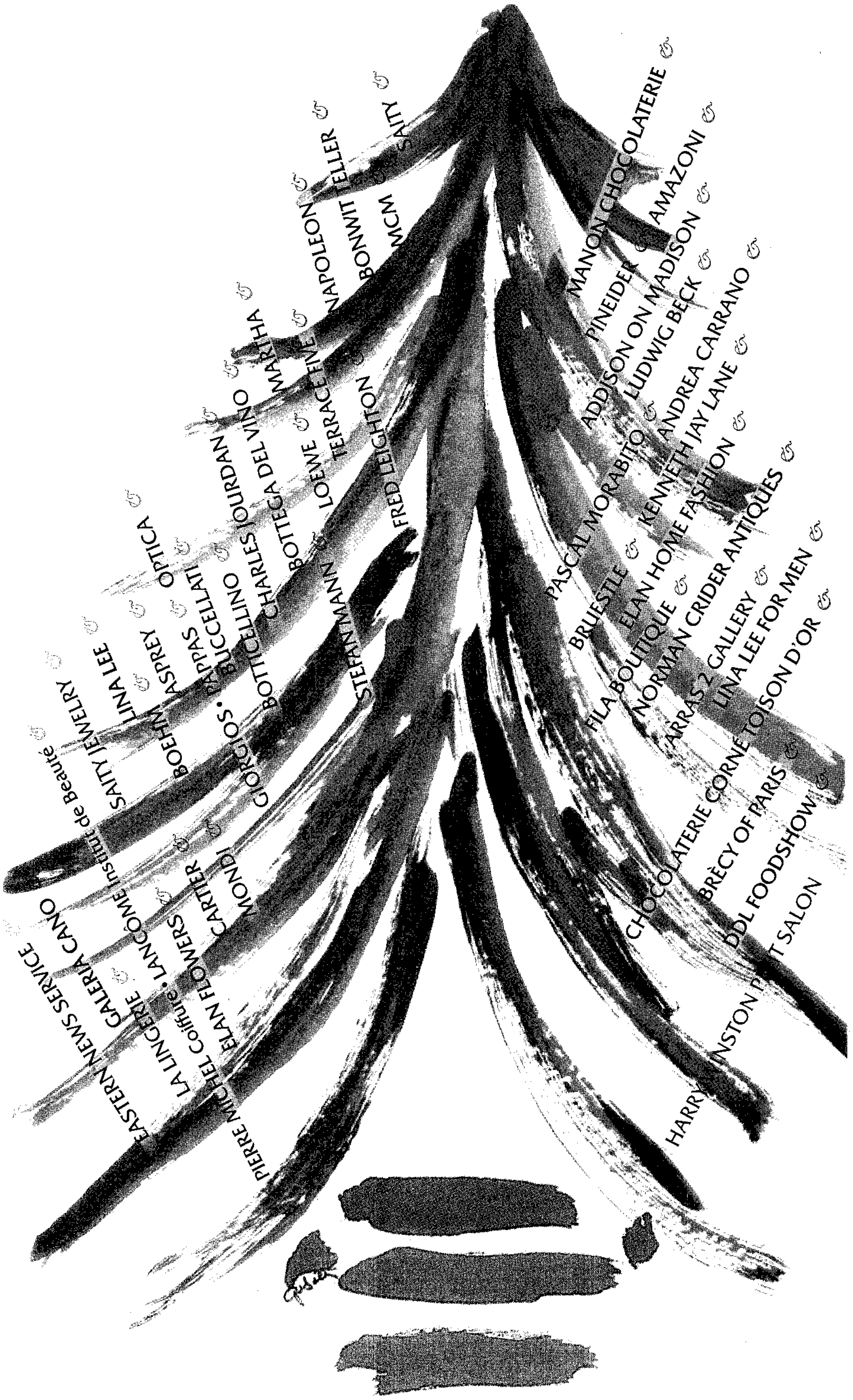
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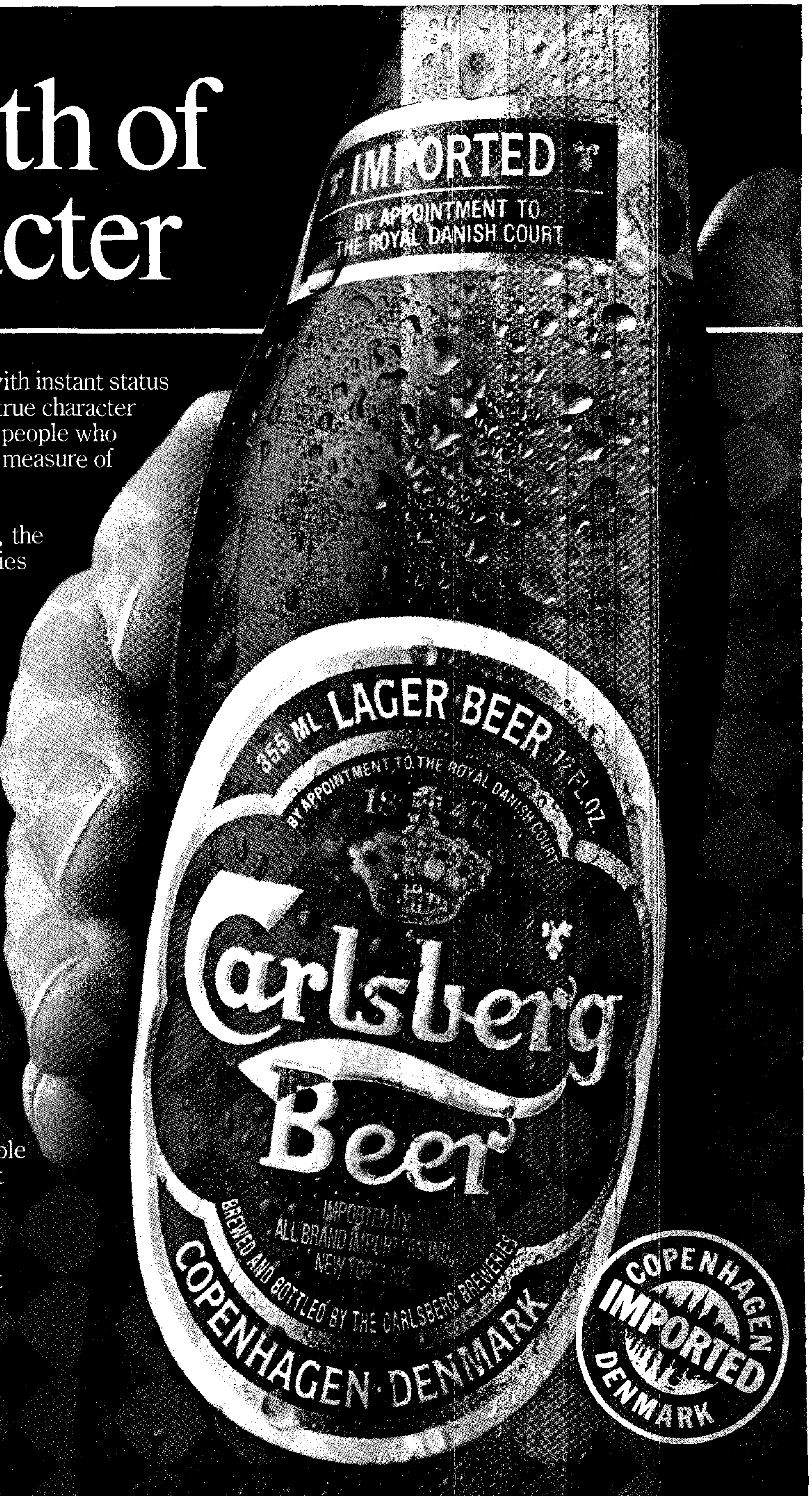
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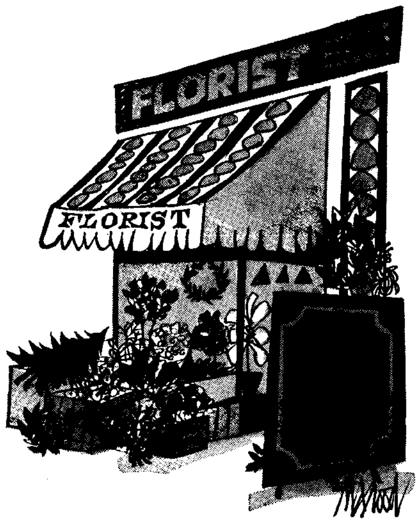
In the passage between the dressing room and the main gallery hung a canvas by the painter Julian Schnabel, a bright-yellow work adorned with paint-smeared pieces of what looked like jungle-animal hide. ("I think Mr. Lannan would have preferred one of Schnabel's broken-pot canvases," the museum's curator, Nancy Mato, had told me. "But I think this is a little *different*.") In front of the brown-and-yellow painting, the giant figure of Spencer Haywood now hove into view, his muscular black body gleaming all over with a coat of baby oil and clad only in the smallest of electric-blue swimsuits. Echaudemaison followed, with two bright spots in his cheeks. The man from Harry Winston looked up from his unpacking and stopped stock-still—a freeze frame of himself with a freshly licked thumb held up and cooling in the air. The tan suits shifted about and gave each other significant glances from behind their dark glasses.

Parkinson, Seymour, Echaudemaison, Haywood, and Iman—with a length of blue fabric covering her head and her person, and stepping on high-arched bare feet, like an African madonna—formed a loose procession, mounted some stairs, and disappeared from view on the balcony, where the electric-blue sculpture was installed. The Winston man finished setting out the row of diamonds. They were dazzling, abundant, accessible. It seemed, as I stood near them, that there was something violent about their beauty.

Jerry Hall, dressed in a brief cloth-of-gold tunic, and with her hair rearranged to tumble over brows that were bound in a gold-braid headband like that of a Wagnerian Brünnhilde,



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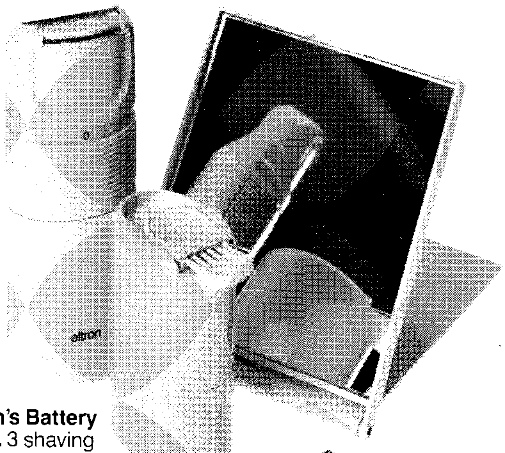

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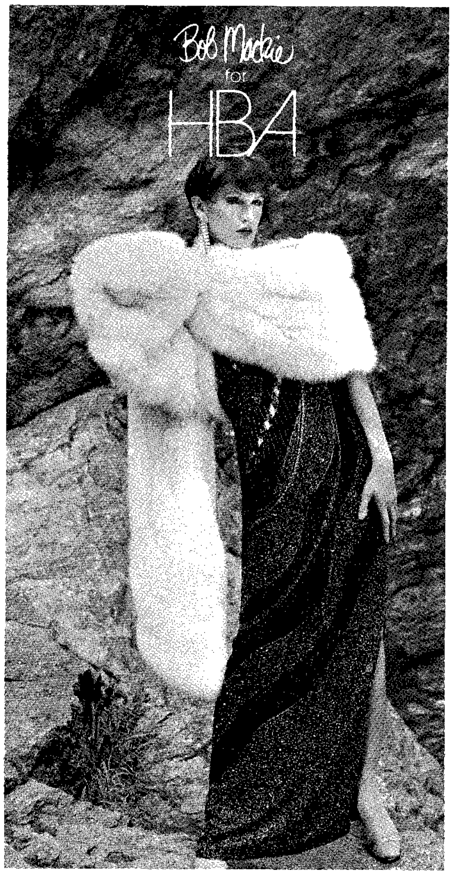

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came skipping out of the dressing room and made a beeline for the diamonds laid out under the totem pole. She tried on earrings, held bracelets to her wrist, slipped onto her finger a ring with a stone as big as one of the exotic eggs at Le Cirque, and turned her hand this way and that to see the flashes of refracted light.

"*She's* not shy," said the voice that had spoken earlier.

From the unseen balcony upstairs we could hear the *clicketa-whirr* of Parkinson's camera and repeated echoing thumps of someone's bare feet landing hard on the carpeted floor. "One, two, three, go!" Parkinson could be heard to bellow between the *clicketa-whirrs* and thumps. "Go! Go!"

The young policeman in charge of the half-million dollars' worth of Cartier jewels was visibly more relaxed in view of the more powerful showing of the Winston diamonds and their security team. He was chatting with the NBC crew about the Lannan house, to which the caravan was scheduled to move for further poses, among the sculpture-filled grounds. "They got art all over the yard," the policeman was saying. "At least, they call it art. I call it rocks."

"Lift her up! Lift her up!" the Prince Philip voice was heard to boom from the balcony. "Hand on her bum!"

EVEN the front door of the Lannan house was like a piece of sculpture. Mary McFadden put her head around it and invited me to step in. The designer, who is renowned in fashion circles for an appearance almost as stylized as Diana Vreeland's, had a cap of very straight, very fine, very black hair parted at the center and cut in a mathematical-looking bob. Normally, this frames a complexion of cultivated pallor, but Mary McFadden's face was on this occasion tinged with pink, from her having played three hours of tennis with a Palm Beach pro. After these exertions, she had dressed in her present costume of calf-length floating purple skirt; long, duster-style coat striped in yellow, turquoise, peach, and green; and bronze leather Capezios—the kind with little heels. We went out to a terrace and looked down a hundred feet of garden to the edge of Lake Worth. There was a swimming pool, a blaze of geraniums, a waft of gardenia, a little lizard rustling under a fallen leaf. And there was art: art like

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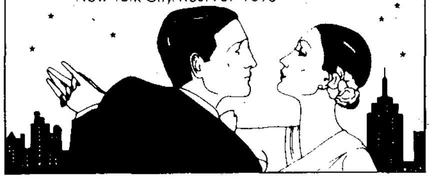

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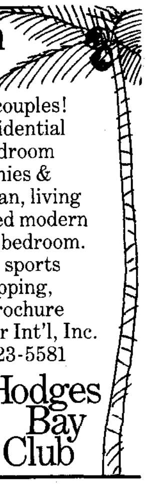

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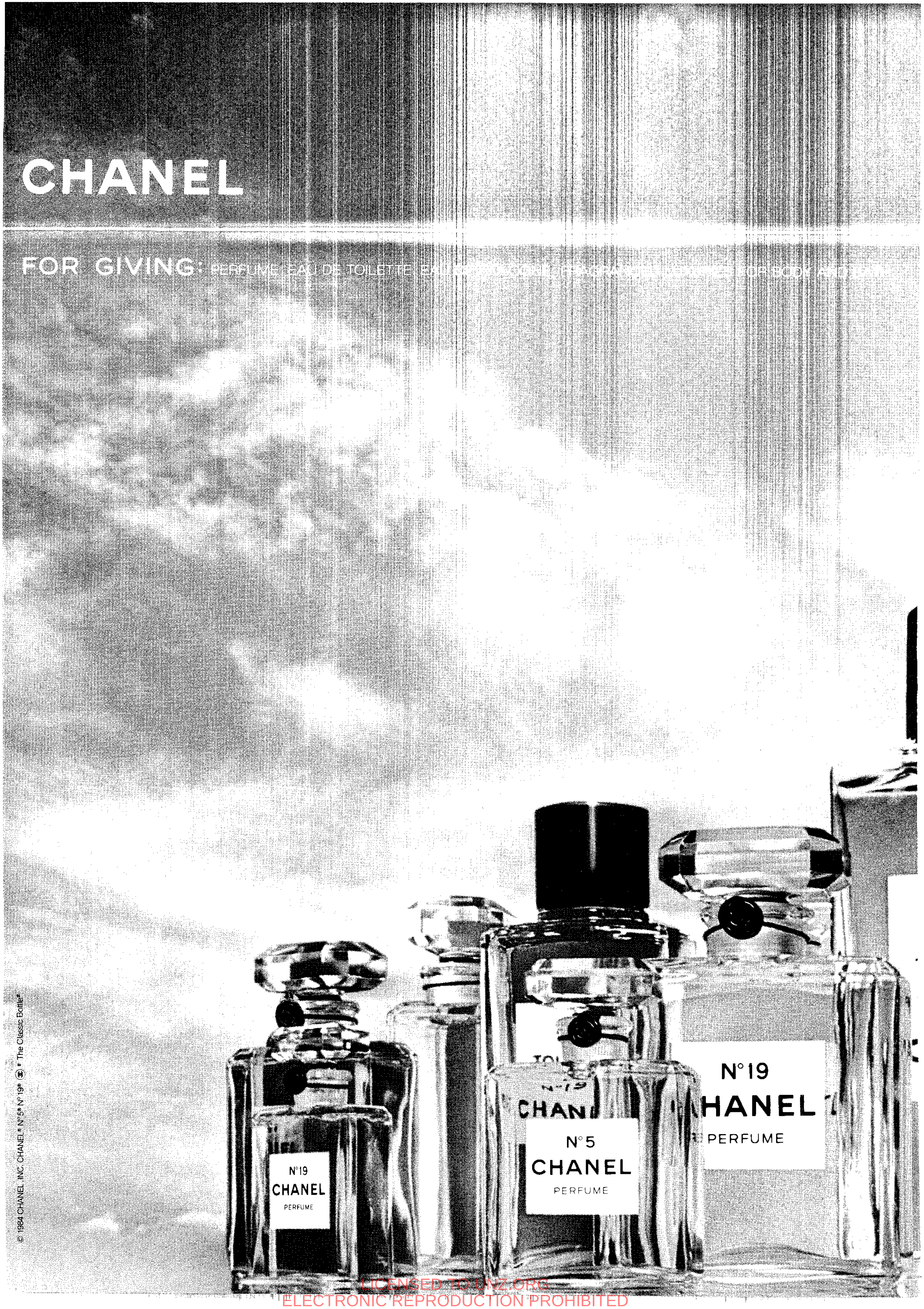
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rocks, or flying tents, or piles of railway ties, or heavy engineering.

"This is by Isamu Noguchi," Mary McFadden said, laying a palm flat against a large rounded bronze. "We happen to think he is the most important living sculptor." The view was dominated by a metal X shape—white-painted, as big as a house, and rising out of green lawn to punctuate the blue of sky and lake beyond. "That's by Ronald Bladen," she said. "We have over two thousand art works in three acres here."

Inside the house, the rooms were cool and dim, striped with thin slits of light from louvred shutters. "This is a Chia, a new acquisition," she said, gesturing with a hand at the end of its multicolored sleeve. Her bronze leather shoes went tapping through the corridors and rooms. "This is a work in ceramic, gold leaf, and feathers. This is a little Picasso. This is by an artist working conceptually in punctuated newspaper. These are two Brice Mardens, this is the Giacometti room. This is some pre-Columbian stuff; some Egyptian; this is another Chia; this is by a Yugoslavian artist unheard of in the West; this is one Conceptual artist's idea of a teapot." We were passing through a bedroom with a disordered, unmade bed. "The sheets are from my Crystal Dreams collection for Martex," Mary McFadden said, with a quick laugh. The unidentified sleeper must have wakened under the gaze of a pair of strange, sad, lumpen, gaily colored figures that were as compelling as the crouching pea-green homunculus in the painting back at the museum, and were clearly by the same hand. "George McNeil," Mary McFadden said, looking up at the two big canvases and giving a little nod. "We were one of the first collectors to rediscover him. He's in his seventies now. He's been painting all his life, but he was kind of ignored for a lot of his career. Now, with the return of the figurative, things are changing for him. He worked on this one canvas for years and years." She brought her birdlike head and eye right up against the canvas and looked at it. "Perhaps it is just a *little* overworked."

We passed through a windowless hall. "From the tombs of the dead in Madagascar," she said, waving at some carved pieces. "I used to have a much larger collection." She touched a switch; lights and the music of a Solemn Mass sprang up. "Frederick Kiesler's chapel," she said. "When it

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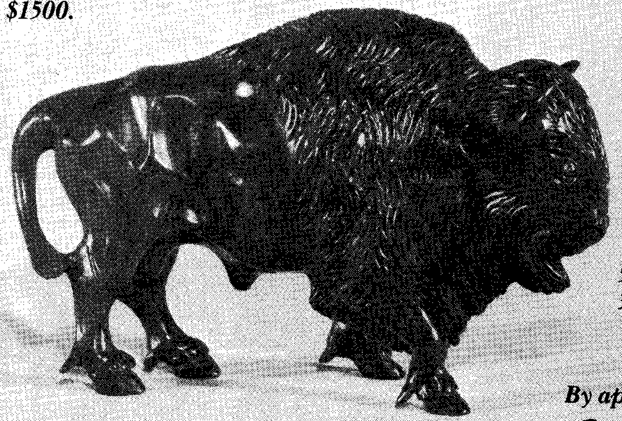

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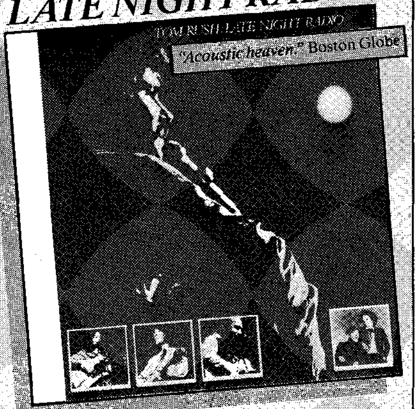

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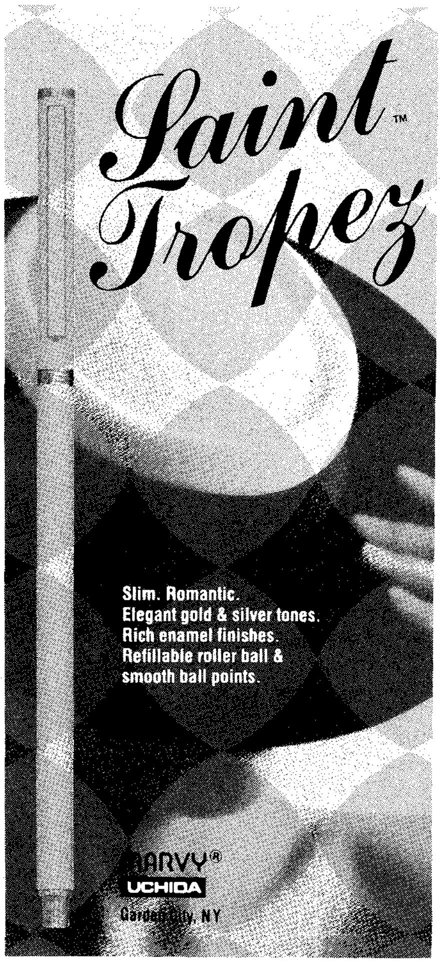
was shown at the Musée Rodin and the Whitney, it had black velvet on the walls."

We passed through a door into the garden. A bird was singing. To one side of the path was a huge round stone with a hole in it, like a giant Lifesaver, upright on a stand. "That's what they used for money on the island of Yap," Mary McFadden said. "Just the way in China you measure wealth by the number of ducks in your back yard." We went through another door and into a separate, private gallery, filled with yet more art. A huge curved form in hammered, gilded metal was gleaming from the center of the place; it hung suspended, as if by magic, from invisible wires. "A Mark di Suvero, from his Park Place period," my guide said. "And over here is an early Clifford Still." Next to it was a canvas with two pairs of disembodied legs locked in a swastika shape, tumbling through space. "Another Yugoslavian artist," Mary McFadden said. "Unfortunately, his work got a little crazy. He started painting rats eating fetuses."

THE sound of crunching gravel, like breaking waves, came from the direction of the driveway, and there was a chorused thudding of car doors. Parkinson and the fashion shoot had come on from the Lannan Foundation. The NBC crewmen unloaded their equipment from their hired truck and headed for sandwiches that had been set out on a table on the porch. Echaudemaison unzipped his cases, which were filled with row after row of brushes with soft, blush-tinted ends, and laid them on the table alongside the food. Apollonia van Ravenstein, who had been free to spend the earlier part of the day by the hotel pool, was deftly rolling up her long auburn hair on heated rollers. She was dressed in a slinky white McFadden gown, ready for her first scheduled pose: perching alongside Iman (in another white gown) and Jerry Hall (in white and black) on top of some white marble blocks on a lawn. Above the silky stuff, her bare back looked fiery pink from the morning's sun. Martin Seymour was summoned and started gently rubbing it with cream. The NBC team, shifting from one sneakered foot to the other and taking great half-moon bites out of sandwiches, nudged each other and agreed that they would have been happy to land that particular job. Iman was sitting with her face tilted up while Echaudemaison and



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Mary McFadden stood over her, looking down.

"You are more beautiful than ever," Mary McFadden said to Iman. "I was so worried when I heard about your taxicab accident. But when I saw that photograph of you in last Friday's *Women's Wear* I said 'Thank God!' "

Iman said that she had been flung right through the partition, that the damage to her face had been horrible, that they had had to wire her jaw.

Someone mentioned one of the beautiful women who had been at Summers' dinner at Mr. Chow; after *her* accident and the plastic surgery, the group agreed, she had never looked quite the same. Echaudemaison was flicking at Iman's cheekbones with a sable brush.

"You know what John Fairchild said to me?" Iman said, referring to the powerful apparel-industry publisher. Her eyes as they looked upward to where Mary McFadden stood were deep-brown, twinkling, and set at the center of exaggerated, catlike frames of eyeshadow. "I mean, everyone else asked me for the name of my plastic surgeon. But Fairchild, he asked me if I got the number of the cab. The number of the cab! I thought that was so *cute!*"

THE party straggled outside and around the end of the house to the vivid-green lawn where Parkinson's camera had been set up facing the group of large white marble blocks. The NBC camera had been set up facing Parkinson's. A palm tree stood nearby, its trunk at a slant against a sky that suddenly looked troubled, and its fronds having unchicly turned their undersides up in a stiffening breeze. Romeu was carrying a long auburn horsetail of extra hair and humming to himself as he swished it against his trouser leg. Joseph Stashkevetch, a young man with a solemn expression under a flat-topped crewcut, had been assigned by the McFadden company as a stylist for the shoot, but so far there hadn't seemed much of anything for him to do. ("Parks doesn't need a stylist," someone had said.) It was Nancy Gardiner who was busily improvising a pair of Grecian-style sandals out of a couple of lengths of gold string. Joseph Stashkevetch wandered by, all prepared with a pair of spare pantyhose that someone just might need; the calves and feet came dangling out of the pocket of his baggy shorts like the calves and feet of a ghost. Iman was showing Mary McFadden the Polar-

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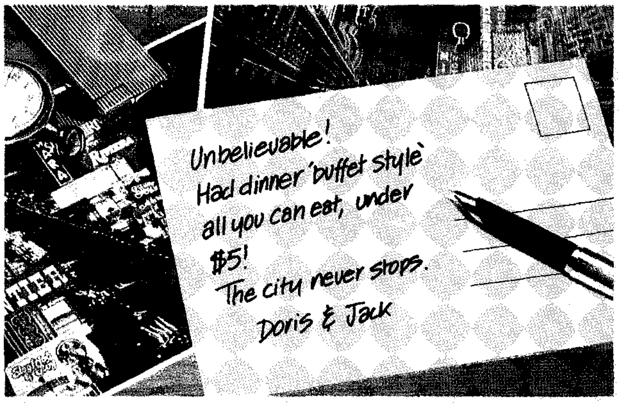

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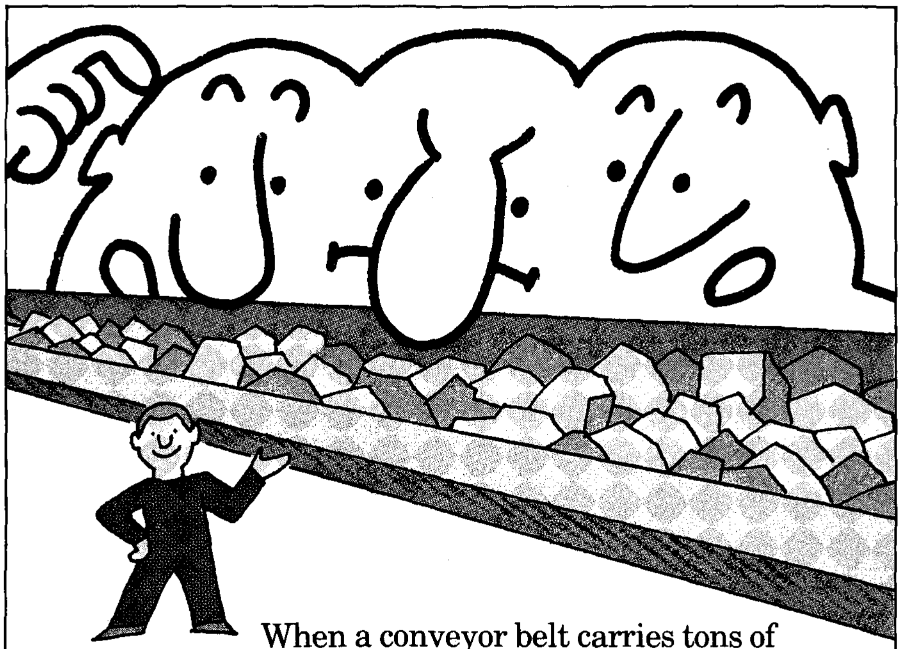

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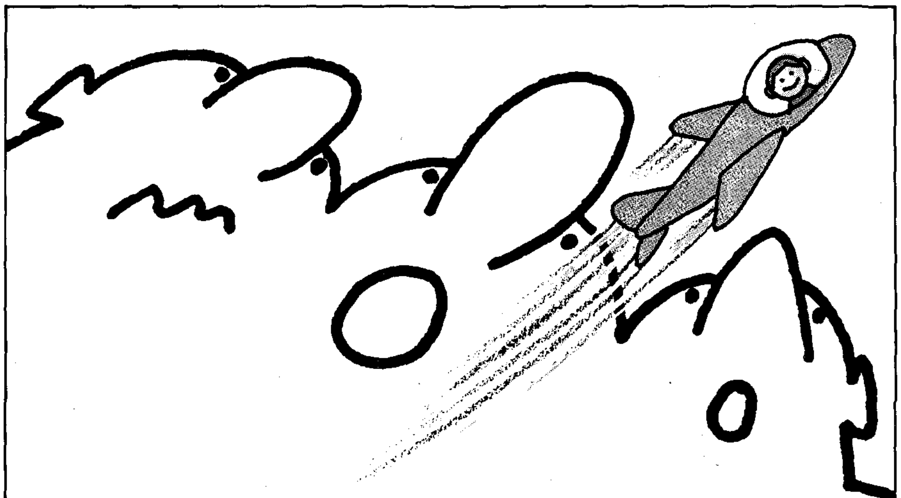


They say there's nothing better than steel for making airplane brakes. But Goodyear said, "We'll see about that," and went on to build brakes made of carbon. They stop like steel, but weigh a lot less and last three times as long. So planes can save money coming and going.

oids of herself and the electric-blue swimsuit; Mary McFadden looked shocked. The NBC crew was standing about nearby. "These are not for you," Iman said, with a toss of her head at the men, and she folded the photographs to her chest.

She climbed into position on a four-foot-high block of marble, with her hands raised Indian-goddess style in the air. Apollonia van Ravenstein half reclined on a six-foot-high block. Jerry Hall and her hair were spread out on the two-foot-high block between them. Her knee formed a sharp right angle where it was crooked up under the long silk skirt.

Martin Seymour half shaded his eyes with a flat hand and looked up at the approaching clouds. "You've got about three minutes of sun left, Parks," he said.

"Powder her feet, someone! Powder her feet!" Parkinson said. "I know it's hot on that rock, but try to relax the face."

"One minute, Parks."

Clicketa-whirr, clicketa-whirr. Faster and faster.

"This is a classic," Nancy Gardiner said.

Clicketa-whirr, clicketa-whirr. You could hear the ocean, on the other side of the road—unseen from where we stood. The approaching curtain of pewter-colored storm cloud was lighter gray near the edges, then bordered with sun-gilded lace.

"Thirty seconds, Parks."

He snapped on and on.

Jerry Hall and the Haywoods were flying back to New York in a couple of hours. "I'm losing all my *stars*," Parkinson had moaned when he was informed.

The light was switched off, abruptly, in the sky. Everything went very quiet.

Jerry Hall sat upright on her rock and, lifting both hands to her nape, flipped out her hair. "Did you git it, Parks?" she said, with a plaintive note in her Texas voice. "You git the shot?"

Parkinson snapped the legs of his tripod shut decisively, turned on his heel, and strode away across the lawn toward the private gallery. "We'll do one last shot for the day, inside," he said. I hurried to keep pace with him as he rounded the pool and the art that looked like a flying tent. "I never believed in using that one black-and-white dress," he muttered, looking grim. We were passing the money from the island of Yap. "How could anyone possibly *live* with women like that?" he asked.

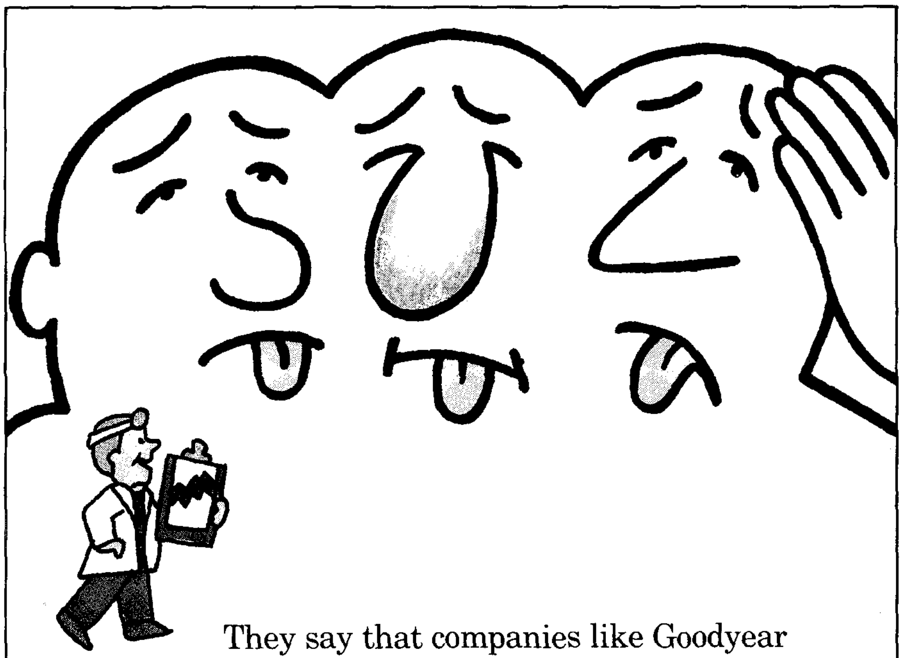
WHICH of the art works might qualify for the last-minute, unplanned triple shot? This one? That? The Mark di Suvero, of course! Bobo Clark leaped into action, dusted off the floor in front with a piece of rag. Parkinson would pose his beauties here, their complexions warmed by the lustre of the sculpture, which was shaped like a giant pelvic bone and made of brass dipped in gold. He arranged the three women in harmonies: white dresses, a white hand and a black hand together, mingled tresses of gold and copper, this head in another's lap. All the ingredients were interwoven; he was using the utmost tact.

"It's almost a David," Nancy Gardiner said. "The harem, you remember?"

"Ingres," Parkinson said firmly. "That famous seraglio." His face looked tired and pleased. His cheeks and the top of his bald head were marked with big red lipstick kisses where the three models, converging, had congratulated him.

"Ingres," Nancy Gardiner said. "Exactly."

"I'VE wasted most of my life running after women or running away from them," Jim Kimberly said cheerfully at dinner that night. He was a sinewy, suntanned, soft-voiced man with white hair—a couple of years older than Parkinson, who was his guest of honor. Kimberly—whose grandfather co-founded the timber-and-paper company that became Kimberly-Clark, makers of Kleenex—was wearing a red mess jacket and a black silk ascot, and had a little gold earring in one ear. He was looking remarkably cheerful, in fact, for a man who loves women and who, having invited Iman, Jerry Hall, Apollonia van Ravenstein, and Carmen to a twelve-course banquet in a private room at the Breakers hotel, had been joined instead by René Romeu, Olivier Echaudemaison, Martin Seymour, Bobo Clark, Simon Parkinson, and the men from NBC. (Nancy Gardiner was also there, as socially spry as ever, though she had been up since four.) After the doors had closed behind a humble and grateful society-page photographer from the Palm Beach *Daily News*, the banquet began, with the claws of stone crabs. Kimberly explained how men fish the crabs out, pull off a spiny claw, then throw them back again to grow



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another. Course followed upon course. There were fingerbowls, a half-time sherbet, some very important wines. Kimberly talked of his days as a racing driver, with Fangio and Portago—all the greats.

"I used to race Alfa Romeos myself," said Parkinson, setting down his glass.

("Well, perhaps he *did* do a rally or two," his son said later. "He certainly had some very fast cars.")

The talk got round to the Reagans. It was agreed that Nancy Reagan *wrote very nice little thank-you notes.*

"I have known him since he was an announcer in Iowa," Kimberly said of the President, in his whispery voice.

"What's that you say? Since he was a Nazi?" Parkinson said.

Echaudemaison was sitting next to Kimberly's wife, Jacquie—a woman who is her husband's junior by several decades and whose pastimes include free-falling out of airplanes. Echaudemaison picked up her cigarette pack from the tablecloth, shook out a cigarette for her, then lit it, using her gold lighter. Parkinson got on his legs and told some anecdotes.

AT that time, a photograph of Prince Andrew's girlfriend Koo Stark could be worth thousands of pounds on Fleet Street or to a European paparazzo. She was registered at the hotel with the rest of our party, but under a different name. "She's an American girl," Nancy Gardiner had said sympathetically. "She's used to being free." I shared a ride over to the following morning's shoot with Koo Stark and her mother, a sandy-haired American woman dressed in country-club style with sensible sandals and a white cotton golfing visor. Koo Stark was chatting about England and America in a lisping English accent. Which nationality was her father, then, I asked. She turned her head abruptly away from me and made a little strangled sound.

Parkinson crooked his finger at me on the porch of the Lannan house a bit later, and took me aside. "You are not allowed to ask her any direct questions without the permission of a certain gentleman in London," he said. He moved across to where Koo Stark was sitting on a sofa and, sitting down next to her, circled her with an arm. "This is the daughter I never had," I heard him say.

Her mother, who sat nearby flipping through the pages of a magazine,

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looked over the top of her spectacles at the pair, as if surprised.

SIMON PARKINSON continued to pile up Polaroids for a private album of his own. Echaudemaison and Clark had also taken to firing away at the group. Someone was always lifting the unwieldy black box of a Polaroid camera to his eye, triggering off the cicada whine of the emerging print.

"I got these million-dollar babies with no makeup, with their Walkmen on their heads," Simon Parkinson said. "They've got to know they can trust you if they let you do that."

There were the elder Parkinson's professional Polaroids of each fashion pose as well. Nancy Gardiner was sticking them in a school-exercise book and writing the title of each Lannan art work in her rounded, schoolgirl hand. There was Iman with yesterday's steelwork—how long ago it seemed! The Longo man, the marble classic, the seraglio were there, and others as well—Mary McFadden in Mary McFadden, and Jerry Hall in the Brünnhilde headband, with the great big diamond between her teeth.

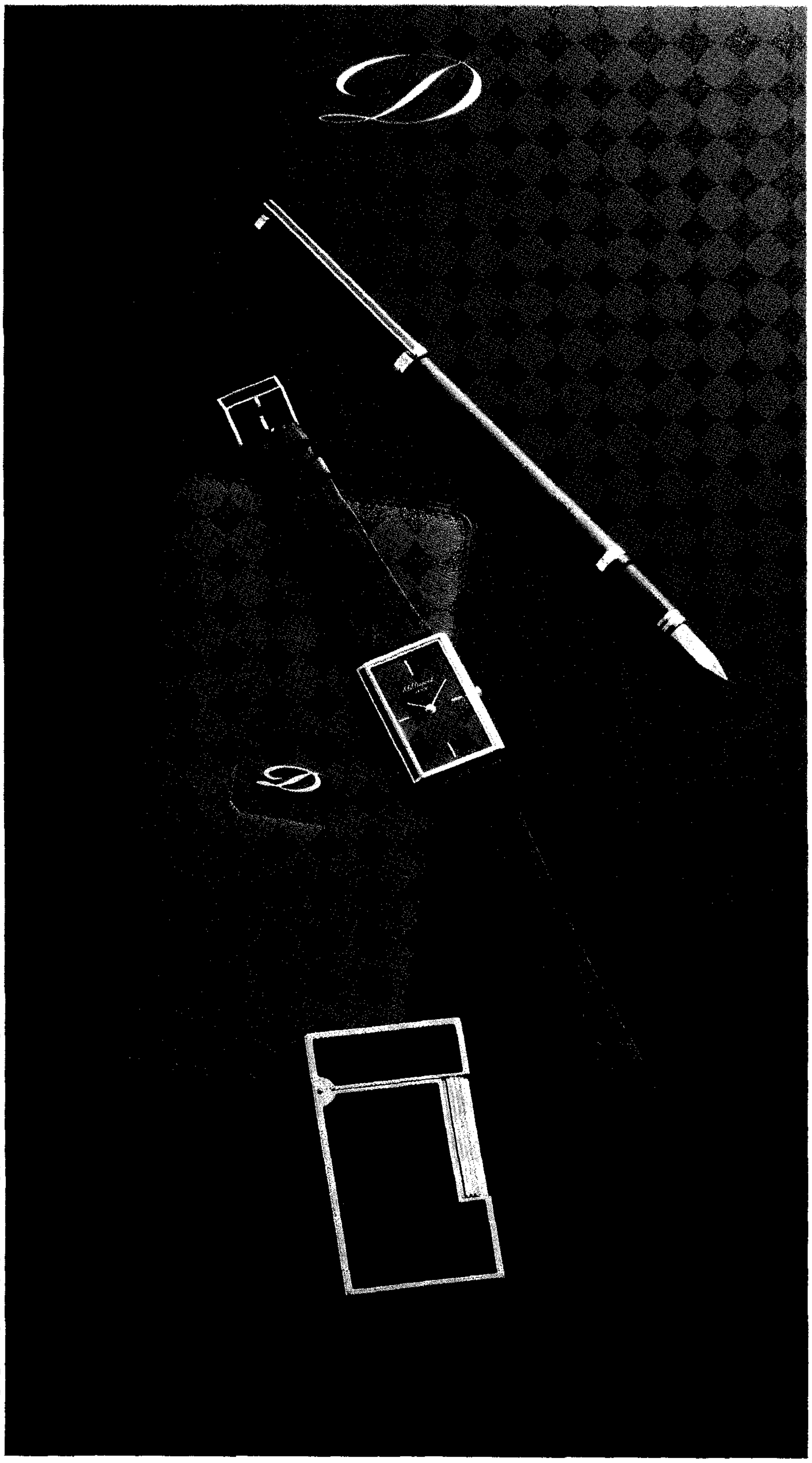
This morning's Polaroid of Apollonia van Ravenstein, on one leg and perched high up in the sky on top of Ronald Bladen's X, was a distillation of two sweltering hours of fetching ladders, watching clouds, and cajoling a reluctant hairdresser who turned out to be afraid of heights. Participants in and witnesses of the shot looked at the Polaroid with a passionate curiosity.

"There's the shot we need to get," the NBC men said. "A closeup of the Polaroid being held by a woman's hand."

THE entire caravan moved back to the museum. Now even the security guards joined the group watching each instant replay on the tiny video screen. It had become the moment that linked us: the hearth, the icon, the key.

"We're all such narcissists," Parkinson said, looking down at his small double yet again. He listened to his own patter as he had photographed Apollonia van Ravenstein on the X—the jokes, the bursts of French-speaking and song. "Funny old man," he said again.

Carmen had got really sunburned the day before, beside the hotel pool. She was wearing a thick layer of makeup and trying not to move her face. Nancy Gardiner wanted her as a Silver Beauty at the center of a piece that was a wildly exploding mass of



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tangled silvery wire. Bobo Clark borrowed a utility knife from Martin Seymour and cut open a fresh cardboard carton of jewels. Eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth, the invoice said.

"Bobo?" Nancy Gardiner called as he busied himself with little black pouches again.

"Yes, darling?"

"Any of it any good?"

"I think so," he said.

PARKINSON was jumpily protective of his first session with Koo Stark. The NBC crew had gone out to lunch when she left the seclusion of the dressing room. Romeu had been busy teasing her long hair into dense, fluffy peaks that fell straight downward for the moment, completely veiling her face. As she crossed behind the Chase Riboud, walking with a funny, stiff little glide (as of one who has known finishing schools, and books on the head), she looked like a palm tree on the move.

"She's never going to be able to hold that serious look," her mother said. Parkinson had set up the young woman with her chin resting on a stand that held a marquise-cut, kite-shaped piece of sparkling crystal. It was as big as her head, and her face was half hidden behind it. The hair now streamed outward and off the small, elaborately made-up face. A diamond diadem marked the hairline of the enormously aerated halo; shafts of light streamed diagonally through the hair and the crystal from a powerful lamp Seymour had set up behind her.

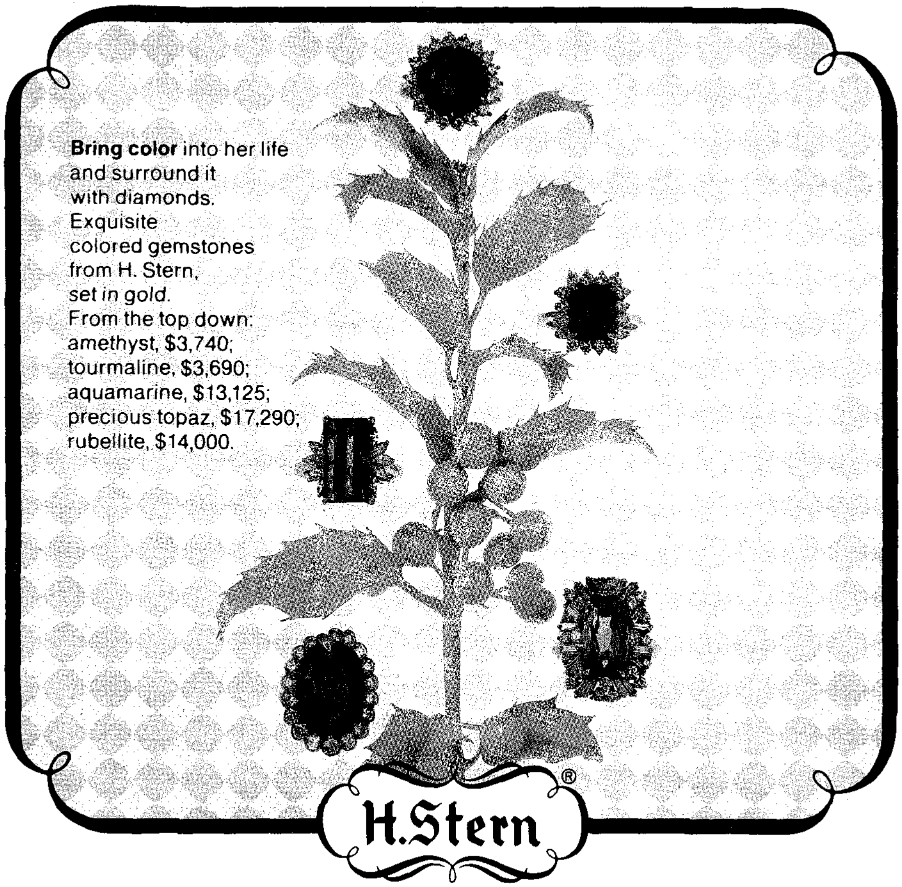
"Lift the eyebrow, darling. Part the lips."

The single eye that had a clear line of sight to Parkinson and his camera stared back at them with a look of absolute trust.

"He took her on the top of the Trump Tower, with the whole of New York at her feet, and her dress blowing out to here in the wind," her mother said. "He told her not to look down."

"More serious, darling," Parkinson was murmuring, lifting his head from his camera and looking at her. "*Comme une odalisque.*"

Nancy Gardiner was resting under the totem pole, across the room. "Parks wanted a very *young* look for Koo," she said. "A sort of bookend for the layout, along with Carmen. Youth and Age." She told me she had first worked with Parkinson in 1976. "Then we needed some big beauty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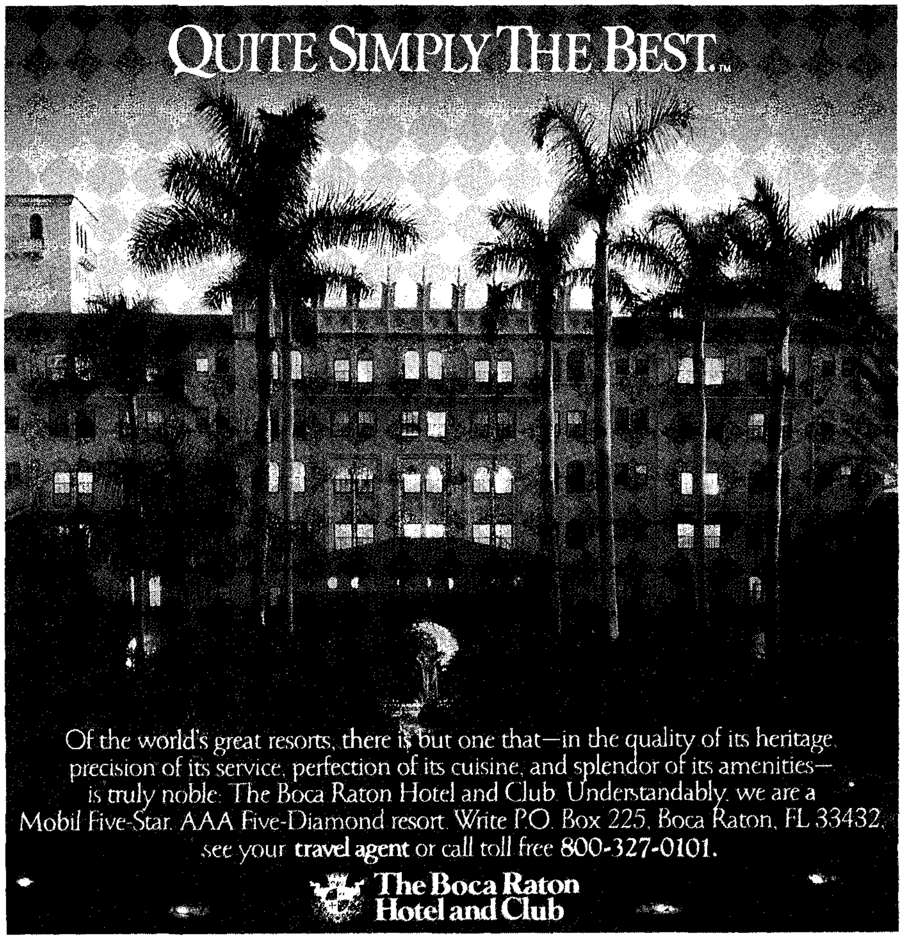
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heads," she said. "We used very young girls, and did it off a theming of Victorian nudes. A man had just published a great book on the subject. Oh, what was his name? The one who committed suicide."

ON the other side of the big black doors, it was small-town, nineteen-forties America, and it was really, really hot. The dump truck was rumbling and peep-peeping away in the distance at the far end of the street, but there was no other sign of life. The storefronts of the cinder-block buildings seemed painfully white against the blue of the afternoon sky. The scalloped canvas awning of Dawn's News & Smoke, the barber pole outside Smokey's left shadows on the sidewalk as sharp as arty photographic prints. I found Bobo Clark standing with an elbow resting on the serving hatch of a sandwich hut that stood at the very center of a parking lot. He was perspiring as he placed a complicated multiple order for tuna and pastrami submarines. He loved working on these shoots, he said as he sat down to wait for the sandwiches, but he was tired. "There was the whole thing at Bonaventure last weekend, and a ceremony for Parkinson in the Sky Club at Pan Am before we left New York. And I was doing a whole lot of crazy running around with Murray in the limousine for months before that. I know how to handle problems on shoots—select the jewelry, make sure the girls are happy. But I feel I could do *more*. That's why I've started working with Nikki Haskell. We went to Brazil together and spent time with Ivo Pitanguy—you know, the famous plastic surgeon? He has this theory of the inner person and the outer person. It's a whole philosophy with him. Oh, there are so many things I could do. I'm very creative." The young man's gaze roamed outward, over the tops of the parked cars. A very old man appeared just then—a frail figure framed by the space between two rows of cars. He wore a white cap with a pom-pom on top; calf-high black socks; and knee-length shorts of check-patterned green polyester, held up by a white plastic belt. He was moving very cautiously, and leaning on a cane.

"I NOTICED there was a man upstairs all made out of wood chips," Apollonia van Ravenstein had said at the Lannan Foundation. "Couldn't we do a shot with him,

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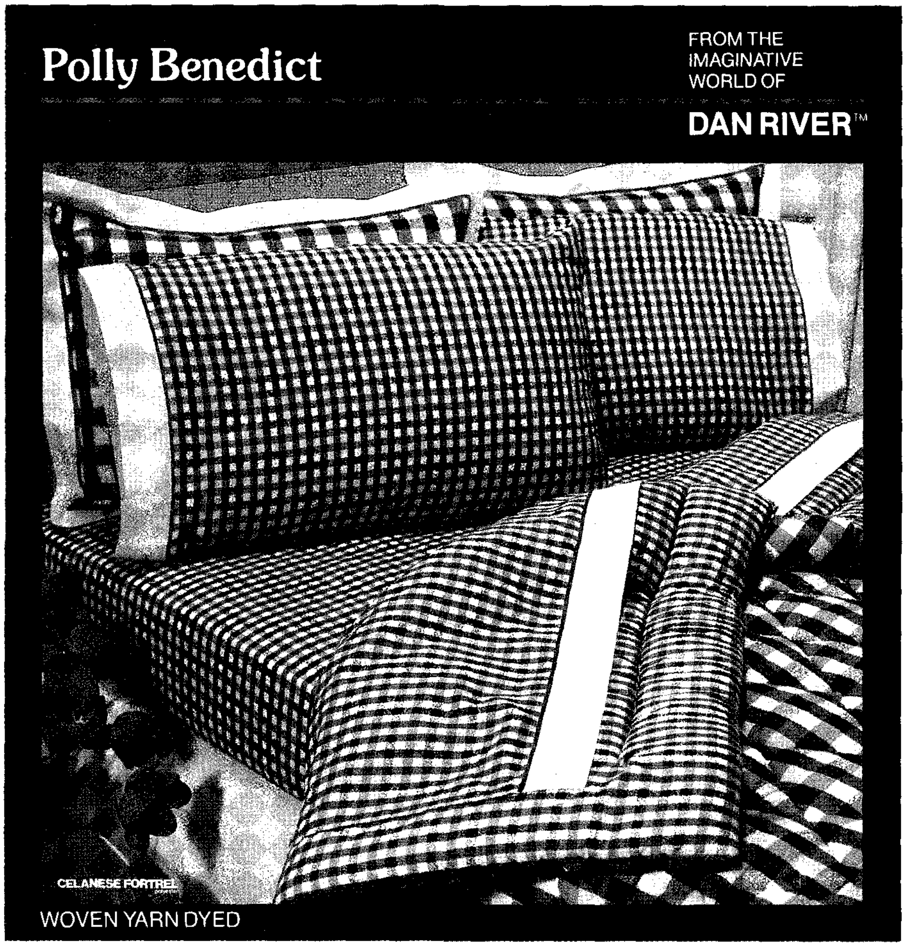

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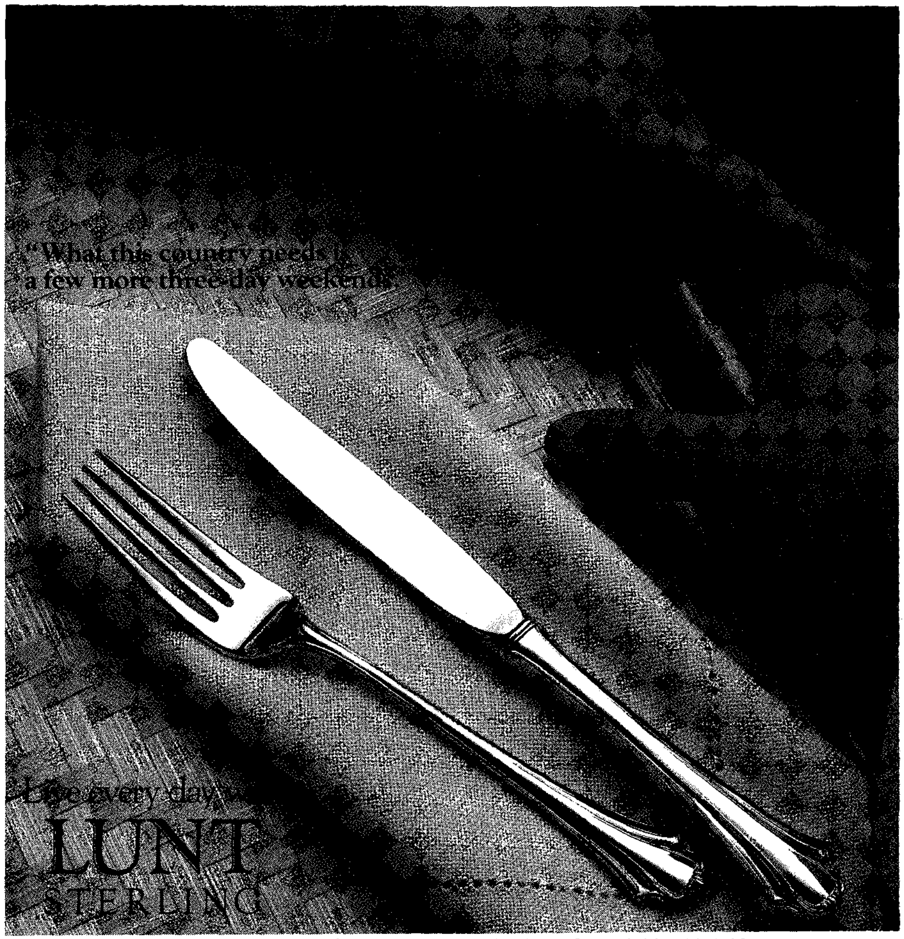

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Parks? I could have my arms round his neck. I could be *strangling* him!"

"I need a big beauty head," Nancy Gardiner had said, drawing the line at strangling. The model was sitting meekly in a low-necked gown while Echaudemaison supported one of her hands in his and rapidly brushed each of her nails in turn with a coat of colored polish.

The wood-chip man was the least mysterious of the objects on the second-floor balcony space. I touched a switch beside a sheet of steel that had strips curling out of it like the tongues of dragons; the thing flexed and shook itself with a thunderous rattling sound. I stepped to the edge of the balcony and looked over. No one seemed to have been disturbed by the noise. Parkinson stood feeling his mustache and pondering a background for Carmen's next shot; I could see the embroideries on top of his hat.

"With the long shots and the outdoor stuff, we've got just about everything our story needs, except the interview," David Burke had said to me that morning. Joseph Stashkevetch, shoeless and wearing pale-pink socks ("Rowed for Westminster, did you?" Simon Parkinson had asked him jovially, referring to his own and his father's old school), was beginning to fold up the McFadden dresses and stow the peacock feathers back in the travelling trunks. The pea-green homunculus continued to grin from the wall. I found a crude, white-painted wooden box with a little label reading "Galactascope," and a switch, which I clicked on and off a couple of times. I looked over the balcony and saw David Burke appear from the direction of the dressing room, flanked by his crew. He was wearing a violet silk McFadden tunic over his slacks and shoes. His face was framed by the Brünnhilde headband and a pair of jewelled hoop earrings, and looked as solemn as an Indian bridegroom's. He stood beside the totem pole, his arms straight down by his sides. The curly-haired men skipped round him with excited cries.

"The wire! Let's get a shot of him in that silver wire!"

"We're going to need another extension cord!"

David Burke closed his eyes. "I could really get into this," he said.

The Galactascope was working after all. A pale projected image of the planet Earth had appeared on the wall of the room, high up. The translucent green globe, delicately marbled with its continents and seas, sat quivering where it had crept into an empty space between the works of art.

PRINCE ANDREW and Koo Stark took up photography in the succeeding months, then gave up each other. Parkinson advised them. The Prince's snaps of his gamekeeper and of a sentry in his busby seen from an upper window at Windsor Castle appeared, together with Koo Stark's photographs of the paparazzi photographing her, in an exhibition called "Personal Points of View." His Royal Highness persuaded Parkinson to postpone an engagement in Texas and fly to London for the opening. That was a ruse to maneuver Parkinson into being the subject of Britain's high-rated television program "This Is Your Life." Koo Stark married the youthful heir to a trading-stamp fortune. Calvin Klein gave an interview to *Women's Wear Daily* to refute widespread rumors that he was a dying man. His portrait by Parkinson came out, and it was a tender one, with a cat in it. J. Patrick Lannan died, leaving his collections in trust to the Lannan Foundation and its trustees, including Mary McFadden. The NBC crew had gone down to Tobago and done a few more days of shooting; their segment was scheduled for one Sunday evening, but nobody in New York ever saw it, because the N.F.L. game ran into extra time. Apollonia van Ravenstein married and announced her retirement. Jerry Hall gave birth to Mick Jagger's daughter. Parkinson was mad keen to get some exclusive snaps of the child, with all its bloom. He whirled along with a thousand new commissions anyway. He photographed Isabella Rossellini and the Queen of Jordan, and a number of naked young women (these last for the calendar of the Pirelli tire company; this photographic project was also recorded by a documentary-film crew). He set off for Tokyo, where a big show of his work was mounted at the museum of the Isetan department store. He came away from Japan with film of yet another fashion shoot and with lots of new anecdotes, including one about a fashionable woman who most particularly wanted him to meet her parrot.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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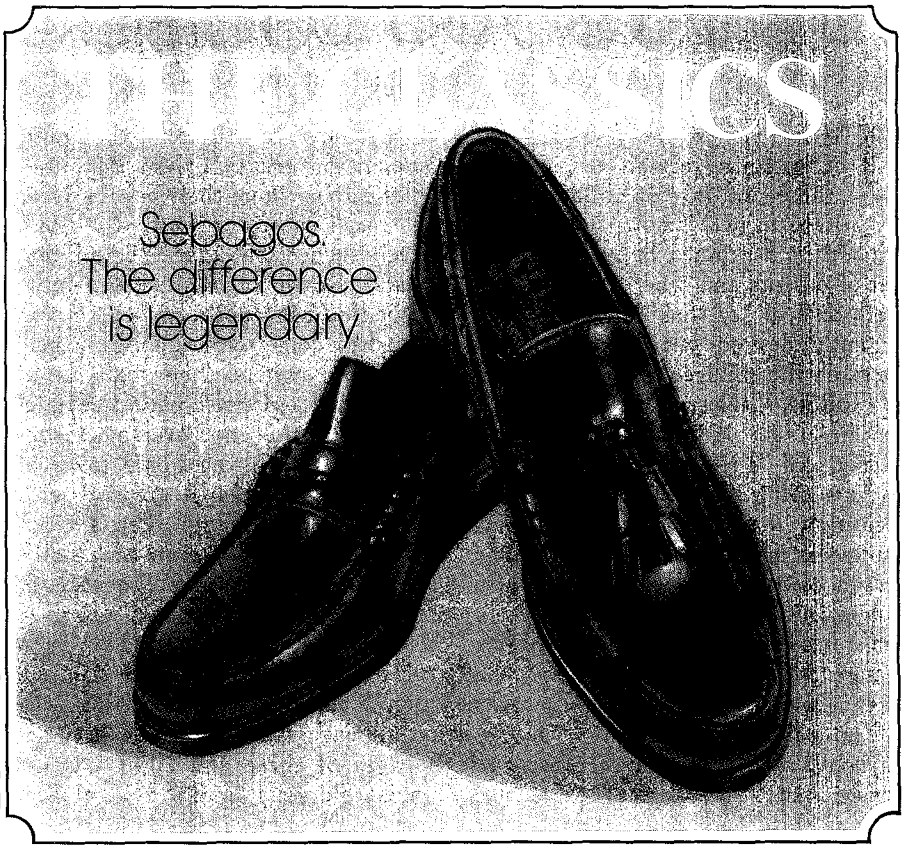

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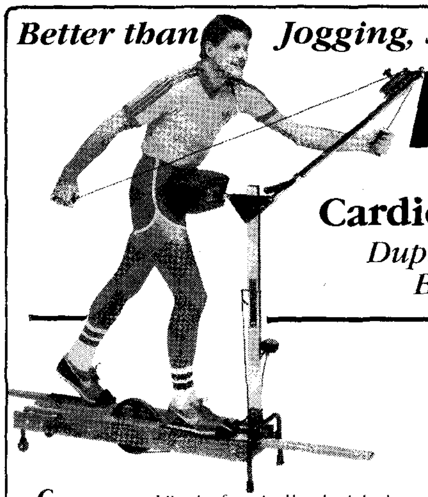

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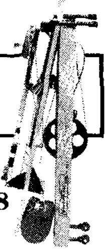

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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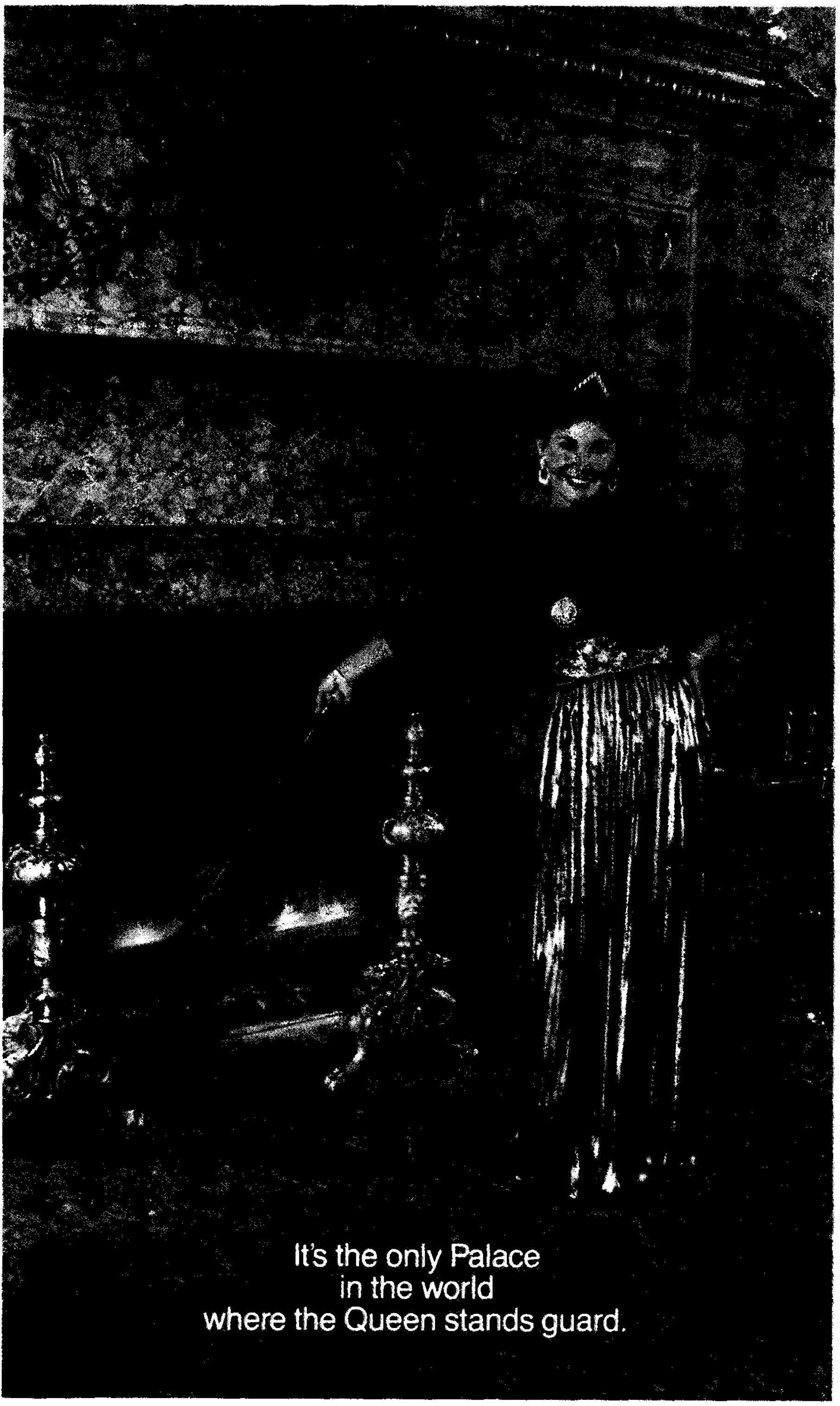
THE happiest faces around the Christmas tree this year may be those not only of children who are all abeam over having got most of what they petitioned Santa Claus for but of parents and other relatives who were able to lay their hands on such urgently desired but in-short-supply items on the children's requisition lists as GoBots, Cabbage Patch dolls, and, for the older kids, various specified editions of Trivial Pursuit. It is a curious thing about the toy world: a seemingly magical name that sets off stampedes in toy-department aisles one season often fades fast. For instance, how many E.T. dolls have you seen in the stores lately? One Christmas, Lone Ranger items, say, are all the rage; the next December, if somebody asks "Who *was* that masked man?," hardly anybody, including Tonto, bothers to answer. In a break with precedent, two of this year's most sought-after items, the Cabbage Patch dolls and the Trivial Pursuit game, also set off clamorous searches and cries of disappointment—and sometimes worse—last year. A few weeks before last Christmas, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial complained that the furor over the doll was causing toy-store aisles "to look like the streets of Beirut." It isn't fair to accuse Coleco Industries, which makes the Cabbage Patch Kids, and Selchow & Righter—the game company that makes Trivial Pursuit—of not having done their best to avoid this year's hectic reruns. In 1983, Coleco turned out sixty-five million dollars' worth of the sixteen-inch, soft-bodied baby dolls, which, if you remember, come with adoption papers that their owners then mail in to be formally registered with Babyland General Hospital in Cleveland, Georgia. Cleveland is the home town of Xavier Roberts, who is credited with the doll's design; indeed, there's a facsimile of his signature on each doll's bottom. This year, Coleco expects to produce half a billion dollars' worth of the dolls. In all, by the end of 1984 nearly twenty million of the Cabbage Patch Kids will have been sold—or one for each American child between the ages of three and eight. As for Trivial Pursuit, in 1983 a million copies of the game reached the American market. This year, the company has orders for twenty-four million, and twenty-one million have so far been delivered; until a few weeks ago, the game was hard to find, but Selchow & Righter is now turning them out at the rate of one every three-fifths of a second, in the interest of producing even more smiling faces on Christmas morning.

"This makes the third time I've been a victim of a travesty of justice!"

In the matter of the other big challenge to family toy-purchasers this year—the GoBots, which long lines of children have announced they are waiting for—there is no comparative sales record, since GoBots went on the market only last February. A GoBot is a four-inch robot made of plastic and die-cast metal, whose parts can be shifted this way and that so that it turns into a truck, a van, a helicopter, or various other vehicles and, on the whim of its owner, can be rearranged back into a robot. GoBots are made by the Tonka Corporation, heretofore known for its bright-colored, exceptionally sturdy steel trucks and other rubber-wheeled road toys, which don't convert into anything but miles and miles of what used to be called fun and is now called play value. Last winter, Tonka had some financial reverses, and its stock fell sharply. Then came the GoBots, and by August its stock had more than doubled in price. If the children you know are keen on such happy endings, the Childcraft stores, at 155 East 23rd Street and 150 East 58th Street, sell for $44.95 a puppet theatre made of wood-framed Masonite. It is thirty inches high and eighteen inches wide, with two nine-inch panels to hide performers waiting in the wings, and the red curtains open and close. Some imaginative children could stage a morality play in which beleaguered Tonka is rescued by a small army of GoBots. On the other hand, admirers of Tonka products from way back might decide that a suitable way to celebrate the company's current good fortune would be to invest, for old time's sake, in one of those Tonka trucks. For $32.95, F. A. O. Schwarz has a Tonka fire engine two feet long with a rotating boom ladder that extends more than fifteen feet.

GoBots remain hard to find, even though the Tonka people report that by the end of the year they will have produced a hundred million dollars' worth of them. Fortunately, there's a happy ending for parents on a GoBot expedition. The idea behind these four-inch metaphors for man-as-machine and machine-as-man, though remarkable, is apparently not trademarkable—or, rather, patentable. If you can't locate a GoBot, there are a number of other toy robots around that can be similarly transformed. Indeed, the name of the most popular of these is Transformers. Transformers, which went on the market in May, are made by Hasbro Industries, previously best known for its G.I. Joe military empire. Nobody ever doubted that there was money in armaments—even toy armaments—and Hasbro has now become a military-industrial complex. A recent corporate acquisition is the hundred-and-twenty-four-year-old Milton Bradley Company, which in 1864 brought out the nation's first folding board game. In that enterprise, called The Checkered Game of Life, players, according to the luck of the draw, moved around among squares representing Industry, Success, and Perseverance to reach a Happy Old Age, or fell into Idleness, Intemperance, Gambling, or Crime to end up in Disgrace, Poverty, Ruin, Prison, or Suicide. Although it came out during the Civil War, armaments were not part of The Checkered Game of Life scene. Neither were things to eat, which are now a popular preoccupation in the game department. The latest Milton Bradley game is called Where's the Beef? and subtitled The Fast Food Race Game. It has a picture of the television-commercial star Clara Peller on the game box, and the players compete in tours of fast-food shops, including one called Big Buns, in search of the most beef. This is $9 at Gimbels. One of Milton Bradley's steadiest twentieth-century sellers, year in and year out, is Candy Land, in which players between the ages of three and five or six make their way around a board from the Lollipop Woods to the Gumdrop Mountains, the winner being the first to arrive at a promised land in which everything is made of candy. (All right, did you really count on their spending their afternoons happily moving from Spinach Creek to Broccoli Pond to get to Brussels Sprouts City?) You'll find Candy Land almost everywhere; at Penny Whistle Toys, 1283 Madison Avenue (91st), it's $8.25.

We don't know whether they're the same five-year-olds who hang out in the Lollipop Woods, but five-to-eleven-year-old boys are usually cited as the most likely customers for the robots-into-vehicles toys, which, like G.I. Joe and his friends, are known formally as male action figures and informally as dolls for boys. Both GoBots and Transformers were developed by Japanese companies, but they didn't catch on here until their American sponsors devised characters and plot lines for them, which are laid out



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on the robot packages. The GoBot world includes such good guys as Royal-T (no, not *Mr.* T), who disguises himself as a British jet, and Baron von Joy, a more frivolous sort, who turns into a sports car. The deceptions are necessary because good GoBots are at war with characters with such names as Screw-Head and Destroyer, who disguise themselves as trucks and helicopters and so on, and who are bad-guy invaders from a hostile planet. (You do understand, don't you, that in large areas of today's toy departments *everything* goes back to "Star Wars"?) The four-inch GoBots, when you can find them, will cost you from $3.50 to $5. There are also five-inch SuperBots, which are about $10. Transformers, of which Hasbro has predicted it will sell eighty million dollars' worth this year, are more available and also somewhat more costly. The good Transformers are the Autobots. The bad ones are the Decepticons. In honor of their convertibility into various vehicles, it says on their boxes "More Than Meets the Eye!" and purchasers are assured that they represent "a world transformed, where things are not what they seem." Each Transformer has a slogan. That of Decepticon Soundwave is "Cries and Screams Are Music to My Ears!" The motto of Decepticon Ironside is "Go Chew on a Microchip!" These two unseemly—though sought-after—characters are $24.99 each at the Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street. A few weeks ago, a Hasbro spokeswoman, trying to look on the bright side, said, "We've been told that little kids try to transform the evil Decepticons into good-guy Autobots—that's encouraging for the world of tomorrow."

We weren't too surprised to read in the papers that Paul Valentine, described as Standard & Poor's "leisure-time analyst," had said of 1984, "It's the year of the robot in the toy industry." We *were* surprised to learn that there was a profession called leisure-time analyst, which wasn't one of the career options offered on the old Parker Brothers Careers game. Among the new Parker Brothers offerings is a card game called Beggars and Thieves, in which, as the manufacturer describes it, "players use the more powerful Thief cards to beat out the lowly Beggar cards." So much for the checkered game of life. This game is $4.50 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, 128 Fifth Avenue (18th). To get back to robots, we were also sur-

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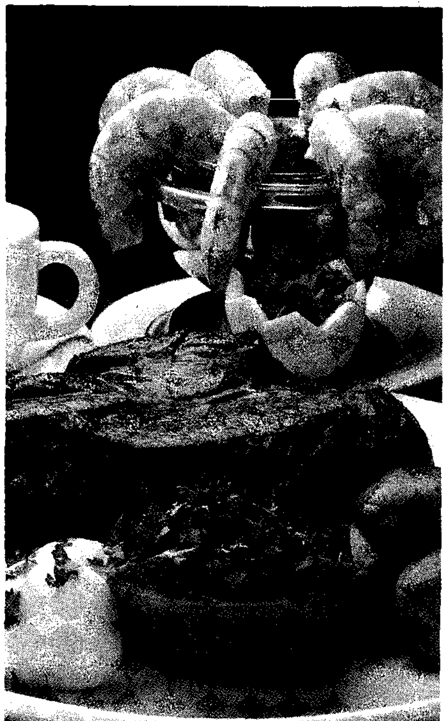

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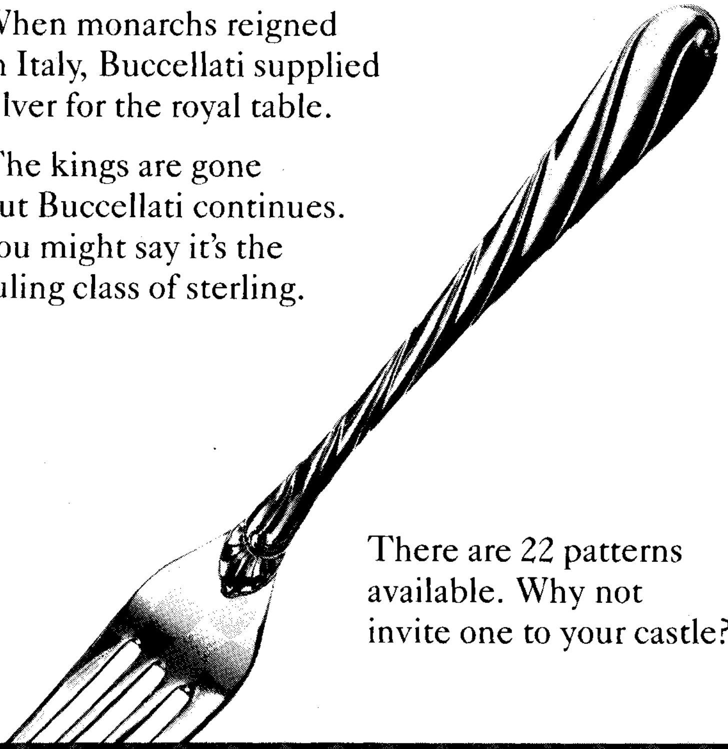
prised to read a few weeks ago that the United States Bureau of the Census says there are so many of them around that in January it will begin a national robot census. We're pretty sure that Royal-T and Screw-Head will not be included in this count, but at least one toy company may make it. The Ideal toy company moved into the big time in 1907, with the marketing of the Teddy bear, named for President Theodore Roosevelt, and now here it is into robots. The Washington census-takers aren't likely to include the five-and-three-quarter-inch action figures from what Ideal calls its Robo Force; these are non-convertible characters who have such names as Cruel the Detonator and Vulgar the Destroyer, and, in the case of the leader of the good guys of the Robo Force, Maxx Steele. However, the new census might well count Ideal's two-foot version of Maxx, who can walk and tell time, pick up objects with his fully articulated hand (well, claw), speak a hundred and forty programmed words and phrases, play electronic games with his owner, and, on command, deliver small objects to someone across the room. Maxx costs $499 at F. A. O. Schwarz. Earlier this year, at a robot exhibit presented by the branch of the American Craft Museum in the International Paper Building (the guest curator of the exhibit was Robert Malone, who is GoBot adviser to the Tonka company), it was pointed out that the word "robot," which first appeared in the 1921 play "R.U.R.," by the Czech novelist Karel Čapek, comes from the Czech word *robota*, which means "forced labor." Being slaves, robots were, until recent years, portrayed as understandably hostile to their human masters; the concept of the friendly robot caught on widely because of the general helpfulness of the characters of R2D2 and C3PO in "Star Wars." Despite being ordered around all the time, the two-foot Maxx Steele seems affable enough. Last August, accompanied by Ideal executives, he went down to Washington to commend the House of Representatives and the leader of the House Science and Technology Caucus, California Representative Mervyn Dymally, on the unanimous passage of House Resolution 453, which proclaimed National High Tech Week. Holding a copy of the resolution and beeping away, Maxx expressed his gratitude to all concerned, concluding with "What a great day!" However, an appointment for Maxx to be re-



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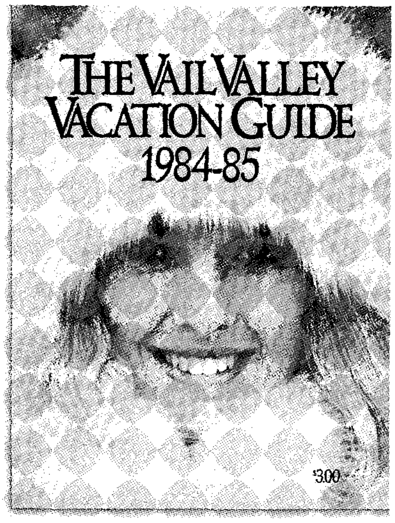

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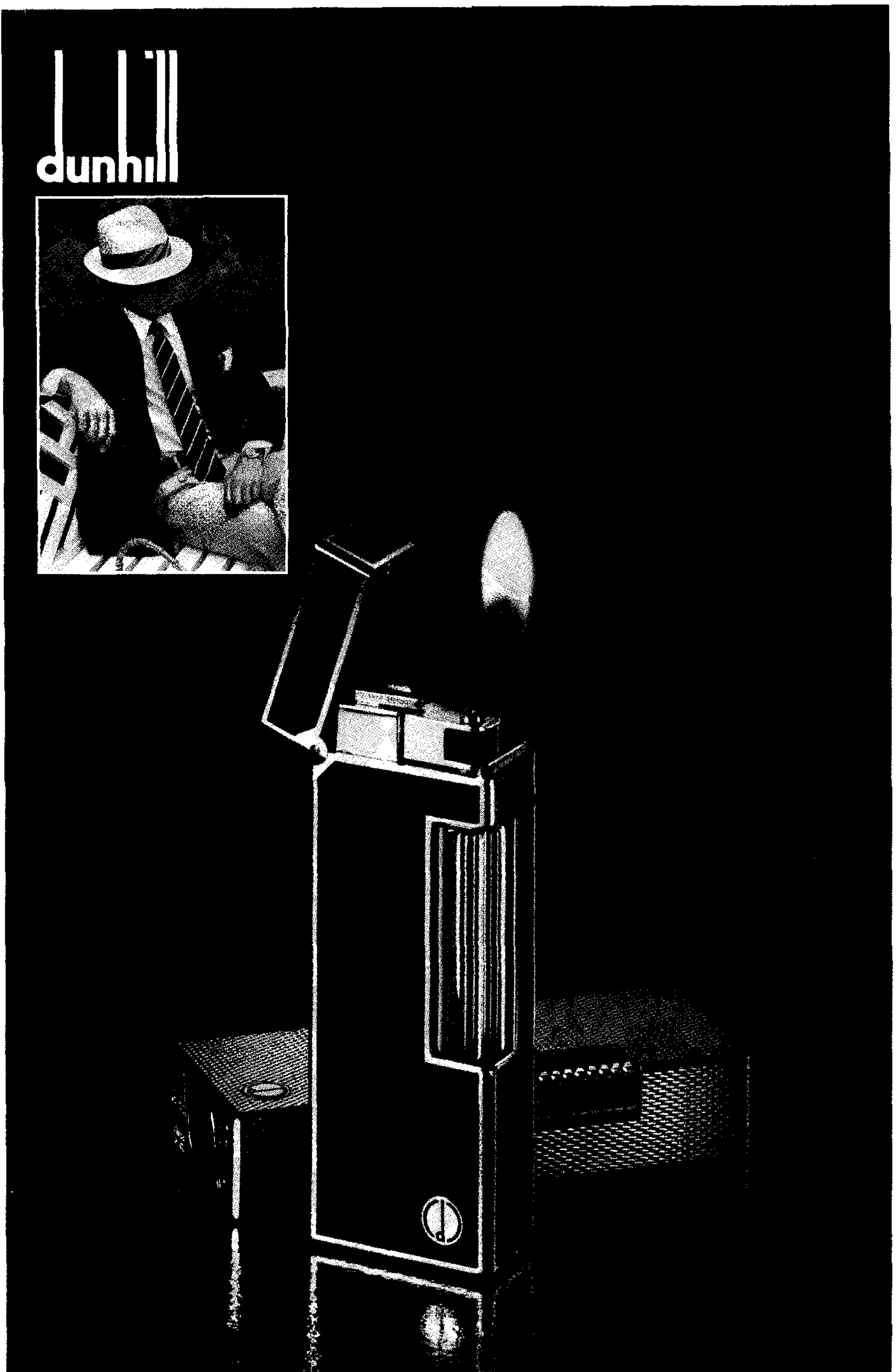
ceived at the White House was cancelled. One of Maxx's escorts at the House ceremony suggested that this affront might affect the robot vote in the coming election, but Dymally assured him that "the President is very aware of the robot vote," adding, not very persuasively, "They're all independents." Political attention to robots is not only an American phenomenon. In September, a *Daily News* story reported that the huge National Day parade in the People's Republic of China would feature a robot nearly fifteen feet high, which the *News* headline referred to as "RED2-D2." This robot could flail its arms, flash its eyes, bellow the Chinese equivalent of "Long Live the Motherland!," and wave a floral bouquet, but, the Chinese conceded, it could not walk. There may have been a reason for this. The fact that toys and games have the power not only to entertain but to affect relations between mighty nations has been kept clearly in mind since the great American Ping-Pong détente with the People's Republic twelve years ago. Last January, when Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang visited this country, officials at the University of California at Berkeley introduced him to their small walking and talking robot RE5X, planning to give it to the Premier if he asked for it. He did not. During their encounter, the robot walked right over the Premier's shoes—a mishap the Berkeley people laid to nerves. We don't have an RE5X for you, but the "Star Wars" R2D2, a male action figure about three inches tall who also is a nervous sort, is $2.87 at the Toys R Us stores, which we'll tell you more about later.

BEFORE we bring you the latest on Trivial Pursuit: we've been thinking that board games—and certainly robots—aren't very cuddly, are they? Maybe the young person you have in mind is the sort who would like some soft plush object to hug from time to time while the older kids rack up the cards or whatever. Of course, there are Teddy bears everywhere. Do you have the feeling they're so popular that they're getting rather full of themselves? How about a unicorn, for a change? Macy's has a very nice white one, its eyes modestly cast down, with a lavender mane and tail and a gold-colored horn. Couchant, it measures about eleven inches and costs $10. Or possibly a dragon? A purple one with wings, twelve inches high, is $9 at Childcraft. It's made by R. Dakin & Company, which has a sign over its toy display that says "DON'T FEED THE ANIMALS . . . THEY'RE STUFFED ALREADY." A nine-inch puma, if that's your style, is $20 at Altman's, and for $10 at Bloomingdale's you can get an eight-and-a-half-inch white puppy with brown ears, wearing a rather glum expression; surely he needs a friend. A four-and-a-half-inch plush panda to hang on the tree is $4 at B. Shackman & Company, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), where you'll also find for $4 a six-inch bunny holding a plush carrot. A fine, soft fourteen-inch kangaroo with a baby in her pouch is $29.95 at Conran's. Penny Whistle Toys has a family of Steiff penguins. The six-inch babies are $22; Mama Penguin, twelve inches high and looking very grand—as well she might—is $78. Of course, there's always Snoopy, but you'd never guess what he's got himself into this season. Apparently, nearly everybody's favorite dog wasn't happy in the "Peanuts" world. The powers that be at Determined Productions, which makes plush and other toy versions of the "Peanuts" characters, analyzed the situation: "Snoopy has become a part of the American culture. As we change, so does he." And they ask, "What can a dog do when he wants a change of pace, a new hip look? When he longs to get off the doghouse and into the world of 'The A-Team' and MTV? Snoopy turned to his friends Mr. T and Boy George for fashion guidance." As a result, he's available, in the twelve-inch size, wearing Mr. T-style jeans, a belt, and a red vest, while his neck, wrists, and earlobes are festooned with gold rope. On his head he wears a feather and a Mohawk haircut, and he is introduced as "Mr. S." As a result of his consultation with Boy George, there is also a twelve-inch Boy Snoopy, wearing a black hat with braids hanging down from it, a headband, and a tie that says "Culture Club." These dudes are $26.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz. No doubt some people making the Christmas toy-department rounds will be of the opinion that Snoopy could do without these getups, and will keep saying in loud voices, "Let Snoopy be Snoopy." Fortunately, all over town you'll find him in various sizes dressed for nothing more cultural than his usual gig on top of the old doghouse, dreaming of the distant, non-hip Red Baron. Of course, for all we know, if the Baron were alive today he might be doing an MTV duo with Baron von Joy.

As for Trivial Pursuit, at one point a few months back it was in such short supply that stores had waiting lists, and one Long Island retailer resolved the crisis temporarily by renting out what games he had for five dollars a night. Selchow & Righter ran an ad in a number of publications offering what it called a Trivial Pursuit Survival Kit: thirty-six new questions—there are six thousand in the basic set, which it calls, rather fancily, the Genus Edition—to help the American people through the difficult period until copies of the game returned to the shelves. They're generally available now, at least in the larger stores; at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, the Genus Edition is $29.95, and for $24.95 you can have the Silver Screen Edition, the All-Star Sports Edition, or the Baby Boomer Edition, which includes questions about the era that stretches, according to the manufacturer, "from Eisenhower to flower power." We don't know which edition the President of the United States was playing at the ranch last month when—so his staff informed a White House press corps that was panting for some hot news—he had no trouble dealing with a question to which the right answer was "Ronald Reagan." Possibly for security reasons the question itself was not revealed. It was appropriate that the American manufacturing rights to Trivial Pursuit went to Selchow & Righter, a relatively small company in Bay Shore, Long Island, whose big hits since it was founded as a wholesale enterprise, in 1867, have been Parcheesi (1870) and Scrabble (1953). It was just before Christmas in 1979 that two Canadian brothers discovered that they couldn't find their Scrabble set on a snowy day when indoor recreation was in order. One of them went out and bought a new one and, as he drove home through the snow, realized that it was his sixth Scrabble purchase, and that there must be good money in games. Joining up with a Montreal neighbor, the brothers got to work and devised Trivial Pursuit, and the three enterprising young men—they are all in their thirties—are now very, very rich. The head of Selchow & Righter recently suggested that one of the reasons for his trivia game's popularity was that it came along just at the point when the video-game craze was fading precipitately. The success of Trivial Pursuit last year and the fact that it was for a time hard to find made it a certainty that other trivia games would rapidly



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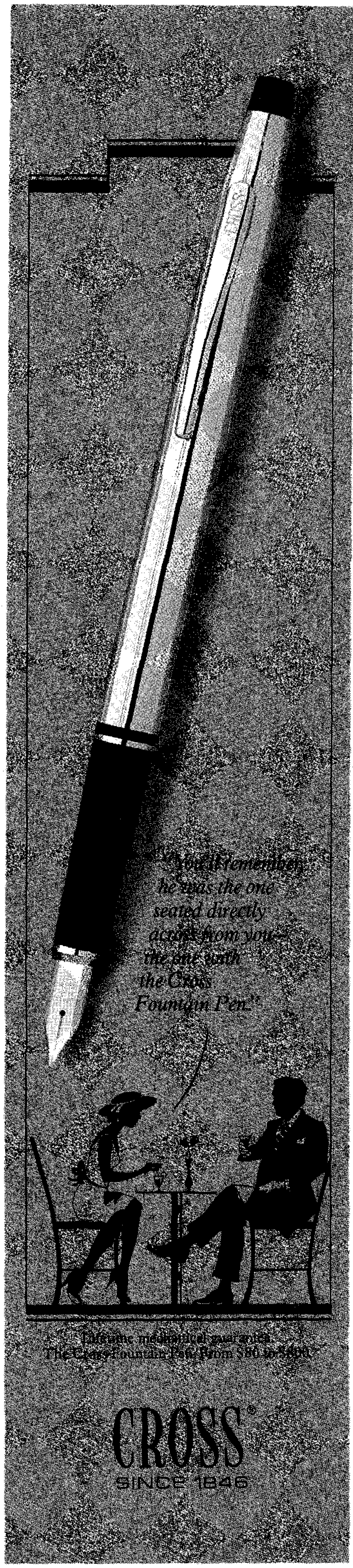

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become available. You now have your choice of scores of them, including Trivia Challenge, Trivia Adventure, Trivia Arcade, Rock Trivia, Solid Gold Music Trivia, Bible Trivia, and Trivia Update, in which the questions are entirely on the events of 1984. Selchow & Righter will come out early next year with a Young Players Edition of Trivial Pursuit, which will be designed for children of seven and up (Who was Luke Skywalker's father? If you were in Transylvania, what country would you be in?), have its own board, and sell for about $30. A Young Players Edition has already been published in Canada, where the Trivial Pursuit inventors still run the show. Some of these Canadian versions have found their way to local toy shelves, but Selchow & Righter plans to have the law on whoever's responsible. We don't know what future historians will make of an era in which there was an international legal crisis over a children's trivia game.

THOUGH the problems involving some formerly hard-to-get items have eased somewhat, the shortage of Cabbage Patch Kids remains a real crisis for many Christmas shoppers, whose intended beneficiaries truly believe that Santa Claus delivers. In order to avoid last year's Cabbage Patch riots, retailers have waiting lists; at one nearby outlet of the Toys R Us chain, the list is said to come to over six thousand names. (The owners of Toys R Us, the nation's largest retail-toy chain, chose to use the letter "R" for its homophonic equivalent because it would attract attention, and then caused further talk by hanging the letter backward on their storefronts. Sometimes people come in to tell a store manager that part of his sign is on backward—and stay to buy something. There are now three Toys R Us stores in this city—one in Queens, one in Staten Island, and one in Brooklyn. Toys R Us's typographical idiosyncrasies should not be a big problem for New Yorkers, who for several years rode around in buses called Flxibles.) The shortage of the dolls has led to numerous doll-counterfeiting operations, with the fake dolls often turning up in high-priced flea markets. This October, there were crackdowns on several markets in this area; that month, six private investigators and four lawyers armed with court warrants raided an offending one in Garden City. Besides being hard to get, the dolls have caused no

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end of controversy. A Chinese mother complained that while some of the dolls were black, there were no Oriental dolls, and her daughter felt discriminated against. There are now Oriental Cabbage Patchers, but you can't find them, either. In one local restaurant, there was a terrible scene when parents found that their child had left her doll unattended for a few moments. Fortunately, there was no Cabbage Patch snatch. Despite such episodes, some people think that the dolls bring parents and children together; a mother explained that she knew how children felt, remembering how passionately she had wanted an "I Love Lucy" doll. A different emotion was set off by a mother's complaint to a reporter that her little girl was desolate because she had only one Cabbage Patcher, while all her friends had two.

Some controversies over the doll have clogged the court system. Xavier Roberts was involved in a paternity suit of sorts, the charge being that he was not the true father of the Cabbage Patch design. Coleco encloses with each doll a promise that it will receive a birthday card on its first birthday. When a doll living with its adoptive mother in Glen Cove, Long Island, did not receive a card on the appointed day, the mother of the owner, describing both her child and the doll as heartbroken, sued Coleco for forty dollars—the price of the doll. (The suggested retail price is $26, but they may go for as high as $70.) The Glen Cove judge ruled in the plaintiff's favor, sort of, awarding five dollars and holding that the doll had diminished in value because it hadn't received a birthday card. In a case in Manhattan federal court, Coleco sued an importer of a line of sixteen-inch baby dolls called Flower Kids, seeking an injunction barring their sale on the ground that they were virtually indistinguishable from Cabbage Patchers. Dr. Joyce Brothers testified for Coleco on the psychological value of the Coleco version. An attorney for the Flower Kids assured the court that these dolls were not quite as ugly as Coleco's. At one point, Judge Abraham Sofaer (who is currently busy trying the libel suit that former Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon brought against *Time*) discussed the question of whether anybody could tell the Flower Kids from the Cabbage Patchers and, to the Coleco lawyers' satisfaction, made the mistake of mixing up the two exhibits. "I've got to assume that the kids of

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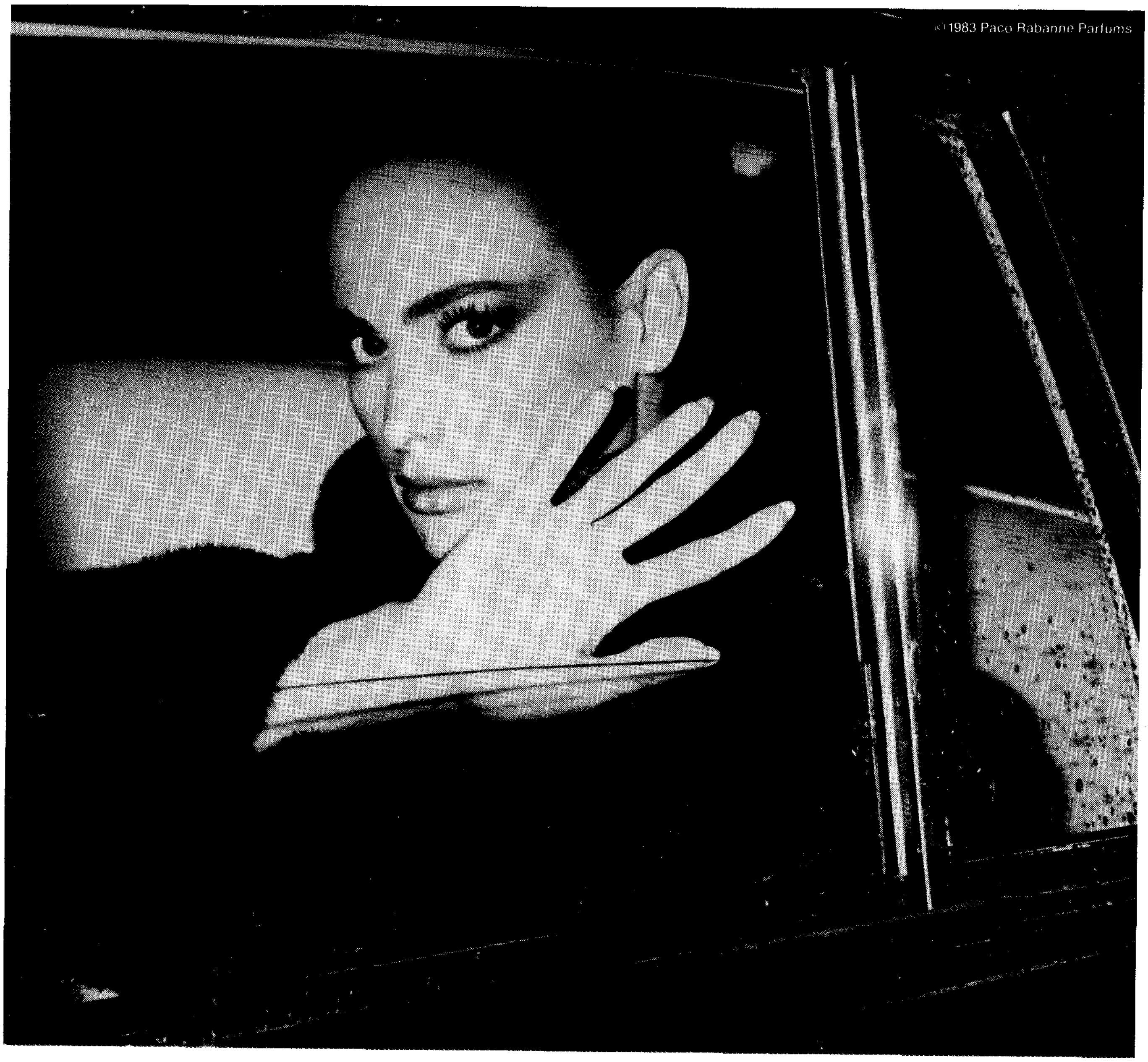
America are not going to be as dumb as a federal judge," said Sofaer, who later ruled for the Flower Kids.

We didn't run into any Flower Kids, but the Toy Park has a supply of fairly ugly Heavenly Kids, sixteen inches tall and dressed in romper suits, for $26.99. The current doll craze has brought on the market not only sixteen-inch look-alikes but ugly dolls of different sizes. (You want ugly, we'll give you ugly.) As you have no doubt noticed, the Cabbage Patch Kids have puffy cheeks, pursed lips, and little beady eyes. You've heard of boxers' cauliflower ears? Some of the available new dolls have faces that could be called cauliflower all over. A doll named Little Sprout Baby, eight inches long and permanently asleep, has a squished-in face that only a child mother—all right, or father—could love. However, she's also a puppet, and that's an attraction; $20 for her at Macy's. With her comes a birth certificate, which you can mail in and . . . well, you know the rest.

Since Coleco can't always provide the dolls so many children want, the company is naturally eager to sell you all kinds of games, coloring books, toothbrushes, and other Cabbage Patch accessories; there are now more than a hundred and twenty licensed products bearing the celebrated name. At the Toy Park, for $26.99 there's a Cabbage Patch Kids Hide and Seek Game, for instance, in which the children guess how many of the kids pop up next on a plastic game board. And the same place—sometimes these toy people go too far—has, for $4.49, a set of six designer Cabbage Patch disposable diapers. If it seems to you that the Cabbage Patchers are being exploited, perhaps it's only fair to remember that the poor little beady-eyed things are Coleco's major corporate breadwinners. We were joking last year when Coleco, which is primarily an electronics company, was having trouble with its Adam home computer and we proposed a play script in which, to its astonishment, a giant corporation was saved by a doll. Since then, as noted, video games have gone out of style, and the Adam has been described as a disaster. Coleco even went as far as to offer the doll as bait, running ads that offered a free doll to anyone who bought a hundred-dollar ColecoVision set and one of the company's thirty-dollar video-game cartridges. There's no doubt that the half-billion dollars in Cabbage Patch sales will help keep the company going. You could do the script as half of a twin bill at the children's puppet theatre, along with "Tonka and the GoBots." Incidentally, the cabbage patch in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the almost forgotten best-seller by Alice Hegan Rice, published in 1901, was not a rural address. It was the name of a real urban-slum area in Louisville, Kentucky, where Mrs. Rice worked among the poor. (Eleanor Roosevelt was one of her admirers.) "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was recently reissued by Pocket Books for $3.95; its subject matter will surely startle anyone who buys it under the impression that it is one more licensed item from the vast, rich Cabbage Patch Kids empire.

THAT famous address 123 Sesame Street is not, of course, a slum, but it's surely urban—and relatively ungentrified, as far as we can tell. A 1-2-3 Sesame Street Playset, made by Child Guidance, is one of those carry-around sets with handles. This one is in the shape of Bert and Ernie's familiar brownstone-type house, and it opens up to show the front of, and on the other side the interior of, not only the house but Mr. Hooper's store next door. Beside the stoop is a garbage can that Oscar the Grouch pops out of at the push of a button. The house has a living room upstairs and a kitchen downstairs; a sign on the refrigerator says "ERNIE—PLEASE CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM!" Over the store there's a bedroom for Bert and Ernie. Various items of removable furniture are provided: two beds, two big chairs, a dining table. The soda fountain in the store doesn't work, but there is a door that sets off a jingling sound when it's opened. In all, there are six windows to be climbed in or peered out of by the two-inch plastic figures of Bert, Ernie, the Cookie Monster, and Big Bird, who come with the set. Also in the box for the gang's enjoyment are a slide, a seesaw, Big Bird's nest, and a car to ride around in. And the pretend sidewalk out front is marked for hopscotch. The set is about eleven inches high to the top of the handle and sixteen inches across when it's opened out; it's recommended for two-to-six-year-olds, and costs $30 at Muppet Stuff, 833 Lexington Avenue (71st).

Though Sesame Street items and those out of Muppetland are available in almost all toy stores, there is a highly convenient density of them at Muppet Stuff; in fact, it carries noth-



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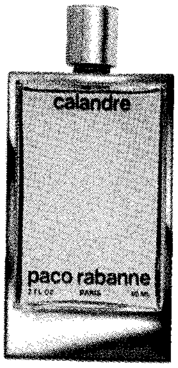
One of the few things known about her is that she always wears Calandre.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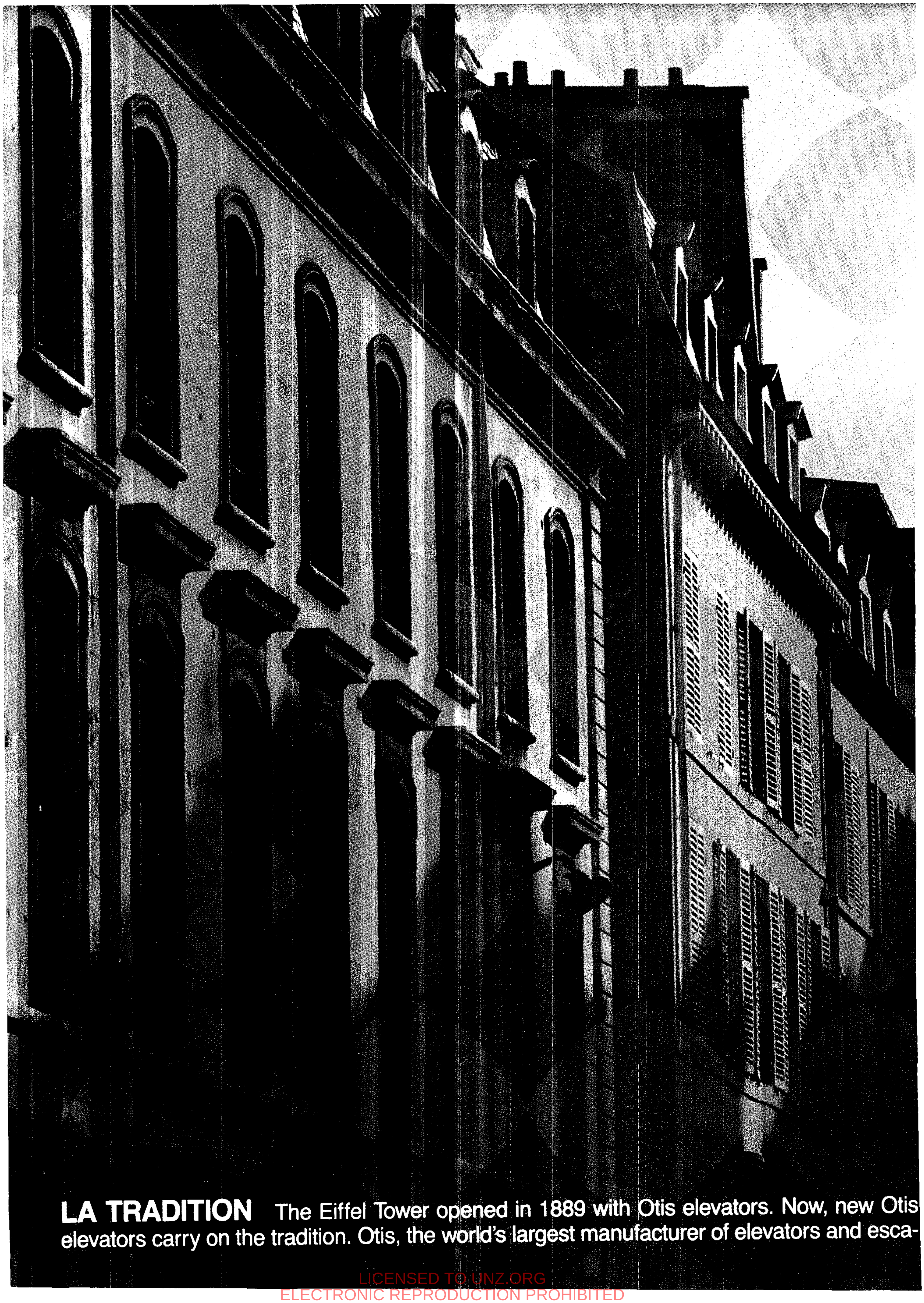

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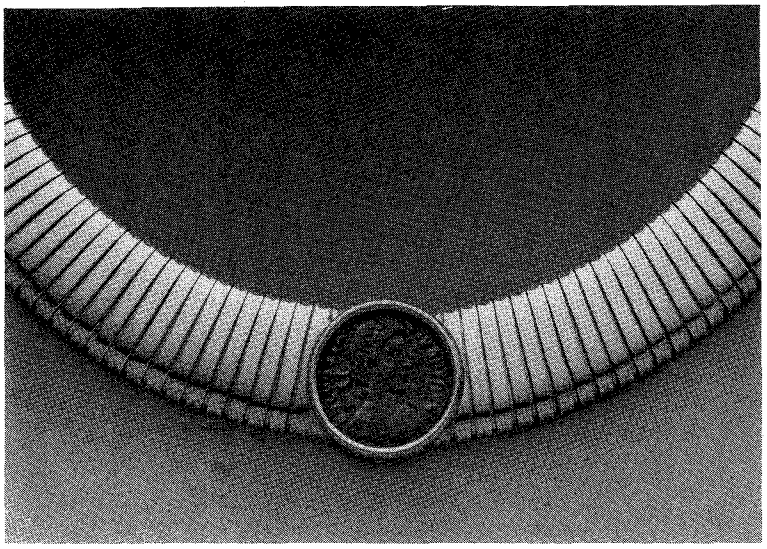
ing but toys and records and cassettes associated with these two communities, whose residents' quirks many children know better than they know those of some of their own relatives. The corporate relationship between the two groups has grown more complex since the Muppets first came to wide attention, fifteen years ago, with their appearances on Sesame Street. Nowadays, many of the friends of the Muppets Bert and Ernie are not Muppets, and there are many Muppets who have no interest in hanging around Sesame Street, including Miss Piggy. Indeed, the arrival of the sumptuous Miss Moi on the dingy stoop would surely cause quite a stir in that neighborhood. All concerned seem to be on very good terms on the shelves of Muppet Stuff, however, which carries all the Sesame Street and Muppet items mentioned in this report.

For younger members of the family—say, those six months to two years old—who think they should have their own Sesame Street house, Child Guidance has a simpler version of the 1-2-3 Sesame Street Playset which can be either put in the playpen or carried around by its handle. Called a Take-Along Busy House, this is seven and a half inches wide and ten inches tall to the top of the lamppost attached to the house; the lamp's globe is really a plastic balloon that squeaks when it's pinched. There's also a barber pole attached to the house, which can be spun around and makes a rattling sound. Move a window up or down and you see a picture of Ernie; open a door and it's the Cookie Monster. And on the back of the house there's an unbreakable mirror in which what babies see is themselves—what a lovely surprise! Nine-ninety-five for this. Fisher-Price Toys has brought out a little kids' Sesame Street phonograph that runs on batteries and could be useful when a family is on the move or for keeping very small children from fooling around with electrical outlets. This instrument, whose label says it's for three-year-olds and up, is $49.95 at Bloomingdale's. It plays both 45- and 33⅓-r.p.m. records and has a floating cartridge with a retractable sapphire needle; to make things easier for the young person in charge, the record-player turns on when the arm is placed on the record. It uses four C batteries, and this is a case of B.Y.O.B.—batteries, that is. And if a child you know is still looking for something furry to hug, there is, just in time for Christ-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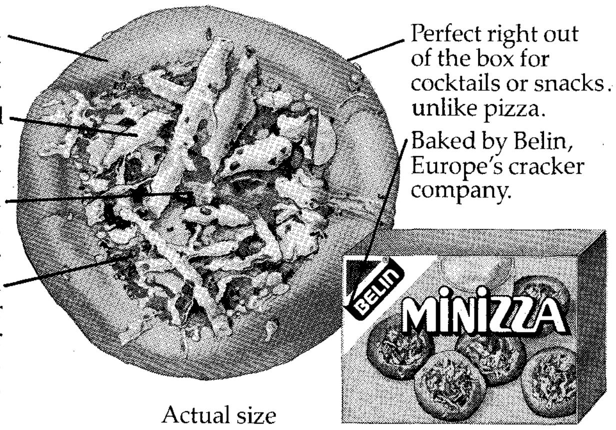

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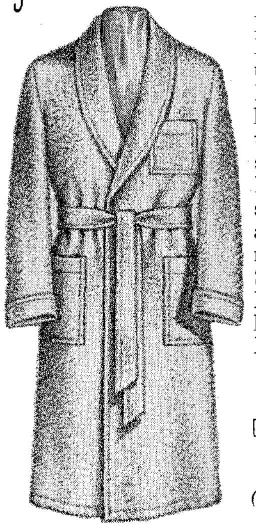

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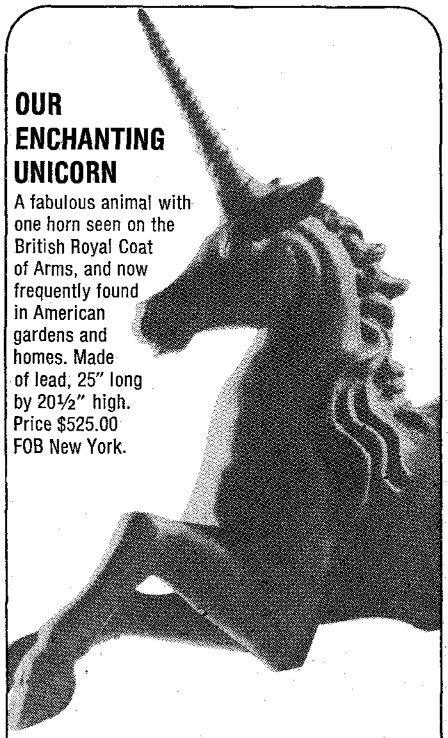

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mas, for $12, a ten-inch yellow plush Big Bird playing Santa Claus. He wears a red Santa Claus hat trimmed with white plush and carries a large red stocking. Somebody's looking out for No. 1, it seems: the stocking says "Big Bird" on it.

Of course, not all dolls are made of plush, nor are they all sixteen-inch armfuls with some unspecified association with vegetable gardens. There's an odd thing about the smaller dolls for little girls just now, when women have been gaining respect and independence—haven't they?—and running for Vice-President and all. As we mentioned, the most popular male action figures for little boys have names such as Cruel the Detonator. Some of them give off smoke. Many of them who are not half-robot, half-vehicle are half-man, half-beast—as is the case with several members of the best-selling Masters of the Universe line, whose leader is called He-Man. Of the five-inch robot Maxx Steele, who, if you remember, is the leader of the good-guy members of the Robo Force ("warrior robots with crusher arms"), it says on the box he comes in that he relies mainly on "his brute strength." There are virtually no little-boy figures among the dolls for boys. What the little boys are mostly playing with (and quite happily, it must be said) are figures of grown men or adultlike robots, who are usually wearing battle regalia for some savage war—often one fought with electronic weapons in a future century—and who, it seems, never stop snarling. At the same time, the smaller dolls that little girls are frantic to find under the tree on Christmas morning are demure, fluttery sorts who often wear the pinafore-and-sunbonnet styles of long-ago times, and who, it seems, never stop smiling. They have names like Rose Petal and Strawberry Shortcake and Blueberry Tart, and they give off sweet smells of commercial approximations of various flowers and good things to eat (mostly desserts), and appear to be about five years old. One of the newcomers to the best-seller list in the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World* is Rainbow Brite, a soft, stuffed doll eight inches tall. She has bright-orange yarn hair and wears a shiny bright-colored dress with a rainbow logo on its front. Rainbow Brite, it is explained in the literature that comes in the box with her (dolls don't just arrive and fit into the family or some child's imaginative plans anymore; they come with their own scenarios),

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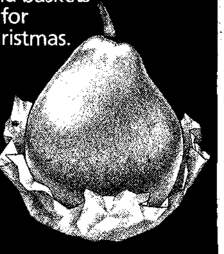

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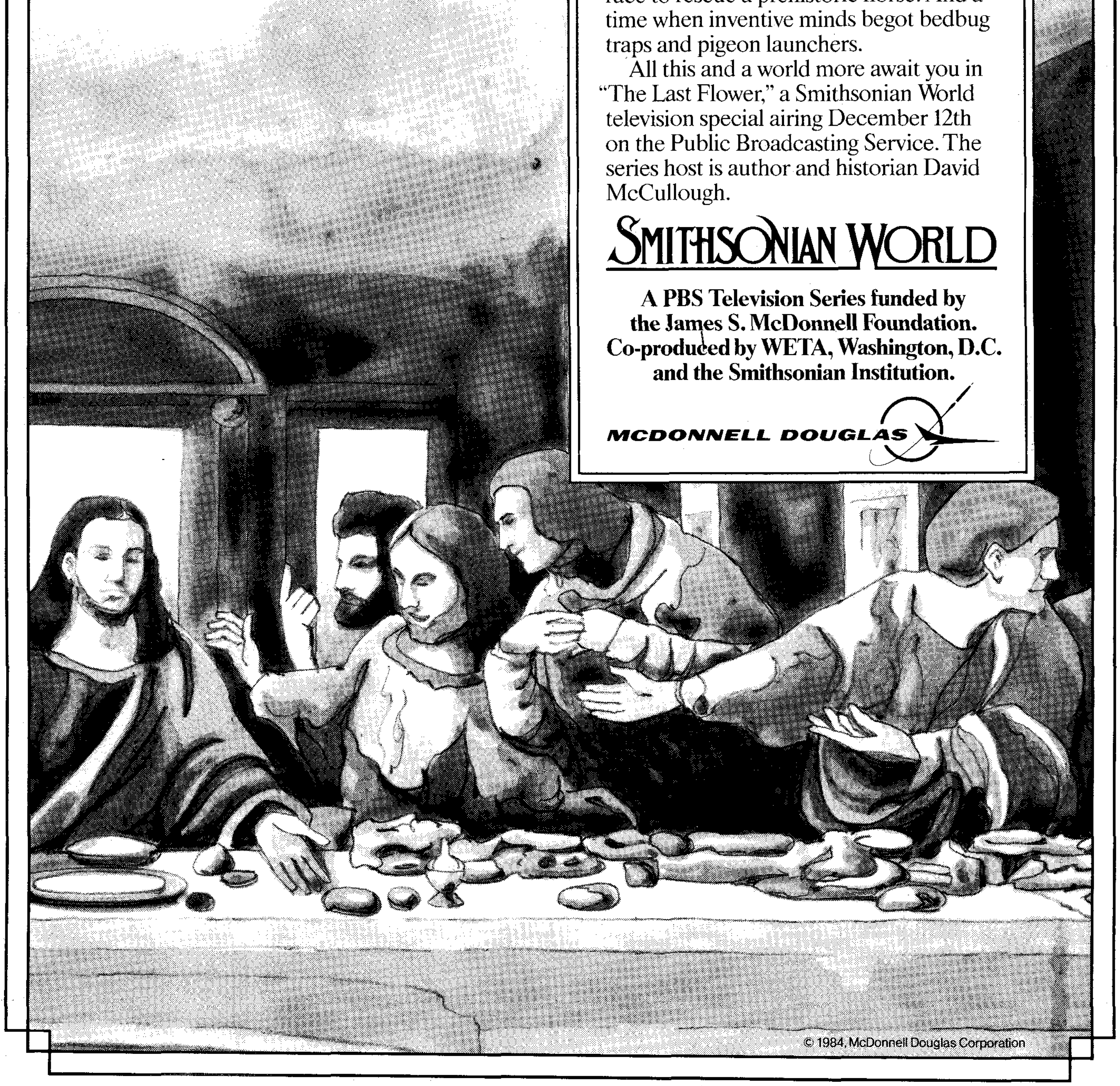

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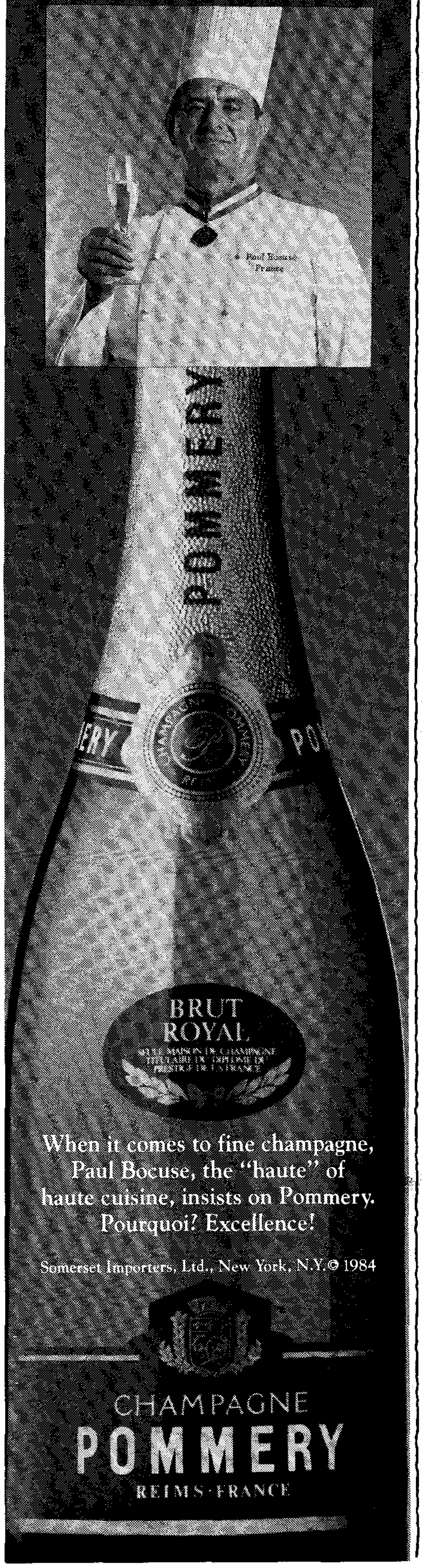
Pourquoi Pommery? Bocuse.



When it comes to fine champagne, Paul Bocuse, the "haute" of haute cuisine, insists on Pommery. Pourquoi? Excellence!

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lives in a kingdom called Rainbow Land, where all the colors of the earth are created, and where she "uses the colors of the rainbow to make our world brighter and our hearts lighter." She has a helpful sidekick, an eleven-and-a-half-inch magical horse named Starlite. (How do they ever expect these kids to learn to spell?) At the Toy Park, Rainbow Brite by herself is $16.29, and packed in a box with Starlite she's $39.99. Four other smiling Rainbow Land dolls are each responsible for creating one of the rainbow colors, and sell for about the same price as Rainbow Brite. Every doll comes with a two-and-a-half-inch smiling pet of indeterminate breed—"happy little workers," it says in the scenario, who, under the direction of the dolls, "mine and manufacture" Star Sprinkles, the magic crystals that form the colors. Though this may sound rather like forced labor to you, they're called not robots but sprites. After all these beaming, perfectly behaved types, we were almost ready to look around for Vulgar the Destroyer. Fortunately, about that time we ran into Rainbow Land's villain, who has a bright-green face and fierce black eyebrows and mustache and is dressed entirely in gray, and whose villainy consists of "chasing rainbows." With him he brings not a pet sprite but "a bag of gloom." We're happy to tell you the name of this fellow, who's $13 at Macy's. It's Murky Dismal.

IF you had a record in mind, and the children you know are ready for some laughs, the Muppets have a new one called "Silly Songs" (MLP 1201; $5.95). As Kermit says on the record, these songs are "bona fide" silly—and if you don't think Kermit is an internationally known figure, whose judgments should be listened to, consider that a recent Parisian satire on the current French President featured someone called Kermitterrand. On this record, various Muppets sing funny-bone ticklers such as "I'm My Own Grandpa," "Lydia the Tattooed Lady," and two Abe Burrows numbers, one of which includes the lyrics "I'm strolling down Memory Lane/ Without a dingdong thing on my mind." Also now available is the original cast album of "The Muppets Take Manhattan," the latest Muppets movie, which ends, as you may remember, with a wedding ceremony, whose critical line is "Then because you share a love so big, I now pronounce you Frog and Pig." The music from last year's "Fraggle Rock" is now a record (MLP 1200; $5.95), and a videocassette of the movie itself is $49.95. (With all the videocassettes of children's movies available for birthday parties, does anybody play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey anymore?) Of course, even for children life can't be all play and no work, as that well-known Christmas figure Ebenezer Scrooge would surely say. We have never seen a child's face brighten at the sight of flash cards in his Christmas stocking, but extensive corporate energies, including those of computer companies, are devoted to spreading the word that learning is play. The most recent Muppets item, called the Muppet Learning Keys, is designed to be used with Commodore or Apple 64K computers, and is $79.95 at Muppet Stuff. (Speaking of the Apple, have you noticed how the computer companies often seem to choose names for themselves or their projects that, doubtless in the interest of user-friendliness, make them sound small, unalarming, cozy? There's the P.C. Jr., for instance. There's the Mouse. There's the Peanut. As for the Apple, that company was apparently so eager to carry even further its association with something sweet, rosy, and nutritious that it named its newest computer the Macintosh, without following the first spelling rule and looking it up: that variety of apple is the McIntosh. In this era of corporate preoccupation with what tastes good, the Apple people could probably have got away with calling their complex, beeping product the Delicious.) The Muppet Learning Keys is essentially a fifteen-by-fourteen-inch, very lightweight portable keyboard, on which there are pictures of various familiar devices—a ruler, a set of paints, the alphabet. When the keyboard is plugged in to the computer and a child presses, say, "A," an item that begins with that letter—an alligator, say—will appear on the screen. If he presses "4" on the ruler, four objects will appear. If he gets lost and needs help, he presses a sign on the keyboard which says "HELP!" above a graphic showing Miss Piggy tied to the tracks with a train coming around the bend. As we understand it, parents, too, are allowed to press "HELP!"

Some children seem to feel a special rapport with evil-looking robots who turn into vehicles, and some prefer to associate themselves with dolls who are in charge of the colors of the

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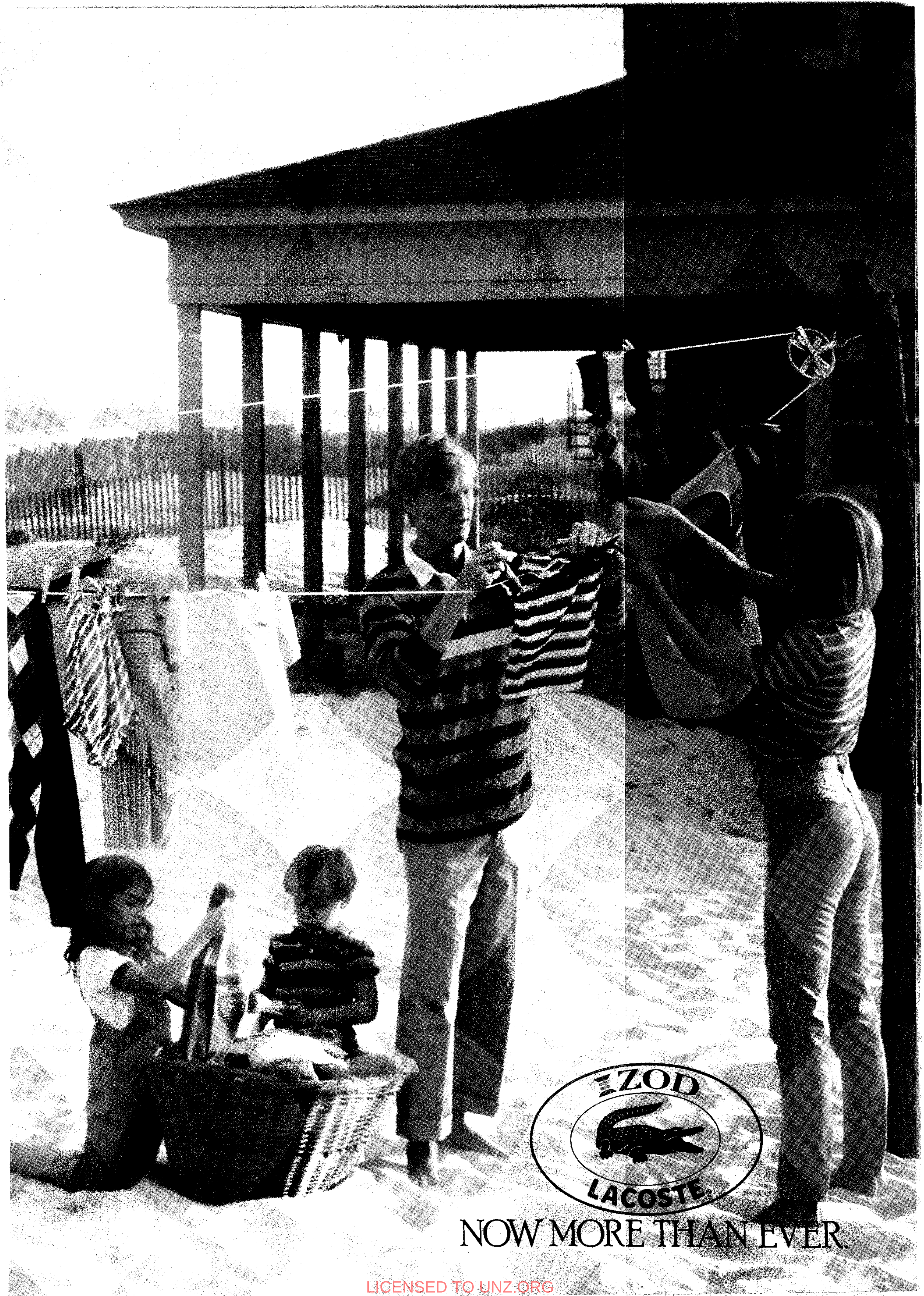
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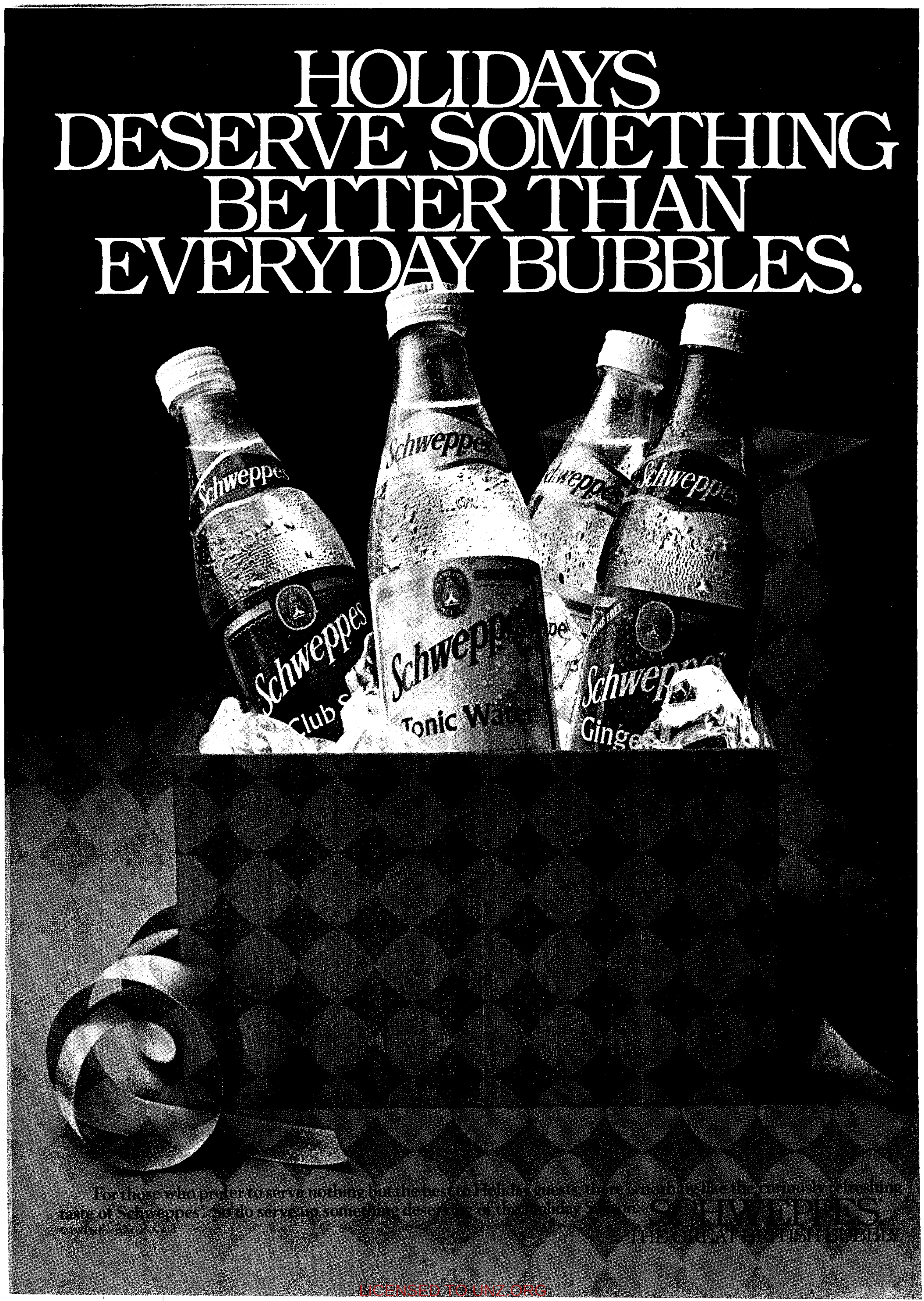
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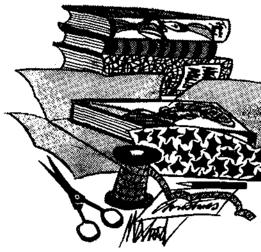
rainbow. Others feel quite close to real creatures who lived in a real world, although it is one that has been gone for at least sixty-five million years. A professor of pediatrics and psychiatry said not long ago, "I've always been struck by the number of three-to-five-year-old kids who can't even pronounce the names of their classmates but know the names, sizes, habits, and number of bones of several dinosaurs." Children with such interests would almost certainly enjoy the new Caedmon record "Dinosaur Rock" (TC 1739; $8.98). The record is an account, set to music, of an imaginary trip taken by a young brother and sister to a place where they get to know several dinosaurs and are enlightened about others. The eleven songs are generally lighthearted ("Leapin' Lizards" is the title of one) and are sung to not only rock but ragtime and country-music beats. The facts about dinosaurs are straight, though, and the historical notes on the liner are sober and scholarly, having been provided by Ralph Chapman, a visiting paleobiologist at the Smithsonian. The next-to-last song, "Where Did Everybody Go?," discusses the theories of what happened to the dinosaurs and gives the answer: Nobody knows for sure. And in the matter of where dinosaurs, as well as "boys and girls and you and me," came from, the response—this is not for children in creationist families—is that, in the words of the title of the last song, "We All Came from the Sea."



For children who will be attending "The Nutcracker" at the New York State Theatre this year—and for those who will not—the gift shop at the Metropolitan Museum of Art has, for $5.95, a cassette of the complete score, played by the London Symphony Orchestra. Also at the Museum's shop, you'll find a ballet cutout book of "The Nutcracker." There is a heavy-paper fold-out theatre that measures eleven by fourteen inches, and there are three complete scene changes, twenty-four characters, and such props as the Christmas tree that grows. Before or after the various elements required for the performances are cut out, the directors of it all can read the story of the ballet and its history, which are included in the book. The price for this is $12.95. If you're the kind of person who likes package deals, send $42 to an outfit called Playthinks (if you can forgive the pun). The address is P.O. Box 2628, Seanuket, N.Y. 11733, and Playthinks will send to whatever child ballet beginner you designate a tutu (you have a choice between one that fits sizes 4 to 6 and one for sizes 6 to 8), a quilted tote bag to carry ballet shoes in, and a book titled "My Ballet Class," by Rachel Isadora, that illustrates the basic ballet positions and explains what ballet classes are like.

And now for the miscellaneous last roundup. Schwarz has a gas-powered Mercedes-Benz for $1,100, if you can call that miscellaneous. Schwarz says that this is truly "a scaled-down version of the real thing." It runs on regular gas, is twenty-seven inches high and over five feet long, and can go fifteen miles an hour. For eight-year-olds and up, says Schwarz. At the same place, demonstrating that Schwarz understands that the world is full of all kinds of toy-purchasers, there's what the store calls a Giant Mini Motor Mat, on which children can play with those popular die-cast vehicles three or four inches long. The roads on the mat wind past a church, a hospital, a pizza parlor, and so on, and there are traffic signs. Six die-cast mini vehicles come with this, and the price is $19.95. To help gather the caravan up at the end of the day, or even pull the cars along, Childcraft has, for $3.95, a bright-red nine-and-a-half-inch-tall magnet. We noticed one of these for sale in Mr. Hooper's store in the Sesame Street Playset. If trains were the preferred form of transportation on the list someone gave you, a train marked "M*A*S*H 4077th" is $45.95 at Madison Hardware, 105 East 23rd Street. This includes a locomotive, a gondola, two other cars, and a caboose. The forty-five-by-thirty-six-inch track oval fits onto a forty-eight-by-fifty-inch layout that includes a helicopter pad and paper mountains. A small plastic helicopter and jeep are provided—the scale is HO—and so are a water tank, ten cutout paper structures, and forty-eight 4077th figures. If it's a doll house you expect to be putting together on Christmas Eve, Conran's offers a handsome wooden Victorian model, thirty inches high and nearly two feet deep, replete with gables and bay windows, that's $55. As for furnishings, B. Shackman

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has a notably large supply. An upright piano that is a windup music box and plays "Amazing Grace" is $12.80. And, at the same place, there's a seven-and-a-half-inch tinsel Christmas tree on which the half-dozen tiny ornaments light up. (Again, it's B.Y.O.B.—two C batteries this time.) Is that the sound of carollers outside the doll-house windows? It must be the Cookie Monster and the gang doing their Sesame Street Christmas Sing-Along, which is the name of their new record (CTW 22112; $7.95). The lyrics come with it, so that everyone else can sing along, too. The songs include "Deck the Halls" and "The Twelve Days of Christmas," and there's also "Silver Bells," the song that reminds us, "It's Christmas time in the city. . . . Soon it will be Christmas Day." And so it will. Merry Christmas!

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

THIS is the year of the cranberry. *It's showing up in everything* from foie gras to muffins, instead of staying where it belongs, in sauce. Otherwise, there is a great deal to cheer and very little to complain about in the food world this season. For cooks, never has there been such an abundance of primary ingredients; for non-cooks hoping to pass as cooks, or at least providers, there are more food shops than ever to call upon either for treats or in moments of desperation. Never mind that many of the chefs appear to have gone to the same cooking school—the one where they're taught how to make curried chicken, wild-rice salad, and great, galumphing muffins but not the fine line between under- and overdone vegetables, or the art of using herbs discreetly, or the virtues of simplicity. It is possible to navigate these shoals and order a sumptuous Christmas dinner, and even a decent pasta salad.

Charlotte's, 146 Chambers Street (not exactly down the street for anyone except employees of the Manhattan Marine & Electric Company), has a Swedish chef, who will produce three Christmas dinners with, unsurprisingly, a pronounced Swedish slant. One features ham as the main course, another cured poached goose, and the third pheasant breast, for $26.75, $35, and $39, respectively, per person. Each entrée is accompanied by an appetizer, vegetables, and dessert. The sliced pheasant breast comes with herbed red-wine sauce, fennel purée,

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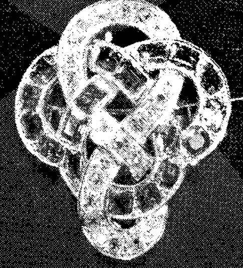

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potato cake, and turnip salad. For a first course, there is lobster bisque with cheese sticks, and for dessert an almond-cake ring surrounding preserved figs in brandy, with whipped cream. The cured poached goose is served with green-pea sauce and julienne of red cabbage cooked in red-wine vinegar and apple juice. It is preceded by smoked salmon with horseradish cream and followed by baked apples with marzipan-ice-cream sauce (Scandinavians like almond flavoring). The minimum order is for ten people, and a green salad will be included for an additional $3 per person. We have not sampled these dinners, but, to judge from other food we've tasted at Charlotte's, any one of them would be excellent as well as agreeably out of the ordinary. The chef at Sachs & Horne, 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), which is a new catering and takeout shop, will do a Christmas dinner of roasted capon or goose, with sausage-chestnut-giblet-prune-and-apple stuffing; $14 a pound for the capon, and $16 a pound for the goose. To accompany this, an aromatic mushroom tart (with rather too thick a crust) is $22. Sachs & Horne is offering an Italian Christmas dinner as well—roast veal with shiitake mushrooms, preceded by seafood salad with fennel and roast peppers; $20 and $18 a pound, respectively. There is a choice of desserts, of which we've tasted only the pears poached in red wine and dusted with amaretti crumbs ($7 a pound). Another new store, Marché St.-Pierre, 238 East 24th Street, will provide individual beef Wellingtons for $7.50 each, or a poussin (from Long Island) for $5.50. (A poussin is a chicken weighing a pound or less.) Tempting appetizers include snails in mushroom caps with garlic butter ($3.50 for six); curried mussels ($6 a dozen); and a hollowed-out bread loaf filled with little sandwiches made of American caviar, sour cream, and a touch of Roquefort ($3.25 a person, for a minimum of four people). Poussins would leave room for a croquembouche, a pyramid of cream puffs glued together with caramelized sugar. Marché St.-Pierre will make one for $2.50 per person, for no fewer than ten.

A croquembouche is a spectacular alternative to a bûche de Noël, but for diehards Pâtisserie Claude, 187 West 4th Street, makes five kinds of bûche: one is all chocolate; the others are white cake flavored with either praline, mocha, Grand Marnier, or marron, and decorated with meringue mushrooms and butter-cream leaves. A bûche serving six is $15, except for the marron, which is $18. JP's French Bakery, 54 West 55th Street, will make bûches in four flavors (chocolate, praline, mocha, and Grand Marnier), from seven to eighteen inches long, for approximately $2.50 an inch. Pasta & Cheese will again carry a classic bûche, made by Pâtisserie Lanciani, which will feed twenty; $25. All these logs must be ordered in advance. Pierrot, 108 Montague Street, in Brooklyn Heights, is making large tarts in the shape of a Christmas tree. The shell is pâte sucrée, the filling pear, apricot, plum, pecan-apple, or Linzer. A small one, thirteen inches long, would serve twelve; $18. A larger one, which would serve twenty-four, is $25. About plum puddings, which we don't much like and therefore are not in a position to pass judgment on: Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), is taking orders for 1985 puddings; this year's list closed in October. The Chelsea Baking Company, 259 West 19th Street, has a Christmas plum cake (walnuts and rum-soaked prunes) that is moist and delicious (we were told by someone who likes this sort of thing). A one-and-a-half-pound pudding is $14; a four-and-a-half-pounder is $26. Eggnog sauce, without liquor, is $12 a quart. For those who aren't wild about plum pudding but feel that Christmas isn't Christmas without one, Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, has an English plum pudding so small that no one has to feel guilty about not eating very much of it; $5.

For those hoping to cook Christmas dinner and still open their presents before nightfall, we have almost too many suggestions, starting with caviar, which more than seventeen people may be able to afford this year, because Zabar's is selling fourteen ounces of fresh beluga for $150. (It may even go as low as $120, depending on how Zabar's ongoing price war with Macy's progresses.) If this is still too steep, Zabar's has pre-sliced Norwegian smoked salmon (the salmon comes from a hatchery) for $9.95 a pound. These are not large, thin slices that one can read the newspaper through, but they are absolutely O.K., and can be frozen. For large, perfect slices of Norwegian smoked salmon

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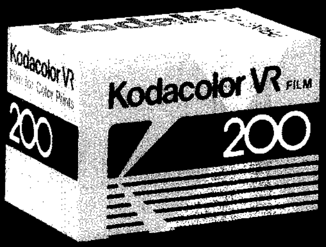
'Tis the Season to be Jolly.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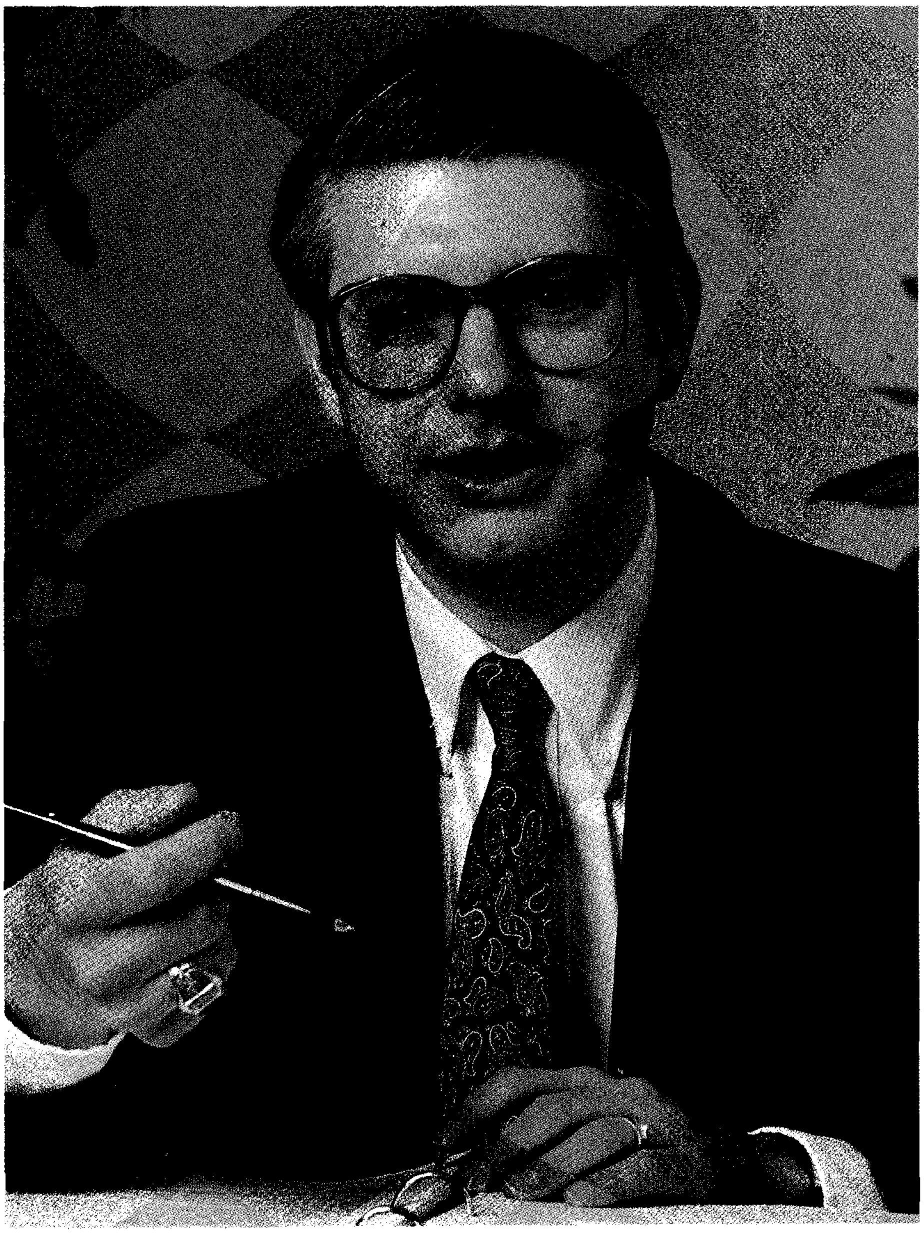

“At Container Corporation of America, an HP computer network helps us respond to customers faster, and saves us $600,000 a year.

“It used to take us two days to estimate the cost of a job for a customer. With the HP network we can come up with an accurate figure in minutes. We now have the information we need to provide better quality packaging.”

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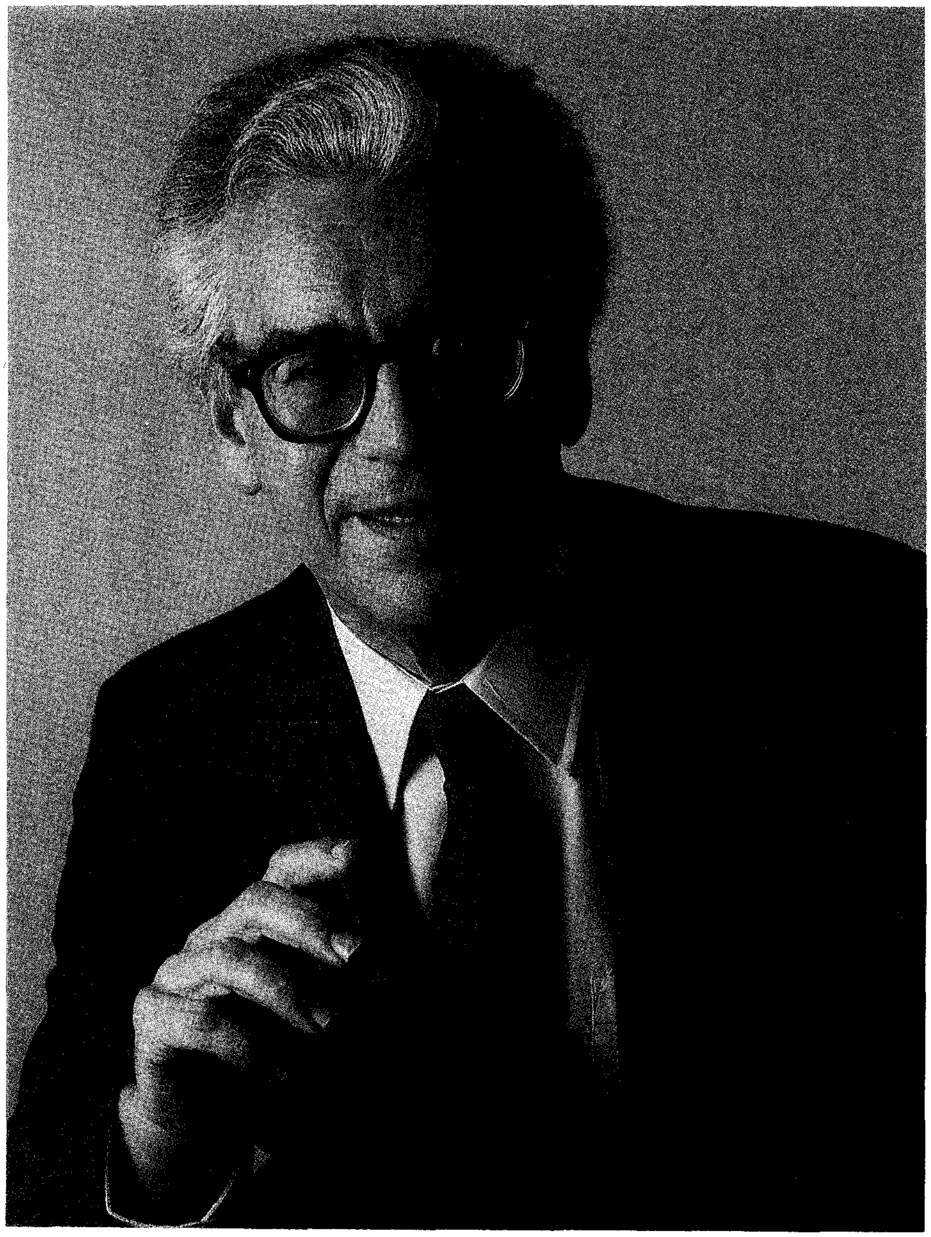
At American Cyanamid, hree HP lab automation ystems speed data reduc- ion and help us handle a wofold increase in assays.



'New drug development requires igh assay volume and fast turn- round. Because the HP systems an handle many instruments and erform complex analyses, we're rocessing twice as many assays s before—a major factor in our bility to bring antibiotic and anti- ancer projects to completion."

merican Cyanamid's pharma- eutical products are developed in heir Medical Research Division in earl River, New York. Dr. William Iodgson, Director of Scientific ervices explains: "We use three IP laboratory automation systems o monitor drug purity and analyze iological samples.

'Our scientists used to spend up o two and a half hours a day cal- ulating and reviewing data. By utomating with the HP system, ve're getting the same results in ne-fourth the time.

'The HP laboratory automation ystem delivers 99% uptime and ne of our systems was down only nce in seven years. Based on IP's high reliability and out- tanding performance, we plan to xpand our existing system and nstall another HP laboratory utomation system."

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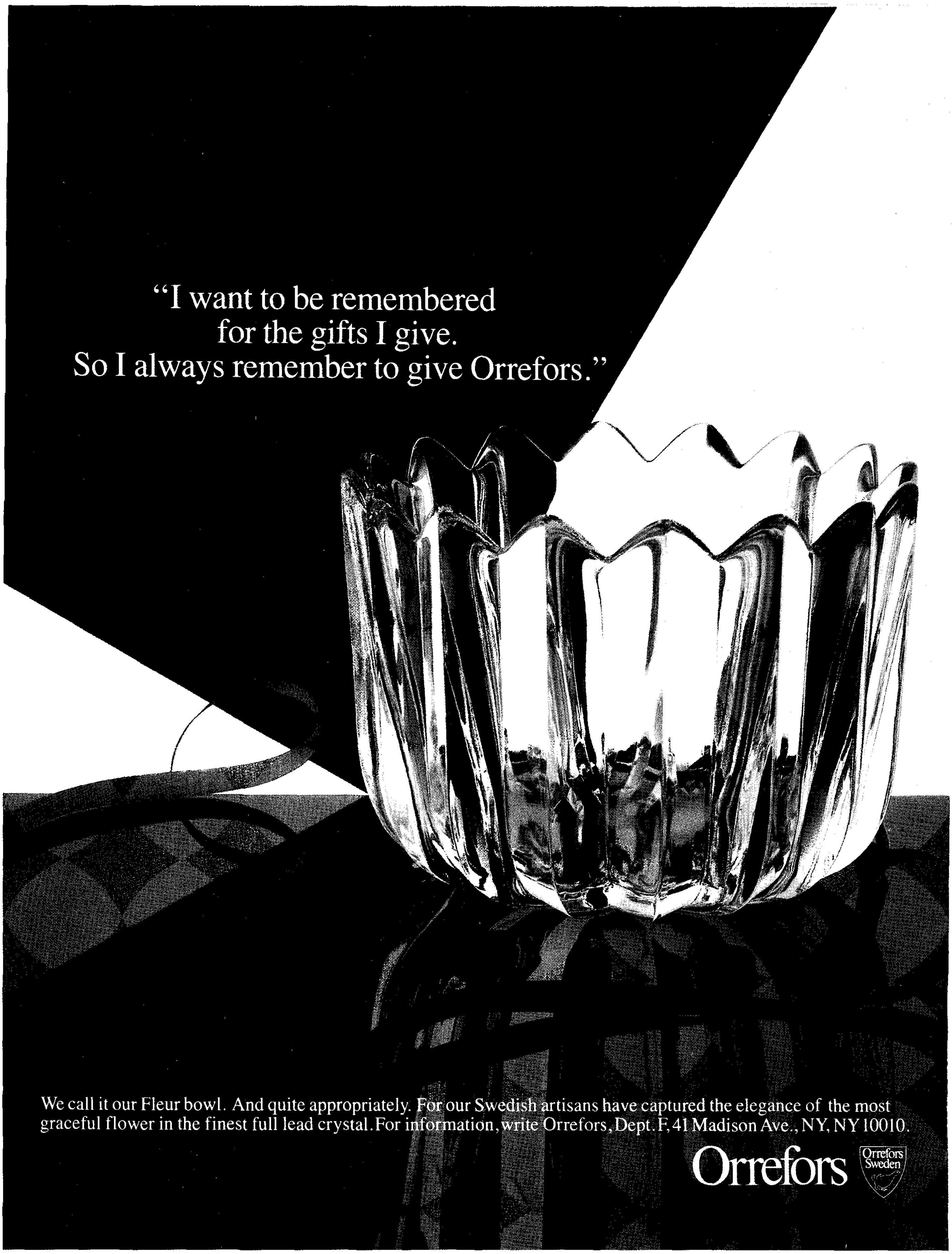

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that are both a gustatory and a visual treat, shine up your shoes and get over to the Alwyn Court, 182 West 58th Street; Petrossian has set up a sybaritic Art Deco restaurant and shop in a corner of this landmark building. Delicacies can be sampled, for a price, in the restaurant and then bought in the shop. The Petrossian family launched caviar in Paris in the nineteen-twenties, and, possibly in acknowledgment of its business acumen, the Russian government allows *only* this company to select its own caviar from the sturgeon catch from the Caspian Sea. The caviar is exquisite, as is the price: $400 for nearly eighteen ounces. Ossetra—sometimes called golden caviar, and preferred by many, because it has more flavor—is $280 for the same amount. (For those who wish to paint the lily, Petrossian has *présentoirs*, paddles, and ladles to facilitate the dispensing and eating of each perfect egg.) The Norwegian smoked salmon, line-caught, is $35 a pound, and beyond compare. The poor man's treat here is the Maviar, smoked cod roe in prime condition. It looks rather like salmon-roe jam; mixed with a little cream, it turns a lovely pale pink. It's delicious on toast; $12 a pound. Neuman & Bogdonoff, 1385 Third Avenue (79th), makes a lobster bisque without flour or cornstarch; $7.50 a pint, and worth every penny. Oyster stew is $9 a quart, and in its own way just as good; the oysters are tender even after the stew has been warmed up. Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th), has smoked prosciutto—from Pennsylvania, not Italy (the F.D.A. has banned imported prosciutto)—called Speck, for reasons unknown. Smoking seems to improve the texture and flavor of domestic prosciutto, and the price is certainly right for this one; $2.25 a quarter pound. The smoked wild-boar prosciutto is equally good, although whether or not it's better than unsmoked wild-boar prosciutto we wouldn't know; $4.95 a quarter pound. The (uncooked) poussins here come from California, where they've been fed all the correct things; $7.50 each. A pound of stuffing made of wild rice, sausage, mushrooms, and chestnuts is $18.

ANYONE planning to produce a Christmas buffet with a minimum of labor has only to reach for the telephone and the checkbook. Charlotte's has three unusual and glorious canapés: shrimp Skagen—finely chopped Norwegian shrimp with apples, dill, and a hint of onion, bound with mayonnaise—served on white-bread rounds with the Swedish golden caviar called Löjrom on top, decorated with lemon and a sprig of dill (we're going into exhaustive detail because its looks are so exceptional, as well as its taste); a cornucopia of thin-sliced smoked reindeer filled with horseradish cream; and a hot lamb patty subtly flavored with rosemary and tarragon. The only drawback of these canapés is that the guests wipe them out and spoil their appetites. Each one costs about $1.10, and they have to be ordered. Although it's difficult to imagine a thrilling lamb patty, this one is, and larger versions can be ordered for a main course. Two of these, with herbed roasted potatoes, are $9 a person, and they are good enough for a black-tie dinner. (Charlotte's might consider offering a prize to anyone who can think up a better name than "lamb patty.") The patties could be preceded by salmon mousse ($14 a pound) or hot or cold smoked salmon with a green sauce ($5.50 per person). For a terrific dessert, try the chocolate parfait in a ring mold. It's a cross between chocolate ice cream and chocolate mousse, and better than either. It comes with tuiles (thin almond cookies) and serves twelve; $22.50. Neuman & Bogdonoff has moist smoked turkey that the guests might like to pick at. On the bone, it's $8 a pound; a pound of white meat is $11, a pound of dark, $8. Bloomingdale's carries an ur-Virginia ham (with the bone), cured, washed, pepper-coated, and hung by the Edwards family, who have been at it for several generations. The raw hams weigh from twelve to fourteen pounds, and cost between $70 and $80; cooked, they weigh from eight to eleven pounds and cost from $65 to $85. The raw ham is the dry, salty kind beloved by Southerners; it's good—in small doses—with beaten biscuits, and creates a terrible thirst. The cooked ham is less dry and salty, but true lovers of Virginia ham and bourbon prefer the raw. Bundnerfleisch, an air-cured prime beef from Switzerland, is $25 a pound. It is not unlike a highly superior chipped beef, and is particularly appetizing sliced thin and served with Gruyère or fruit (such as melon). The cold filet here is $18 a pound, and comes with a container of horseradish cream. While you're at Bloomingdale's, buy some of the small watercress tarts to serve with cold meats (or hot meats, for that matter); $2 apiece. Pasta & Cheese sells a

"IF THE BOTTOM CAN'T CONDUCT HEAT SIDEWAYS, SCRAP THE PAN."

It is *even* heat that browns meat evenly, cooks onions delicately golden, makes velvety smooth sauces. Pans with thick bottoms heat evenly. Pans with thin bottoms can't.

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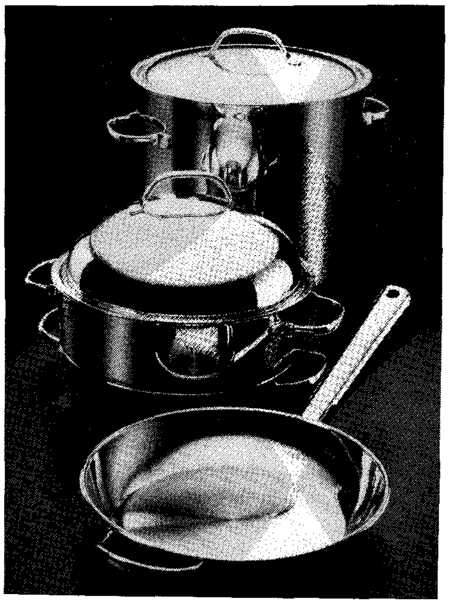
A good pot must conduct heat evenly, sideways. But that's just one criterion of a good pot. Next, we'll discuss what makes a good handle.

Carl G. Sontheimer
President, Cuisinarts, Inc.



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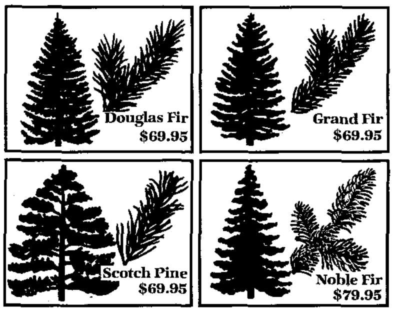

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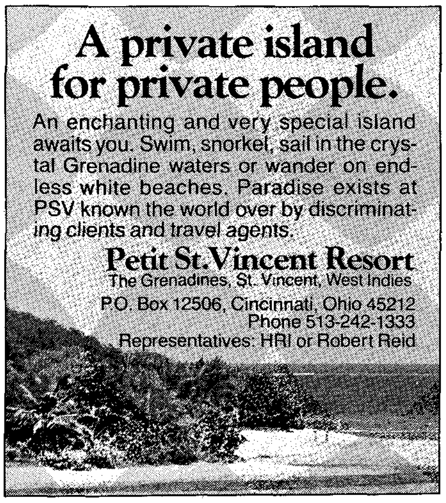
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special Hungarian salami that is the best salami we've ever eaten; about $8.50 a pound, available after December 15th. Dean & DeLuca's rillettes, which are properly made (forked and pounded, not blended), are $12 a pound. For the holiday season, D. & D. plans to have reindeer-meat pies with fresh lingonberries; $10. Anyone wanting cold meats in quantity should consider a trip to Kurowycky Meat Products, 124 First Avenue (7th), which was started in 1955 by a Ukrainian butcher. It's a scrubbed, friendly butcher shop, specializing in hams and sausages. All the curing and cooking is done on the premises by the Kurowycky family. Cooked ham is $3.60 a pound unsliced; sliced, it's $5.20 a pound. This establishment makes at least seven kinds of sausage (not counting three kinds of baloney), and for a large buffet this store is well worth going to even if it is out of your way. You can knock off a week's meat order in one stop.

Eli Zabar, of E.A.T., 867 Madison Avenue (72nd) and 1064 Madison Avenue (80th), is going in heavily this year for strudels and upside-down everything. The most succulent strudel is one with a wild-mushroom-and-wild-rice filling. The pastry is both light and chewy. Individual ones are $7.50 each; large ones are $24 a pound. The upside-down potato cake is made of chunks of red potatoes with the skins left on, roasted in a skillet with lots of butter. (Eli Zabar does not stint on butter; Eli Zabar does not stint on any ingredients.) A layer of cheese is put on top, which melts and holds the potatoes together so that the pan can be inverted to form a cake. The end result is brown and crunchy, and would be great with a roast; $25. His rich man's pizza, a tender crust filled with Nantucket scallops and mushrooms in a light egg binding, is $10 for a small one that would serve two, $20 for a large one to serve six. Duck salad, consisting of roasted yellow peppers, grilled duck meat, duck cracklings, and wild rice in a honey vinaigrette, is $24 a pint. It's very good, but even better is a salad of small potato rings (like Life Savers), haricots verts, and slivered fennel, each ingredient sautéed separately and the three then mixed without a dressing. It has a nice consistency and marriage of flavors—and it better had, at $16 a pint.

Happy news for anyone who really cares about food comes from Long Island City: Flying Foods International, 43-43 Ninth Street, is open to

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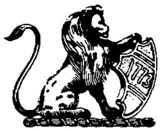
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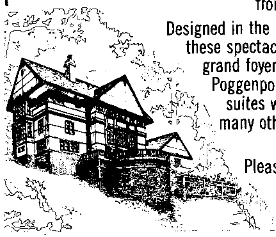

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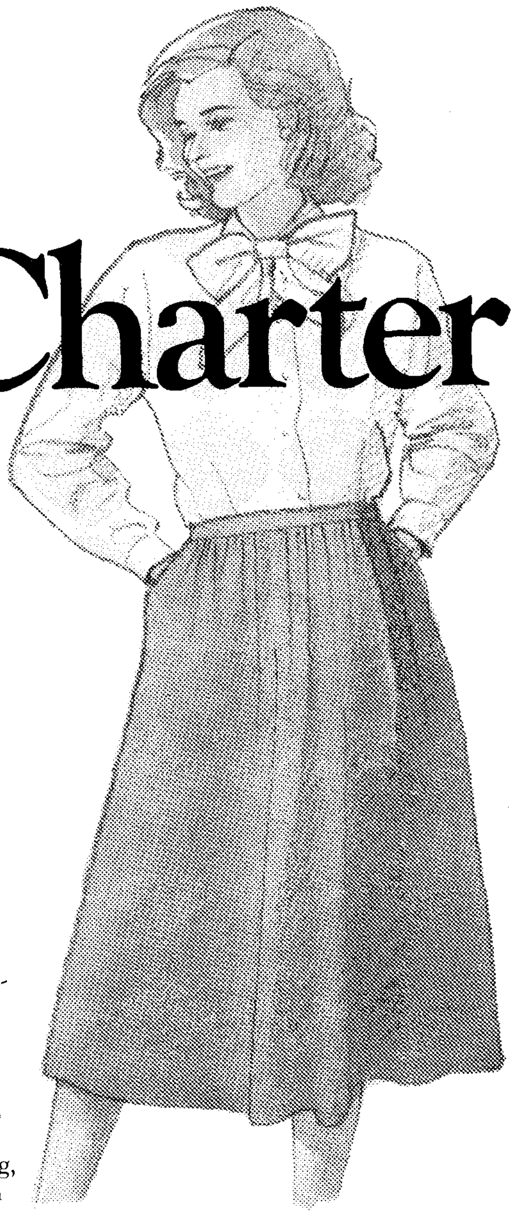
the general public on Fridays from ten to three. This company flies in foodstuffs from all over the world and caters largely to fancy restaurants and stores in the U.S.A. It is the intermediary for every exotic food you've ever heard of and quite a few you may not have. There is Scotch smoked salmon; Moulard duck breast (Moulard, a cross between Pekin duck and Muscovy, is the ultimate in duck—one full breast costs $60 and, believe it or not, will serve four); lump crabmeat ($12 a pound); New Zealand green mussels (the shell, not the body, has a jade-green edge); fresh anchovies; the requisite fish for a proper bouillabaisse (rascasse, rouget, loup de mer, vive, among others); baby vegetables; every kind of lettuce except iceberg and Boston. Although the business is housed in the Percy Bysshe Shelley Building, understand that this is a *warehouse*, with a refrigerated trailer (for the vegetables and fruits) and two walk-in refrigerators (for the fish and game). Prices are generally forty per cent less than retail prices, and the inventory varies. The building is just in back of the tennis bubble south of the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, and it is easy to get to by subway or car. Even if it were not, the trip would be worthwhile for those interested in *matière première* of the highest quality.

THE cook occasionally needs a day off, particularly during the holiday season, and to help the family survive this dereliction of duty there are establishments ranging from coleslaw delis to Table de France, 349 East 83rd Street, and we will start with the latter, because it is in a class by itself. The owner and chef is a young man named Rémy Gautier, formerly of Normandy, the French Embassy in Amsterdam, the French Consulate in New York, and the Hotel Carlyle, who knows what he's doing and how to do it. The pâté de campagne and the duck pâté are moist, with real body and flavor. (There's lots of pretty good pâté around, but with the exception of these two we have trouble telling one from another, even unblindfolded.) They are seasoned without being overherbed; $3.95 and $4.25 a half pound, respectively. He has a light hand with pastry. The onion-and-tomato tart has a consistency and a synergistic combination of flavors that put it head and shoulders above any others we've had; $3.25 for a quarter of a pie. A crème caramel that would serve eight is $12 and on a scale of one to ten gets an eleven. The Tarte Tatin is correctly made and costs $14.50; chocolate truffles (creamy inside, and not too sweet) are $10 for a half pound of the dark chocolate, $12 for a half pound of the white. This is a short list of M. Gautier's many culinary accomplishments. (His salad dressing makes even plastic tomatoes taste like something.) Anyone wishing to import a Christmas dinner would do well to have a little talk with him.

As for the rest of the takeout shops, what's most noticeable this year is the high quality of the soups. Aside from lobster bisque and oyster stew, Neuman & Bogdonoff makes an excellent hearty beef-and-barley soup, for $4.50 a pint; with bread and salad, it would do for lunch. The spinach pie here, made with scallions, pine nuts, eggs, cottage cheese, and cream (and spinach), is a meal in itself, and a good one; $6 a pound. Fisher & Levy, 1026 Second Avenue (54th), always has three soups on hand. The mushroom soup is particularly satisfying; $5.50 a quart. There are also cooked (but not overcooked) cold meats; filet is $22 a pound, roast beef is $10 a pound. Teriyaki duck legs are $8 a pound; boneless duck breast is $10. Sachs & Horne's frittata is smooth and tasty; $3 a wedge. To our amazement, even the pasta salad here is good. It's combined with broccoli in an anchovy mayonnaise; $6 a pound. The only other pasta salad that we liked is at the French Bakery. It's basically a lettuce-and-tomato salad with some pasta thrown in and a very good French dressing, obviously made by a Frenchman—and the chef is. The tuna-fish salad, with slices of hard-boiled eggs, is also remarkable; $2.75 a pint for each. The salads here vary according to the chef's whim; it's an exceptional cook who can make something out of these two warhorses. The Silver Palate, 274 Columbus Avenue (73rd), has an enormous menu, which it would take a year to work through, but we can recommend the soups—five daily. The carrot vichyssoise and the eggplant are excellent, and cost $3.85 a pint. The frittata ($9.75 a pound), the eggplant caponata ($9.50 a pound), and the wheat pilaf with currants and scallions, flavored with orange juice and slices of peel ($8.95 a pound), are all first-rate, as are the apple cobbler ($4.50 a pound) and the lemon squares (eighty-five cents each). As You Like It, 120 Hudson Street (North Moore, if that helps), has su-



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The skirt is even nicer to feel than to look at in our catalog. It's fully lined, and it has a taped hem and a cleaner front, because the waistband is taped, too. The seams are pressed open. They are not sewn. And wonder of wonders, it has two commodious pockets, for the working woman who occasionally wants to put her hands in them, to make her point. One final nicety: it has two helpful hanger loops. The Charter Skirt: an unbelievable value at $58.

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perior salads. What makes them so special is their freshness and the dressings. Autumn (watercress, radicchio, endive, shiitake mushrooms, with a walnut-oil dressing) is $3 a quarter pound; chicken-and-tomato with dill in a creamy dressing is $2.75 a quarter pound. Brownies with nuts are $2.50 each; without nuts, they're $2. A dark, dense gingerbread is $1.50 a slice. A lattice-crust pie filled with mincemeat that has been aged in *fine champagne* is the only excellent mince pie that we've run across this year. Unlike most of the pies in this city, this one has a crust that isn't too thick, and the filling has been lightened with apple; $25. A tartelette is $3.50. As You Like It also has strings and wreaths of red peppers of varying degrees of hotness, costing from $12 to $24, and very attractive. Country Host has more substantial fare: the steak-and-kidney pie has lots of meat, neither overcooked nor overherbed, and the crust is good; $10 for a pie that would serve four. Priscilla's, 35 Jane Street, is a cozy store that carries several unusual items along with the usual ones. The chicken lemon consommé with rice is $2.75 for sixteen ounces—and ambrosia to anyone who is all tired out from Christmas shopping. The Brazilian turnovers are not soothing, but they would make a snappy hors d'oeuvre. Stuffed with beef, black olives, and Parmesan or with spinach, onions, walnuts, and cheddar, they are equally fine; ninety-five cents each. A delicate individual vegetable timbale is the same price. Priscilla's has the timbales every day, and they would do nicely for either one person or a dinner party. For a change of pace, try Bennies, 321 Amsterdam Avenue (75th) and 37 Seventh Avenue (13th), owned and run by two Lebanese doctors—one a plastic surgeon, the other a pediatrician. The food changes daily, and all of it is very fresh and piquant. Of three chicken salads (not one of them is curried) the Simmokie (thin-sliced chicken, roasted new potatoes, mushrooms, and avocado with Simmok seasoning) is a triumph; $9 a pound. Mudardara (brown rice, lentils, and sautéed onions) is $2.95 a half pound. The tabbouleh is superlative (lots of parsley); $8 a pound, which is a huge amount of tabbouleh.

SOME presents that the cook might like to buy for himself: A pound of unsalted Vermont butter made by the Cabot Farmers' Coöperative Creamery. It's as special as butter from Normandy, but, unlike butter from Normandy, it's packed in bars; $4.50 a pound at Bloomingdale's. At Pasta & Cheese, a half pound of granulated maple sugar is $3.75, and a box (approximately three ounces) of Rolf's Lavosh (crisp, waferlike Armenian bread) is $1.25. William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), always has packages of large square, very thin slices of bread—white, whole wheat, rye, and pumpernickel; ten slices for $1. A few of these in the freezer would be handy. Anyone who wants to be the first on the block with a new macaroni shape should head for Dean & DeLuca, where there is tremendous excitement over marille, the first new shape in fifty years and "made to simulate undulating waves in the Bay of Naples," Giorgio DeLuca informed us; $1.95 a pound. Unhulled Basmati rice is extra-long-grained rice with a red-brown bran layer. It's beautiful to look at, with a nutty flavor, chewy, and a third the price of wild rice; $3.90 a pound. Balducci's has four jars of concentrated sauces—black-olive, artichoke, pesto, and sun-dried-tomato—to put on pasta, fish, sandwiches, or whatever; between $3 and $6 for roughly six ounces. A "fresh tomato" sauce, Le Conserve Della Nonna, is $1.65 for twelve ounces. We jazzed up a dull piece of fish with the artichoke, and on another occasion we mixed the fresh-tomato sauce with the black-olive and put it on spaghetti. Although the phone didn't ring off the hook with requests for the recipes, both sauces were better than O.K., and these jars are good to have in the larder for emergencies.

For those who don't wish to arrive on someone else's doorstep empty-handed, Zabar's is selling a very large jar of Russian strawberry jam. (Because of the language barrier, we couldn't read the label, but it certainly *tasted* like strawberry jam.) The Russians do not concern themselves much

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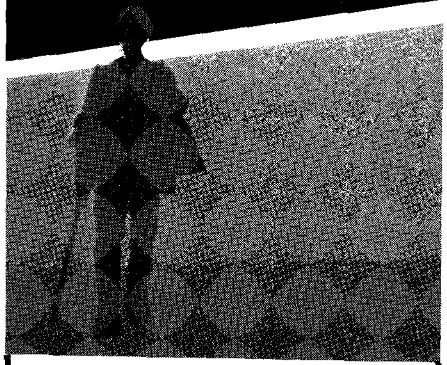

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with packaging, and this works in the consumer's favor; the price is $1.98 for one pound six ounces. A huge, seven-pound tin of Dundee marmalade is $17.50 at Bloomingdale's. It could be kept in the icebox and ladled into the marmalade jar as needed. A ten-ounce jar of pure cider jelly, made in Vermont, is $3.25 at Sachs & Horne. It is absolutely delicious, whether painted on game before roasting or served on the side. Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, has Cockburn's Port Wine Jelly in a shiny black crock; $17.95 for twelve ounces. (See what packaging does to prices?) Again, this would be good with game, or with cream cheese and crackers. Also available here are David Glass's Mousse Balls. (For the last couple of years, David Glass has made an excellent, very rich chocolate-mousse cake that has caused backsliding among dieters throughout the Greater Metropolitan Area.) They are the size of golf balls and are made of chocolate mousse dusted with praline powder. They come in gold fluted cups, and can be eaten frozen, like ice cream, or thawed, like mousse. They're great; $14.95 a pound—about sixteen. (Maison Glass will ship them by air if the customer is up to paying an extra $12.95.) A smoked-tuna and salmon-mousse spread of character is $5 for six ounces at Maison Glass. Dean & DeLuca carries a smoked-salmon pâté made by Pinney of Scotland, which is excellent; $2.25 for four ounces. (Both of these can be frozen.) A tin of four whole white unslippery, almost perfumed French peaches, fit to put before a king, is $6.50 at Petrossian. A small package of six fresh amaretti is $4.75 at Pasta & Cheese, and an even smaller amount of saffron—one ounce—is $55, packed in a pretty tin. Unless the recipient makes bouillabaisse or saffron rice on a regular basis, this should be practically a lifetime supply. (The reason it's the world's most expensive spice is that some seventy-five thousand crocus stigmas, hand-harvested, are needed to produce one pound.)

Whenever we brought up the subject of cheese this year, the buyers' hands would rise in a "Stop!" gesture, their heads would shake, and a deep sadness would pass over their faces, as though there had been a death in the family too painful to mention. There has been: the F.D.A. has lowered the boom on all raw-milk cheeses (unless they have been cured for sixty days and kept at a certain temperature), with special reference to *French* raw-milk cheeses. Furthermore, the F.D.A. has put pressure on the French to police the export of raw-milk cheeses at their end. So there are other cheeses. From France: Mimolette, a hard, orange cheese that looks like a squashed cannonball and can be bought young or aged. (The young is creamier and not as sharp.) It costs about $4.50 a pound at Zabar's and is available at many other stores. From Italy: Maurella, a semisoft cheese "rather like a Port Salut," but not as distinctive in flavor; $6.35 a pound at Dean & DeLuca. Formaggio del Castagneto is a creamy goat cheese, wrapped in a fake (by law) chestnut leaf, and though it would probably not interest true goat-cheese aficionados, the rest of us think it's delicious; $5.98 for three-quarters of a pound at Zabar's. From Belgium: Père Joseph, a semisoft cheese, "rather like a Port Salut," but not as gummy; $3.98 a pound at Zabar's. (We're dutifully reporting these items; a deep sadness is beginning to come over us.)

WHAT this city does not suffer from is a lack of bakers. Right now, it is chockablock with brioches; they are edging out croissants this year. Golden Brioche, 1333 Broadway (36th) and 954 Lexington Avenue (69th), has been turning out brioches for five generations, and makes everything out of not very rich brioche dough. Baby brioches are $2 a dozen; a brioche with ham and Gruyère is $1.75. Pain brioche is $2 for a twelve-ounce loaf. It makes fancy toast and excellent little foie-gras sandwiches. At the French Bakery, the numerous bread orders from French restaurants posted on the wall inspire confidence. Mini brioches and croissants are forty-five cents each; a delicious croissant filled with creamed spinach and gooey Swiss cheese or with ham and cheese is $1.85; an almond croissant is $1.25. Chaussons—apple turnovers that actually taste like the French ones—are $1 each. For Christmas, the shop will have seven or eight kinds of miniature tarts, éclairs, and cream puffs; $8.40 a dozen, and they don't have to be specially ordered. On weekends, Pasta & Cheese has three kinds of bread from an upstate group called Bread Alone: rye, walnut, and seven-grain. Each round loaf is so packed with healthful ingredients that one slice seems like a meal. It also tastes good; $2 a loaf. For a less filling bread, Toscano, Bloomingdale's crusty Italian loaf, made by the resident lady baker, is

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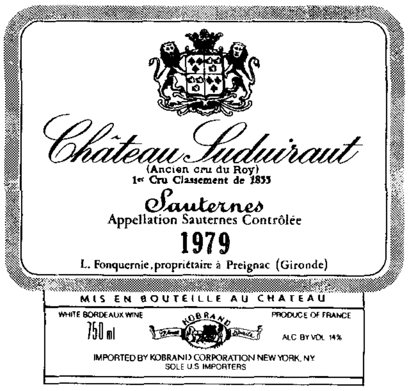
Recognizing the difference in individual preferences, we know that no one wine will delight every palate. What our trademark does assure you of is a wine you can select with confidence. And serve with pride.


Château Suduiraut
(Ancien cru du Roy)
1er Cru Classement de 1855
Sauternes
Appellation Sauternes Contrôlée
1979
L. Fonquernie, propriétaire à Preignac (Gironde)
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WHITE BORDEAUX WINE
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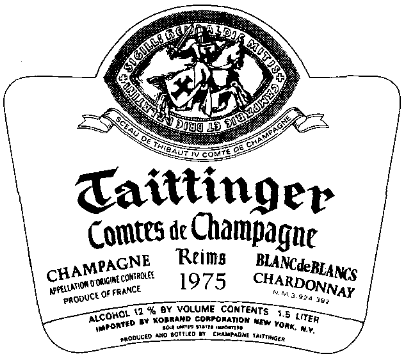
SCEAU DE THIBAUT IV COMTE DE CHAMPAGNE
Taittinger
Comtes de Champagne
CHAMPAGNE
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CHARDONNAY
ALCOHOL 12 % BY VOLUME CONTENTS 1.5 LITER
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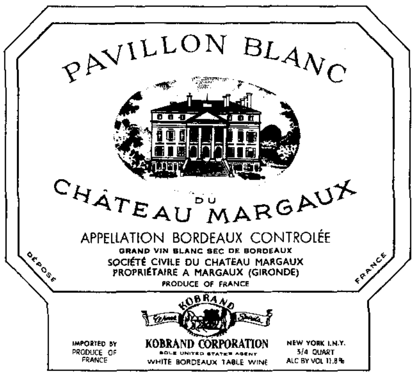
PAVILLON BLANC
DU
CHÂTEAU MARGAUX
APPELLATION BORDEAUX CONTROLÉE
GRAND VIN BLANC SEC DE BORDEAUX
SOCIÉTÉ CIVILE DU CHATEAU MARGAUX
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DÉPOSÉ
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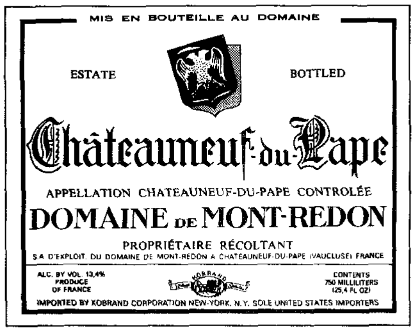
MIS EN BOUTEILLE AU DOMAINE
ESTATE
BOTTLED
Châteauneuf-du-Pape
APPELLATION CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE CONTROLÉE
DOMAINE DE MONT-REDON
PROPRIÉTAIRE RÉCOLTANT
S.A. D'EXPLOIT. DU DOMAINE DE MONT-REDON A CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE (VAUCLUSE) FRANCE
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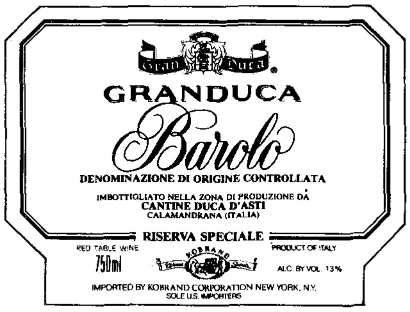
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GRANDUCA
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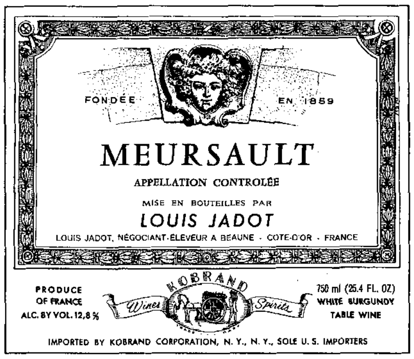
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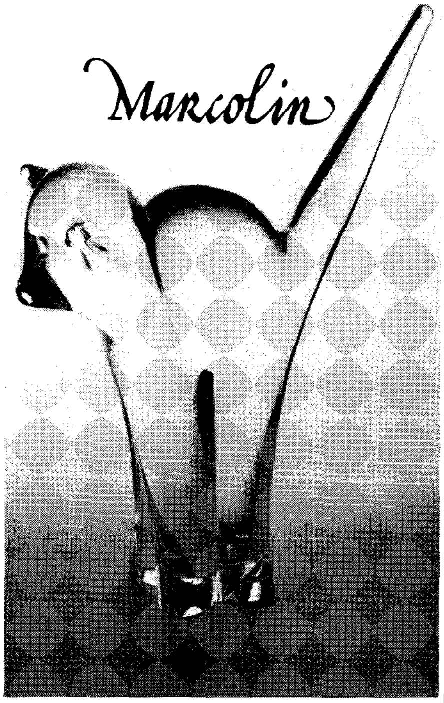

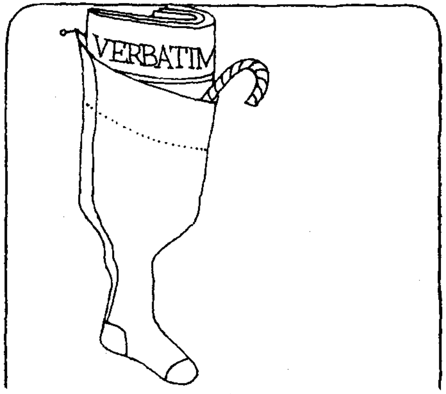

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$2 or $3, depending on size. Afghan bread, a narrow doormat with a Middle Eastern taste, is available fresh every day at Zabar's; $1.59. Bonté, 1316 Third Avenue (75th), has a pain brioche that is larger and yellower than most—more like the French—and costs $4.75 a loaf. A bag of ten madeleines is $4.25, and they are as moist as madeleines made outside the home can be. Bonté also has the only decent iced petits fours that we've been able to find. There are three kinds—Grand Marnier-and-butter-cream, mocha, and chocolate—and each one is a delectable sweetie. They're made on weekends and to order; $10 a dozen. Leonard Baking Company, 1412 Third Avenue (80th), has three marvellous and reasonably priced items. A plain orange-chiffon sponge cake that would feed ten is $7.25; with a shiny orange glaze and bits of marmalade chunks, it is $8.75. This cake is so light that it moves when you cut it. Individual cheesecakes are baked in small Bundt molds and dusted with graham-cracker crumbs, so that they don't look naked. They are very light and moist, and will keep, *out* of the icebox, for three days. One will feed two people; $1.75. (This is the cheesecake Mr. Leonard started with, thirty years ago.) Florentines—very thin lace cookies with dribbles of dark chocolate, like a Pollock—are $12.90 a pound, and that's a lot of Florentines. Kerrie and Oscar Buitrago, owners and chefs of Pierrot, never rest on their laurels. They are now making a supreme Tarte Tatin; the apples, the caramelizing, the pastry are exactly right—no cheating. A medium-sized one is $16, a large one $25. Their tiny, delectable tarts (pecan, Linzer, or plum) are $7.20 a dozen. Their financiers (chewy almond cakes) in rectangles or ovals are seventy cents each; smaller rectangles are $10 a pound. Their pain brioche is $3 a loaf, and they now make a superb Danish (as an alternative to their superb croissant); $1.

For the children, William Poll has the Dove Bar, a swanky version of the Good Humor. It's larger than a Good Humor, comes in five flavors, and is covered with thick, dark chocolate; $2.75. The brightest star in the gelato-parlor scene is the Café Della Palma, 327 Columbus Avenue (75th), and it will in no way remind you of the drugstore on the corner in your home town. There is a panelled ceiling of blue sky and clouds, faux

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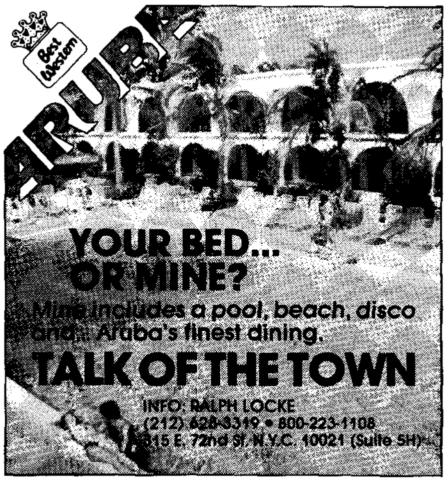
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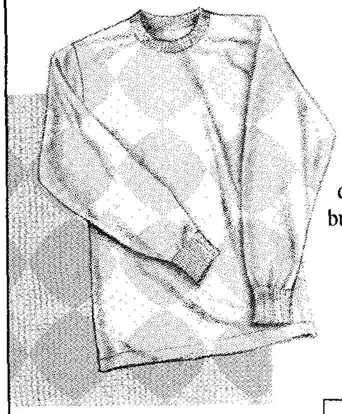

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Ladies'	4-6	8-10	12-14	16-18

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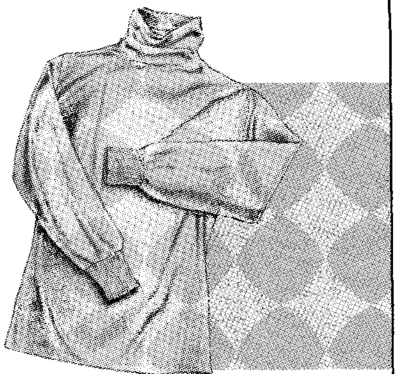

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	XS	S	M	L	XL
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Ladies'	4-6	8-10	12	14-16	18-20

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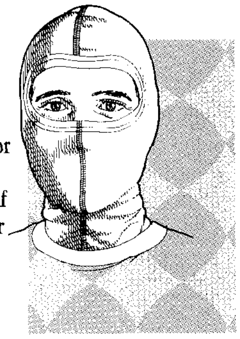

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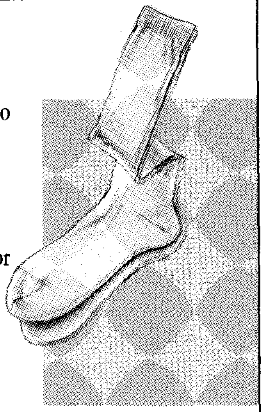

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Mid-Calf Height Sock Liners: 1 for **$8.95 ea.**; 3 for **$8.50 ea.**; 6 for **$8.25 ea.**; 12 for **$7.95 ea.**

Sock Sizes	XS	S	M	L	XL
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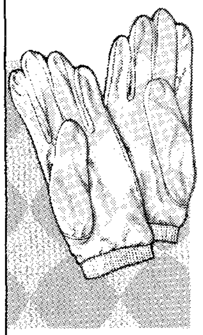

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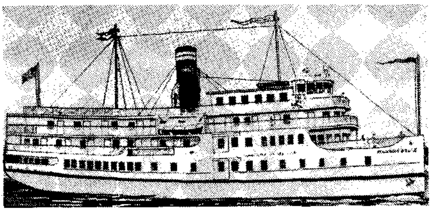

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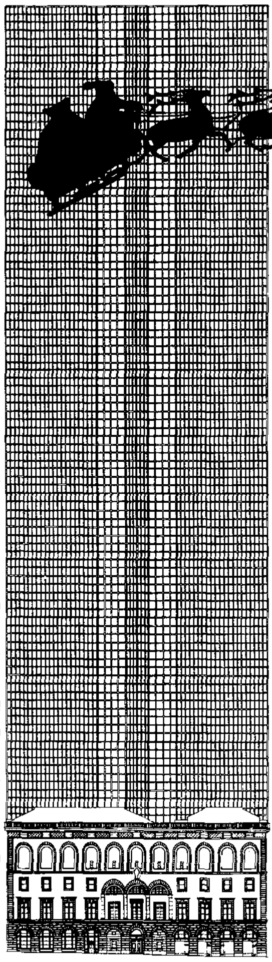
marbre outside, real marbre inside, but the décor is nowhere near as seductive as the gelati, which are made with five-per-cent-butterfat milk and have one-third fewer calories than regular ice cream. The management claims to have a hundred and seventy flavors of gelati and sorbetti on a rotating basis. We only got around to ten, all wonderful. A pint of anything is $4.95. An exceptionally good, very dense chocolate ice cream can be bought at Bloomingdale's for $4.95 a pint. New York Ice, 113 Seventh Avenue (Christopher Street), makes a strong espresso ice cream for grown-ups; $3.50 a pint. Dean & DeLuca has three kinds of pâtes de fruits (glorified gumdrops); the prettiest of all are fruit-shaped pâtes with leaves. Flavored with cassis, raspberry, or greengage, each has a distinctive character; fifty-five cents apiece.

Christmas cookies are so often disappointing—they look good but don't always taste so hot—that we're going to mention only some cookies we think are unusually good, even if they aren't in the shape of Santa Claus and don't have sprinkles. Sarabeth's Kitchen, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (79th) and 1295 Madison Avenue (92nd), has miniature gingerbread and shortbread men, in a large mason jar, for $7.50, and she is again making thin, delicious palmiers; $14 for one pound. Priscilla's chocolate-chip cookies are especially good; $3.75 for a half pound. The thin gingerbread cookies here have always been first-rate, and for Christmas she is decorating them (tree, angel, Santa Claus); small ones are fifty cents each and large ones seventy-five. Dean & DeLuca's triple truffle cakes are a cross between a cake and a truffle, very rich, with a wonderful flavor and consistency. They will be available in time for Christmas. Our favorite cookie this year is a meringue puff, light as a nun's sigh, with bits of chocolate in it. It shatters, but it is also chewy; $9 a pound at Country Host.

To Whom It May Concern: New York Ice, maker of extraordinarily good ices and ice creams, has branched out into the field of Swiss gum balls. They are decorated with bright-colored icing to resemble, for example, ladybugs, lions, pigs, chickens, or toadstools; $1 each. A few of these (carefully wrapped) in the toe of a stocking would be well received by a large portion of the population under eighteen.



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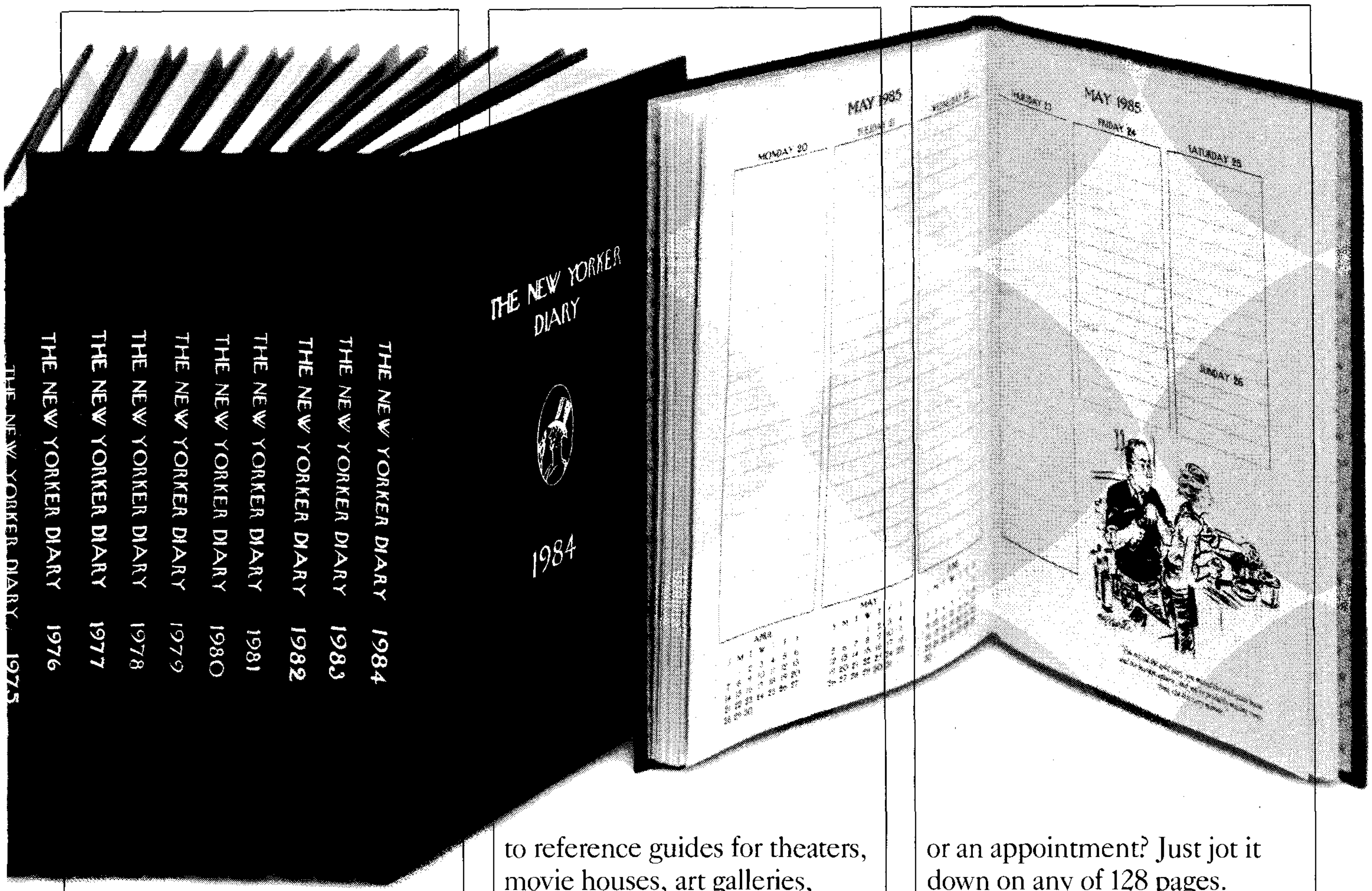
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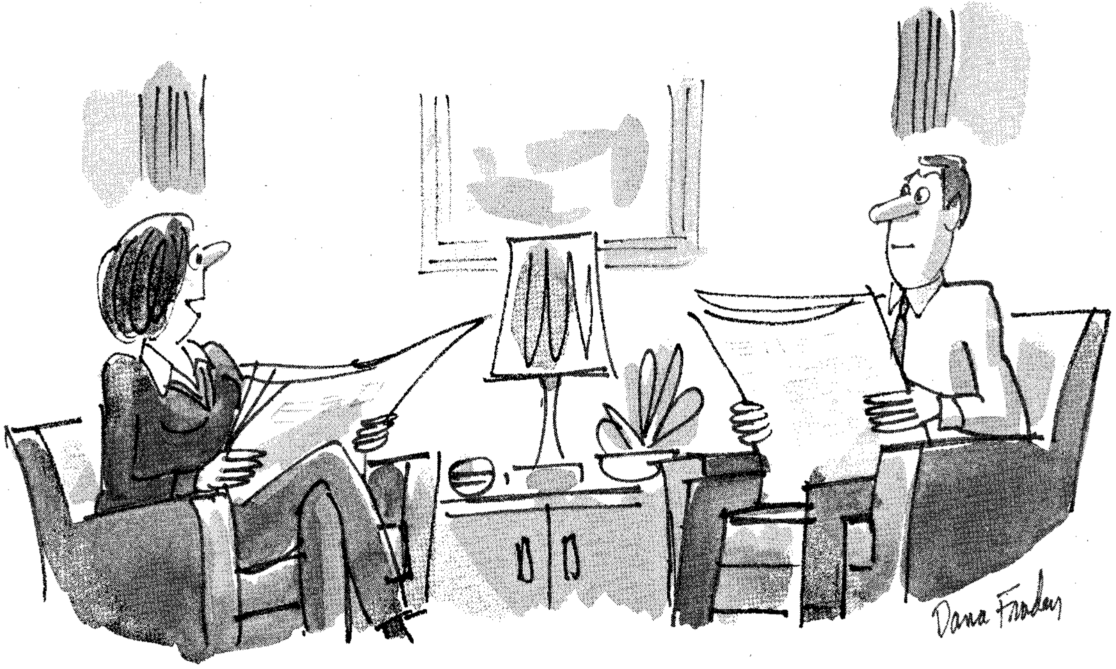
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

HEREWITH some impressions of the New York Shakespeare Festival's "La Bohème," at the Public, after seeing two performances, with two of the five available combinations of Mimis and Rodolfos. In spite of many misgivings (I had disliked the Festival's up-to-date "Pirates of Penzance," a few years ago, and dreaded an up-to-date, condescending "Bohème"), I found it absolutely captivating—the first time around, that is. It was only at the second exposure that a few qualms rose to the surface. Linda Ronstadt sang and played Mimi with utter simplicity and directness, and her smoky beauty made hers a star performance (the score having been somewhat adjusted to her voice). Opposite her, David Carroll, as Rodolfo, is a fine singer and a born star if ever there was one. The use, especially in supporting roles, of actors who can sing well enough (and sometimes better than that) instead of singers who can act—sort of—makes all the difference, giving the show the spirit and buoyancy of the best musicals. Puccini's glorious score is indestructible, in any case, and it is certainly enhanced by the abbreviated orchestra, under the direction of William Elliott, who was also the musical supervisor. Among the supporting players I especially admired Howard McGillin, as Marcel, and Keith David and Neal Klein, as Rodolfo's two other "vagrant" roommates; the casting of funny, charming Cass Morgan as funny, charming Musette was inspired. In the second version I saw, Patti Cohenour, a delicate blond beauty with a trained classical voice, made a very credible Mimi, but Gary Morris, by profession a country-music singer, and a good one, seemed ill at ease as Rodolfo. The English words—adaptation and new lyrics by David Spencer—mostly work pretty well, although their pronunciation could stand some improvement, and I noticed (second time around) some deadly rhymed couplets. I have nothing but praise for the production, under Wilford Leach's capable direction, with the citizens of Paris rushing up and down the aisles and through the entire theatre. The deplorable subject of microphones must be left for another occasion. The effective scenery was designed by Bob Shaw and lighted by Paul Gallo, and the fine costumes were designed by Jane Greenwood. Joseph Papp's "Bohème" will never replace Giacomo Puccini's, but it makes a lovely show all the same.

"THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS," based on the painting by Hieronymus Bosch, is indeed the theatrical wonder it is reputed to be. Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, for Lyn Austin's Lenox Arts Center, it was first done here last year and is now back at St. Clement's through December 8th. It is an exquisite, witty, satiric, and tough amalgam of music (delightful music, by Richard Peaslee), choreographed movement, acrobatics, pantomime, and acting. It employs, in short, every resource of the theatre except words. The show opens in semi-darkness, and as the stage lightens, the members of the company, Miss Clarke among them, appear in flesh-colored leotards—the effect is of nakedness—in the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve dance in romantic innocence until Eve is handed the apple, by a dancer who flicks her tongue like a serpent: end of innocence. What follows, among other Earthly Delights, is the Seven Deadly Sins. At one point, the members of the company put on the clothes of fifteenth-century peasants for purposes of especially coarse and funny delights. Throughout, there are marvellous images and effects overhead, with the performers on trapezes or flown around on wires. The instrumentalists are also participants in the action. That, I think, is all the information I need to give you, except to say that the teeming imaginations of Miss Clarke and her colleagues are in this instance a match for that of Mr. Bosch. The abundance of details is astonishing, and all of them play. The remarkable, eloquent lighting was designed by Paul Gallo; the flying was arranged by Foy.

"SHORT EYES," Miguel Piñero's play about prison life, seemed strong and disturbing ten years ago—mostly, I realize now, because of its circumstances. It was written by Mr. Piñero for a group of ex-convicts whom he had worked with in prison, and was performed by them once they got out. As it has been revived at the admirable Second Stage, one can see that there is not much of a play there; it is more a collection of unsparing, illustrative scenes, some brutal and a few comic—of racial abrasiveness and enjoyment, of a homosexual seduction, of sudden kindness, of a murder disguised as a suicide—and a number of clumsily introduced monologues. "Short eyes," in



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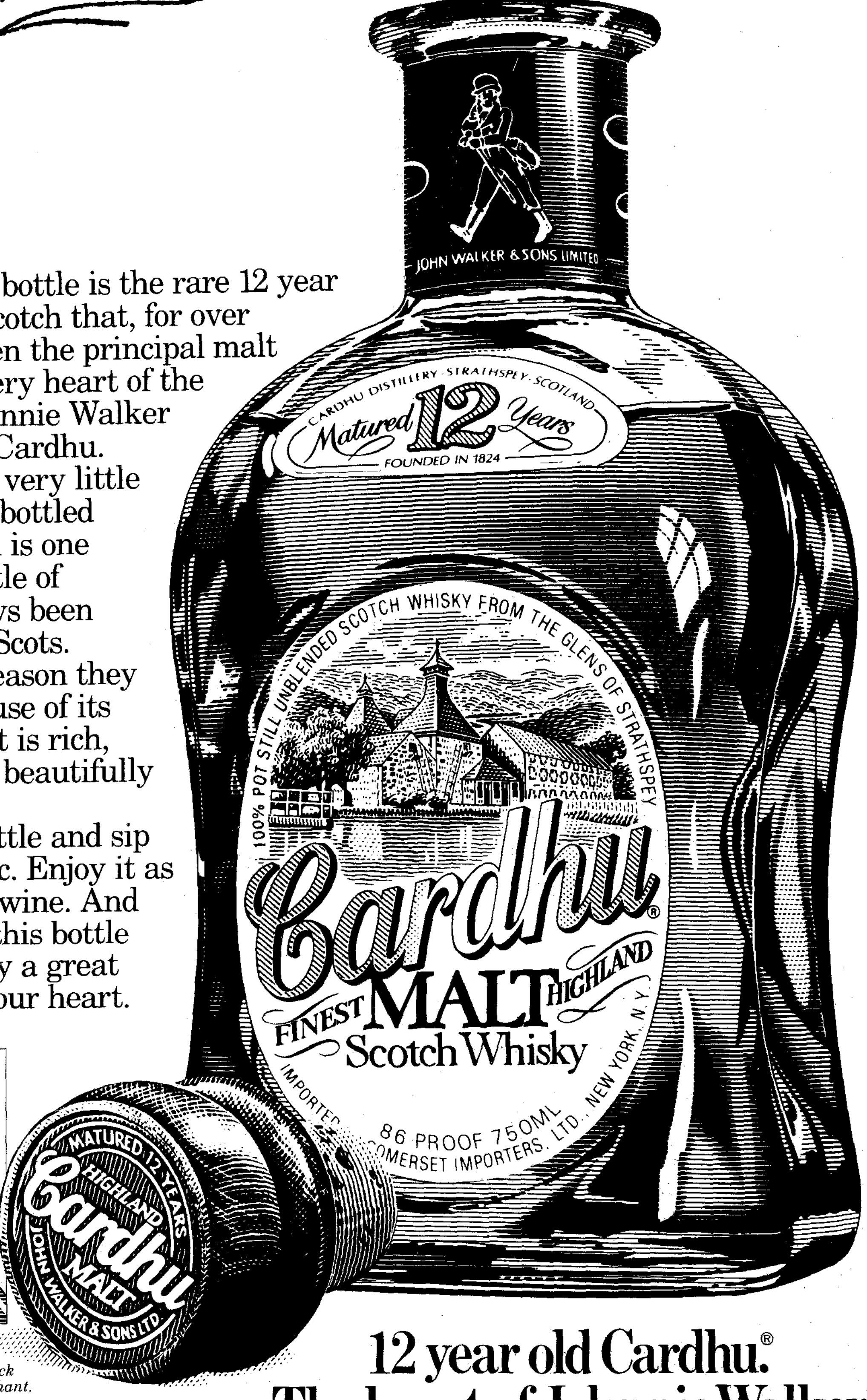

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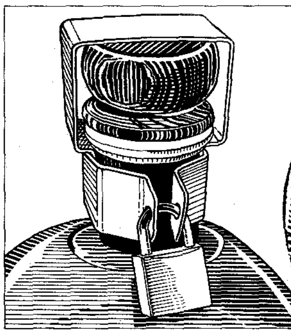

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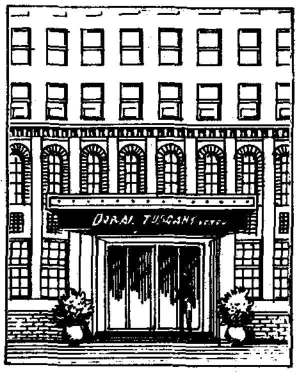

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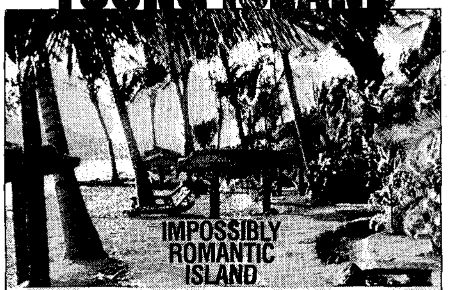

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prison argot, means child molester or rapist, and the story, such as it is, concerns a white man who is brought in for child rape and is tormented and abused by the other prisoners for his contemptible crime. That he is white has some significance, but not much; it is the crime itself that is important. Michael O'Keefe is totally believable in the title role; bewildered almost to numbness, he is not even sure that he molested this particular child—although, he confesses, there have been others. Among the good actors are Esai Morales, Paul Calderon, Reggie Montgomery, Larry Fishburne, and David Patrick Kelly. David Jenkins' setting of the prison dayroom is appropriately grim. Kevin Conway directed.

I HAVE little more than enthusiastic agreement to add to Brendan Gill's praise (in 1981 and again earlier this year) of "The Big Apple Circus," in Lincoln Center, except the suggestion that you try to attend one of the 11 A.M. performances, and perhaps find yourself surrounded, as I was, by noisy, ecstatic children.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Wilhelm praised Hanley, who became president of the international union in 1973. "The union he took over was in danger of distinction," he said.—*New Haven Register.*

And now?

•

Picasso was not an artist who had done one thing perfectly and thereafter lapsed into anomie. He had indeed made a colossal contribution in his 20s. Before 1914, in association with his friend and colleague Georges Braque, he had brought mankind the gift of Cubist painting, which is by general consent the greatest single achievement of the 20th century.—*John Russell in the International Herald Tribune.*

Noted.

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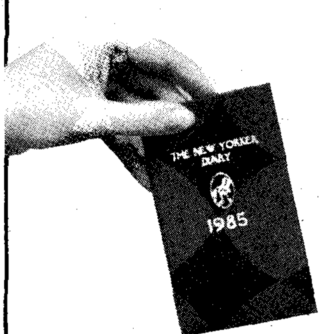

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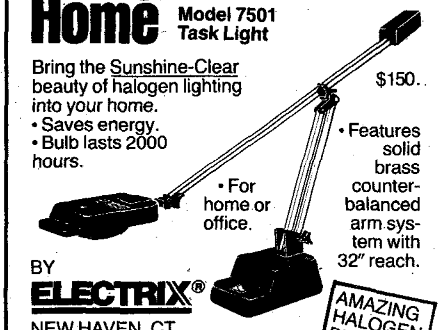

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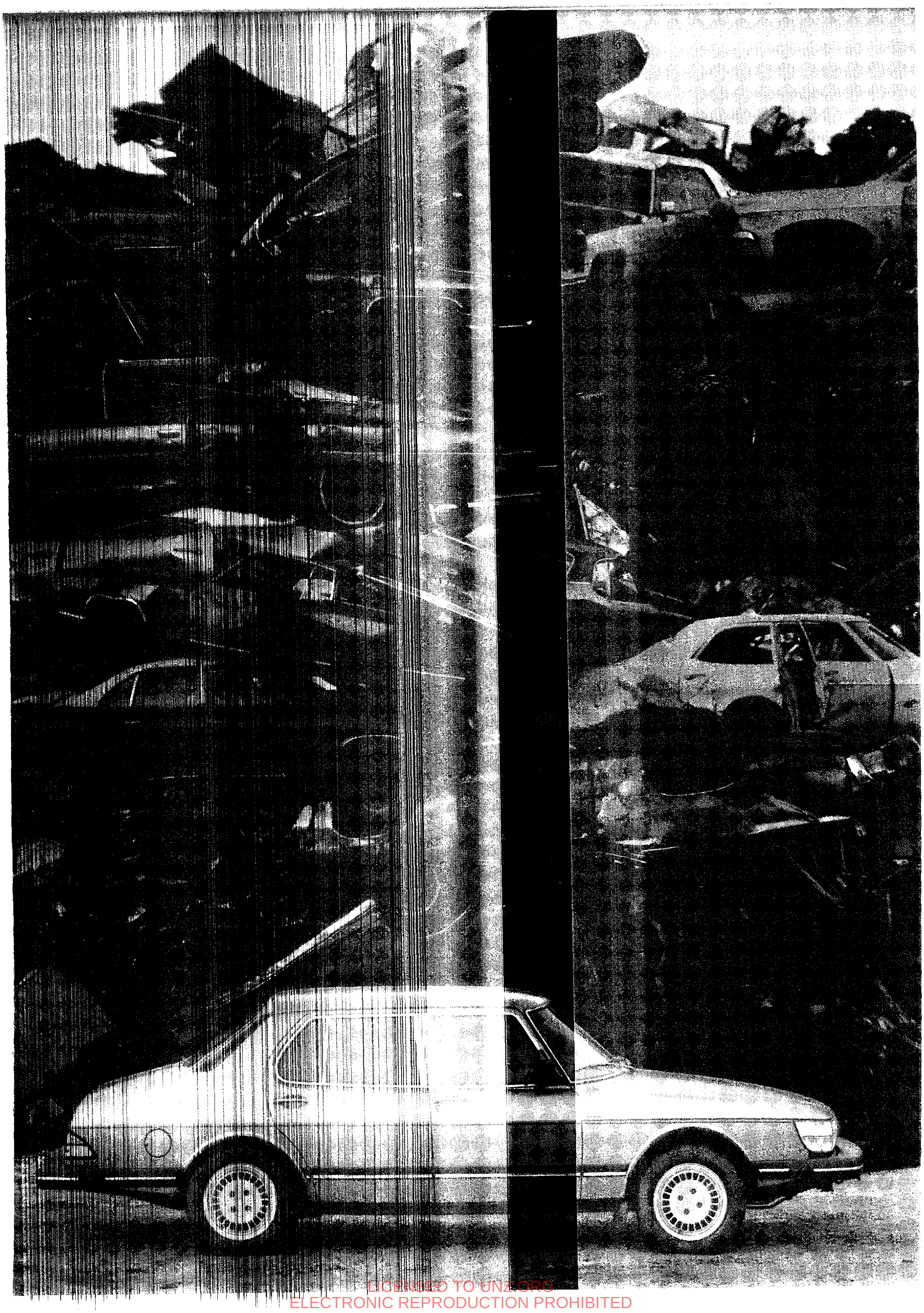

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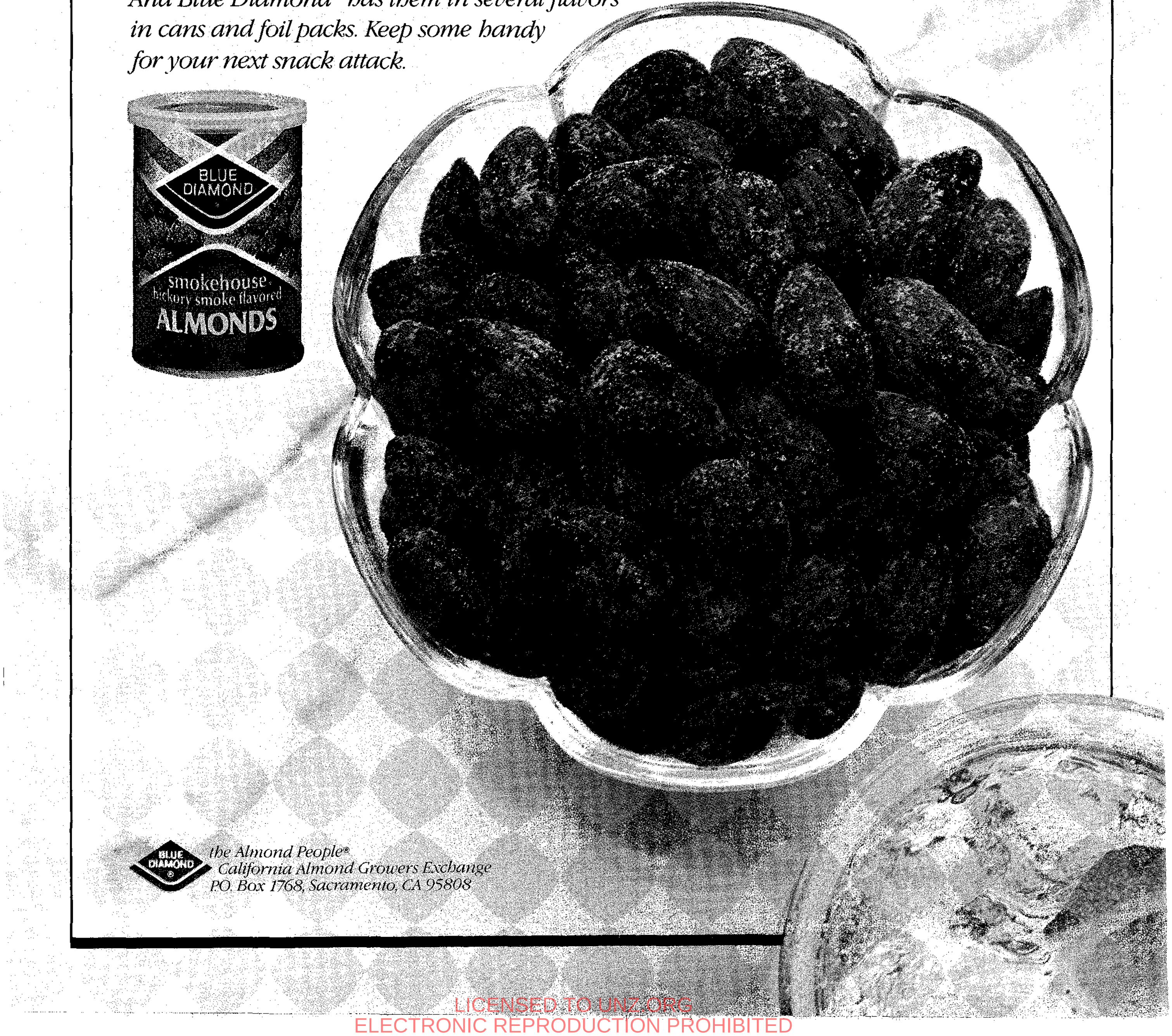
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Unreal

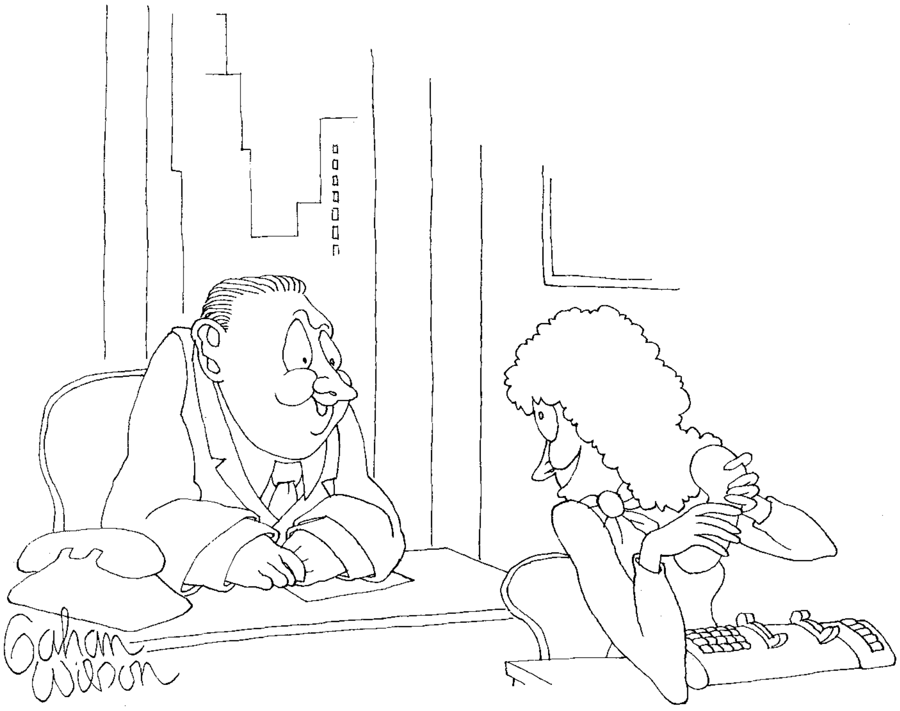
"The Killing Fields," which is based on Sydney Schanberg's 1980 *Times Magazine* article "The Death and Life of Dith Pran," is by no means a negligible movie. It shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The picture is at its most powerful when nobody is saying a word. When the director, Roland Joffé, and his cinematographer, Chris Menges, are looking at the wind from the choppers buffeting the American evacuees or at roads packed with masses of confused, displaced people or at purplish, hothouse landscapes, each widescreen image seems to make a complete statement. These images suggest paintings, because the horror and the exotic colors are "unreal." We see what Dith Pran meant in the article when he said that "in the water wells, the bodies were like soup bones in broth, and you could always tell the killing grounds because the grass grew taller and greener." The landscapes appear to absorb the cruelty and the corpses and remain pristine—paradisal. The imagery suggests a documentary made by a macabre lyric poet. It's the shallow foreground story that keeps letting us down.

In the article, Schanberg, who was the *Times*' correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, recalls his friendship with Pran, his interpreter and assistant, who stayed on with him in Phnom Penh after the Americans were evacuated, because Schanberg was determined to cover the story and Pran knew that Schanberg would be helpless without him. The fast-thinking, multilingual Pran was able to save Schanberg—and Jon Swain, the correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, and Al Rockoff, an American free-lance photographer—from slaughter by the Khmer Rouge soldiers, but his Caucasian friends weren't allowed to keep him with them, and he had to slip off into the countryside. The article was a record of Schanberg's subsequent efforts to locate Pran, and the remorse and general anguish that he experienced until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding and pretending to have been an illiterate cabdriver, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. Schanberg's account may have seemed like first-rate screen material: a story of the friendship of an Asian and an American, against the canvas of a brutal revolution.

But as it comes across in this British film, Pran, played by Haing S. Ngor, who was a physician in Cambodia and now lives in Los Angeles, is selflessly good, and Sam Waterston's bearded Schanberg is an idealistic journalist driven to pursue the truth, but he's also a manipulative fellow who's morbidly sensitive, stuck-up, and humorless. In Cambodia, the film's Schanberg seems to be in chronic pain from the weight of his determination to get the story: he paces irritably and glowers with importance; he stands as if he were doing his best to relax while on the rack. Back home, he mopes and looks distressed, and the hoarseness in his stagey voice equals moral agony. The way the movie is constructed, Schanberg's consciousness is the battlefield, the theatre: we're supposed to be watching what Cambodia makes him feel, and if he'd forgotten about Dith Pran the movie would have ended. It's almost as if Cambodia only existed to make Waterston's Schanberg suffer and soliloquize, endlessly asking, "Did I do what was right?"

Joffé is making his début as a movie director, but he has had a great deal of experience in the theatre, on television, and in documentary. He and the scriptwriter, Bruce Robinson, must have known what our reaction to Waterston's Schanberg would be: he's always bawling people out, and the only emotions he offers us are his dry angst and his guilt. The moviemakers may have intended us to perceive some sort of equivalency between Schanberg's irresponsible treatment of Pran and the United States' irresponsible actions in Cambodia: the bombing that Nixon kept secret, and the invasion, and the support of the corrupt, unpopular Lon Nol government—all of which contributed to the demoralization that made it possible for the Khmer Rouge, under the crude (some say psychotic) Communist theoretician Pol Pot, to take power in 1975. By 1979, when the rule of the Khmer Rouge was overturned by a Vietnamese invading force, an estimated forty per cent of the Cambodians (three million out of seven) had been massacred or had died of starvation or disease. The movie quite explicitly (and cavalierly) lays the blame for this on Nixon and Kissinger—on us. It says that the American government talked high ideals while lousing things up and then waltzed away, just as Schanberg did.

Joffé is saddled with the mechanics of crosscutting between Pran's experi-



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ence of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's worry and remorse in various settings in San Francisco and New York. The Schanberg-in-the-U.S. scenes have no substance; they're just filler, and some of them are worse than filler—they're designed to rub Schanberg's nose in the dirt. In one nastily pointed scene, at a plushy New York gathering at which Schanberg is honored as the 1976 "Journalist of the Year" for his dispatches from Cambodia, he goes into the men's room and runs into Al Rockoff (John Malkovich), who sneeringly accuses him of having let Pran sacrifice himself so he could pick up his big award. (It stands in for the Pulitzer Prize, which the actual Schanberg did in fact win, and the film punches up the accusation by cutting directly from Pran wading among human skeletons in the flooded rice paddies to Schanberg being applauded as he goes up to the dais to speak.)

Striving for prizes and pursuing the truth get all mixed up in this movie, and there's an unintended consequence of the emphasis on Schanberg's motives. Waterston's Schanberg, who uses the *Times* as his shield and his glory (it's what the flag is to the American Ambassador in Phnom Penh), is so cut off from other people that Pran's loyalty to him makes a viewer uncomfortable. If the "friendship" isn't a true one, if Schanberg is a self-promoter with a gnawing conscience—and that's how the movie presents him—then the small, smiling Pran is too close to the patronizing cliché of the trusting, childlike native. And his devotion to the master-race American seems flat and—well, puppy-doggy. When we see Pran in a Khmer Rouge prison labor camp undergoing forced reëducation, the light has gone out of his face. It comes back when we hear him on the soundtrack whispering his thoughts to Sydney. (It's an indication of the movie's shaping of the relationship that Pran, who in Schanberg's account calls him Syd, is more formal in the movie.) We don't hear Pran whispering to his wife or children—only to Sydney. And it feels fraudulent and sticky—a colonial version of "Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey!" Perhaps the stickiest moment in the movie is the one in which Pran, explaining to Schanberg why he has decided to stay with him, says that he's "a newspaperman, too." The pathos in this scene is naked and a bit pushy; the moviemakers show us Pran as a naïve man, duping himself. The scene

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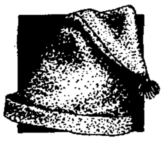

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also makes Schanberg more culpable, but they may not have intended that. They may simply have been trying to make us find Pran more touching and lovable—more of a victim—so that the movie would be involving.

"The Killing Fields" is an ambitious movie made with an inept, sometimes sly, and very often equivocal script; it's written like a TV docudrama, but you can't always tell what the scenes are getting at. A major early sequence, set in 1973, deals with the accidental bombing of a Cambodian town by an American B-52, but we don't find out what our B-52 was doing there—were the bombs intended for another country or for a different spot in Cambodia? The incident seems included so that we'll see how Schanberg and Pran work together to get the facts, despite the attempted coverup by an American diplomatic officer (Craig T. Nelson), and to introduce a suggestion of American business interests in Cambodia—Schanberg and Pran spend some time holed up in a Coca-Cola bottling plant. The questions about the B-52 are simply left dangling. Some of the episodes covering Pran's four years of slavery and escape attempts and beatings and his being tied to a tree and left for dead are almost as phonied up as the men's-room scene; there are fictional episodes in which Pran, entrusted with the child of a disaffected Khmer Rouge official, tenderly carries the little boy in his arms over dangerous mountain passes, and the glossy piousness affects even the cinematography—it becomes blandly pictorial. (The film was shot in Thailand.) Yet the power of the images of urban death squads and the mass exodus from Phnom Penh stays with you. The great scenes are so impressive that the weak ones don't cancel out your emotions. And there are some first-rate dramatic vignettes: Bill Paterson plays a harried doctor at a hospital packed full of bleeding, mangled children who were caught in the fighting between the Lon Nol government troops and the Khmer Rouge; a day or so later, he has nothing to do but tinkle the piano keys in the French Embassy and talk to another doctor (Athol Fugard)—their patients have been forced out of the hospitals and onto the roads. And there are tense moments at the French Embassy when Malkovich's Al Rockoff, in his hippie headband, and Julian Sands' Jon Swain (who's like a blond, British Edward Albert) hatch a plan to save Pran

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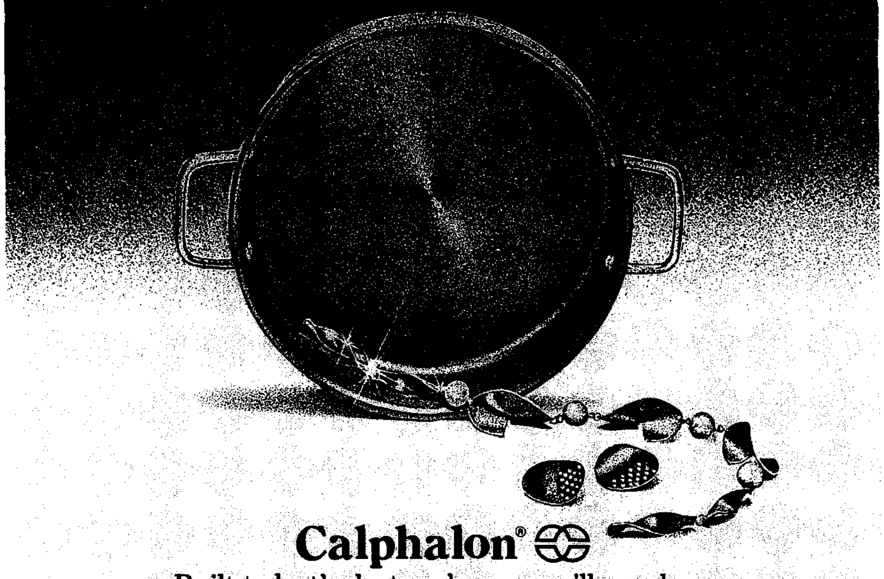

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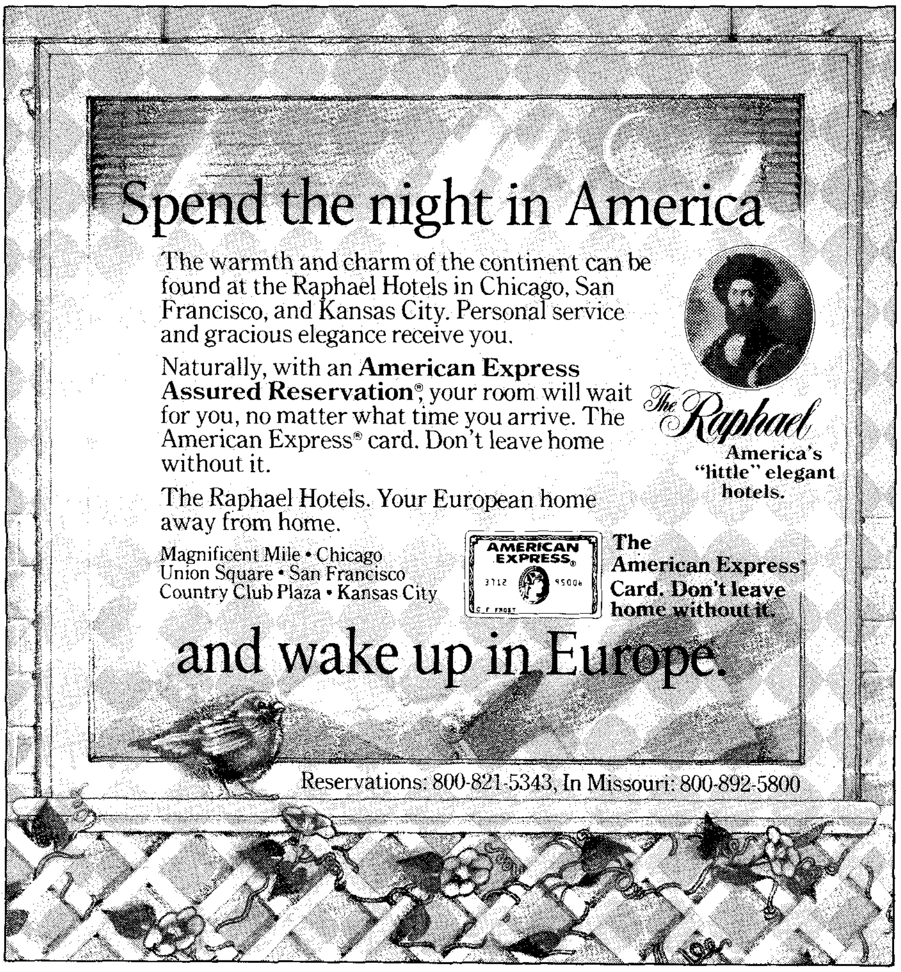

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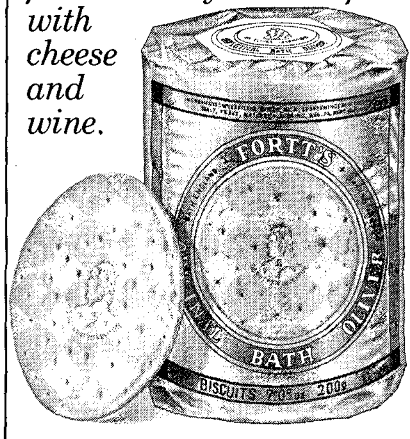

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with a forged passport, and Rockoff tries to develop a passport photo of Pran, though he doesn't have the necessary chemicals. Paterson and Fugard give colorful, accomplished performances, and Malkovich does more: the function of his touchy loner character is to recede into the background, and Malkovich somehow creates a drawling, sloppy pothead who would naturally do just that. (The only sour note in the performance is the unplayable men's-room confrontation.)

It's likely that the producer, David Puttnam, undervalues the full emotional expressiveness of Joffé's vision of Cambodia under siege. Sometimes, just when we are holding our breath at what we're seeing, music, by Mike Oldfield, is poured on top of the images to pump up our emotions. During the evacuation scenes at the American Embassy, there's loud chanting. When the central characters have been taken prisoner, and they watch other prisoners being killed and expect to be killed themselves, there's music—it suggests that Oldfield was weaned on Tangerine Dream—to make the panic and hysteria more heart-poundingly intense. The executions are so convincing that I would have thought the audience had all the emotions it could handle—there are fresh corpses all over. But the music insists on hyping death. It gets between the imagery and our responses; it tries to mythologize the scenes, and it deprives us, I think, of honest feelings. When we see the dull-eyed young-boy soldiers of the Khmer Rouge forcing the entire population of Phnom Penh onto the roads out of the city—masses of people, lost children, the wounded, the aged—the soundtrack cries of the people are turned down and we get loud Oldfield. And when Schanberg is back at home he looks at TV footage of Nixon explaining his decision to bomb Cambodia *and why it had to be secret, and then* presses the fast-forward on his video, and we get speeded up images of atrocities at the same time that the hi-fi is on at full volume—Franco Corelli, backed by a symphony orchestra, singing the "Nessun dorma" aria from Puccini's "Turandot." The only bit of appropriate music—music that relates to the Cambodian culture—is heard under the final credits, and it's balm to the ear.

Puttnam was also the producer of "Chariots of Fire," and in a recent interview he said, "When you're in post-production, the composer becomes vastly important. I've seen 'Chariots of Fire' without a score and can speak with great authority: I don't think it would have won the Academy Award or very much else without Vangelis." I believe him, and if "The Killing Fields" had been made by the director of "Chariots of Fire" it, too, might have needed souping up. But the music is an insult to Joffé and to Menges—even if they don't know it. In the same interview, Puttnam, referring to "The Killing Fields," explained that "over the years, I've wanted to try and make a film that could be described as 'operatic realism,' " and said, "I always wanted to try and combine the toughness of 'The Battle of Algiers' with a story that was a bit more accessible and mix in some of the operatic quality, if you like, of 'Apocalypse Now.' " This is a case of a producer pinning down his own aesthetic crime. It's highly doubtful that Sydney Schanberg let Dith Pran stay on with him in Phnom Penh because—as the film's innuendo has it—he was looking ahead to a Pulitzer. But it's a cold cinch that David Puttnam is hoping that the kind of musical inflation which won the Best Picture Award for "Chariots of Fire" will do the same for "The Killing Fields." As for the friendship between Pran and Schanberg which is supposed to make the movie "a bit more accessible," it's what is most ambiguous. Among the film's lesser aesthetic crimes, there's a tiny, glaring one: Accepting his award, Schanberg makes a speech in which he refers to the American officials who made the decision to secretly bomb and invade Cambodia, and says that he and Dith Pran tried to make a record of the concrete results of those decisions. And we get a cut to a baldish man in the audience bobbing his head appreciatively. The director may not have been able to do anything about Puttnam, but surely this guy's head *could have been cut off.*

CAN a vacuum love another vacuum? That's the question posed by "Falling in Love," a piece of big-star-packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep look, respectively, handsome and pretty as Frank, an architectural engineer, and Molly, a free-lance commercial artist—two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become (who'd have thought it?) empty. We don't get a clue to what might make their own union any different, because there's

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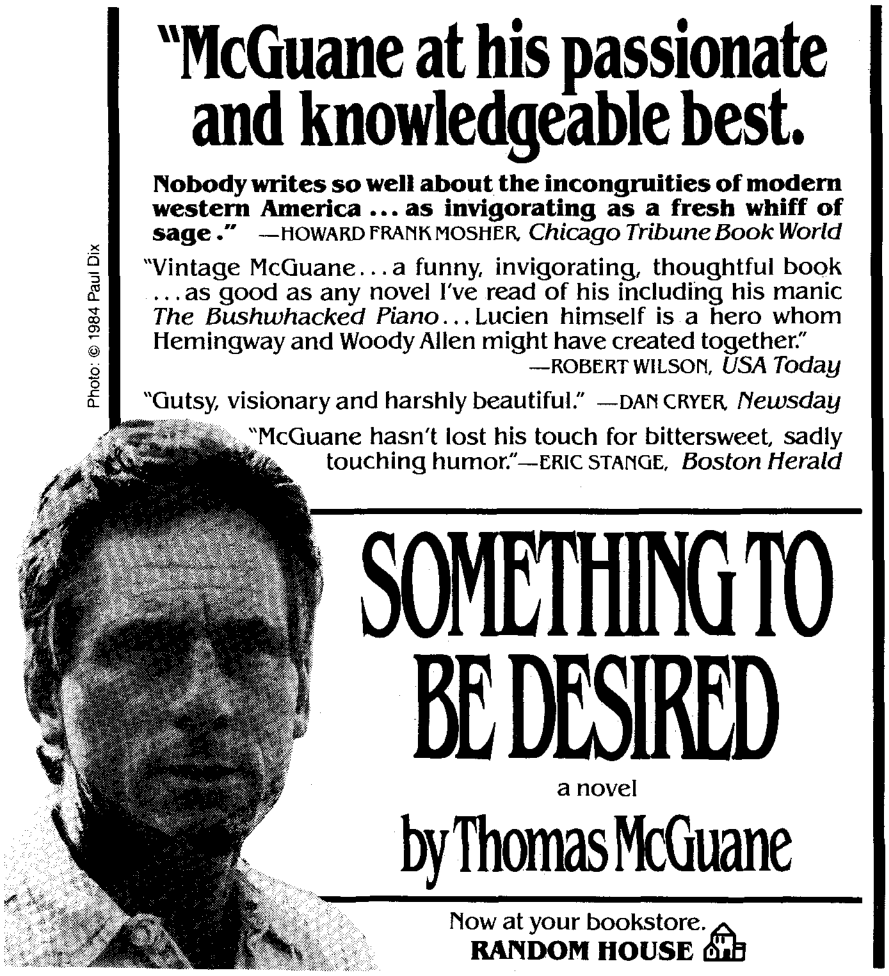
nothing to draw them together. They don't share any tastes; they don't enthuse over anything; they don't argue over a book, a movie, a painting, a building, or even TV. They have nothing to say; each stares past the other into a separate space. The most compelling thing about them is the beauty-spot wart on De Niro's cheekbone: it has three dimensions—one more than anything else in the movie.

Peter Suschitzky's cinematography has a vibrancy that makes you feel hopeful, and Michael Kahn's editing has an elating precision, but after a while the pleasures of technical proficiency shrivel. Frank and Molly are too nice—too decent and loyal and conscience-stricken—to be adulterous, but they think about each other longingly, and the camera watches them think. The screenwriter, Michael Cristofer, is the gent who made terminal cancer romantic (in the play and TV film "The Shadow Box"); this time, he's trying to make not having sex romantic. Frank finally kisses Molly, after racing through Grand Central to find her, but maybe he's out of breath, because when he says, "I love you, I do love you," it sounds blah—it's remote, like a dubbed voice-over.

The picture has been called a new "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Frank and Molly are so full of misgivings that when they try to go to bed together they seem to be crucifying each other; her unhappy eyes are misty and red-ringed. They can't go through with it, of course. (They can't bring themselves to do much of anything—even put a sentence together.) But they're honest people, and they have to tell their respective spouses the truth about their feelings—those gossamer feelings that the camera can't catch. (We don't actually see Molly tell her husband about Frank, but we assume she does, because the husband suddenly knows about him; this seems like a glitch, and it's jarring—it suggests that these characters have a life offscreen.) And so Frank and Molly suffer and earn their right to happiness. Their spouses conveniently reveal moral flaws: Frank's tense, distraught wife (Jane Kaczmarek, who has been the liveliest person in the movie up to this point) slaps him, and doesn't want to go on with him anyway, and Molly's husband (David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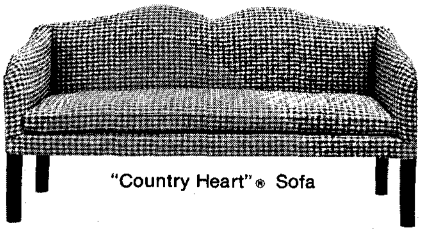

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Clennon) is untrustworthy—he tells a lie. (This movie takes you back to the moral bookkeeping of the Production Code days; the issue of Frank's kids is neatly squared—his wife doesn't want them, so he gets to keep them.)

Cristofer and the director, Ulu Grosbard, must believe that the patterning of old romantic movies—in which the hero and the heroine each have one best friend to confide in, and the cutting goes back and forth between parallel incidents in their lives—has some kind of formal magic to it. De Niro and Streep are made up and lighted to look creamy perfect. And New York City itself has been turned into a miracle of serenity. The commuter trains are shiny and spotless and run smoothly; there's no litter or noise or abrasiveness in Grand Central, or in any of the other locations. When Molly visits her father in the hospital, his room is large and cheerful, and if Frank and Molly go into a restaurant there's sure to be at least ten feet of clear air around their table, and the waiters and busboys and the other customers all speak in hushed tones. (If Grosbard wanted to make a Toronto movie, why didn't he just go to Toronto?) Grosbard deliberately transforms New York into a setting for a romantic fable, but since the movie has no core (no romance, no fable), this city is just a benign, brightly colored playpen for two people who are bored silly with themselves. The ultra-mediocre music, by Dave Grusin, confirms the cuddliness of the make-believe New York.

"Falling in Love" is too genteel and refined to be a howl. And, except for Streep's rather charming revamp of an old comic pantomime—as Molly prepares for a date with Frank, she disgustedly changes from one outfit to another and another and another, because she doesn't like the way she looks in anything—it doesn't even rise to the status of a piffle. De Niro appears to be alert and ready to do something, but the inanity seems to be worse on him than on Streep, who stays fine-tuned, as if she really thought she was in a movie; he turns numb. It's pleasant to see these two in a picture where they're not carrying all the sins of mankind on their shoulders, but they've gone too far in the opposite direction—they're not carrying anything. The purpose of the techniques of naturalistic acting that they have been trained in is for the inner emotions to be expressed in the external gestures; what they're doing

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here is a parody of naturalistic acting—it's all externals. The stars didn't need to be called Frank and Molly; they could have addressed each other as Nada and Nada.

THE small, coy role of Streep's confidante in "Falling in Love" is played by Dianne Wiest. I just recently had the chance to catch her in a major performance, in "Independence Day," the film by Robert Mandel, from a script by the novelist Alice Hoffman, which opened in January, 1983, and disappeared almost immediately but has now turned up on HBO. It's a very fine movie about the small-town youth of a woman artist. Kathleen Quinlan plays the part with a cool, wire-taut intensity—the heroine challenges herself to become what she's *almost* sure she could be. Her desperation takes the form of affectations and pretensions that are a little like those of the young Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams" and the young Margaret Sullavan in "The Shop Around the Corner," but the Quinlan character has her talent driving her on past all that. Wiest plays a battered wife, clammy with fear, who revenges herself on her husband in the grand manner. It's a funny thing about her performance—you keep expecting it to turn into something trite, but pretty soon you're forced to admit you've never seen anything like it. Part of the credit for this goes to Alice Hoffman's writing and to Robert Mandel, who keeps the whole cast interacting quietly and satisfyingly, but most of it has to go to Wiest, who has hold of an original character and plays her to the scary hilt. Maybe "Independence Day" is the kind of small movie that seems better on television than it does in a theatre, but it has a marvellous look (it was designed by Stewart Campbell and shot by Charles Rosher), and I'd love to see it on a big screen that would give the actresses the scale they deserve.

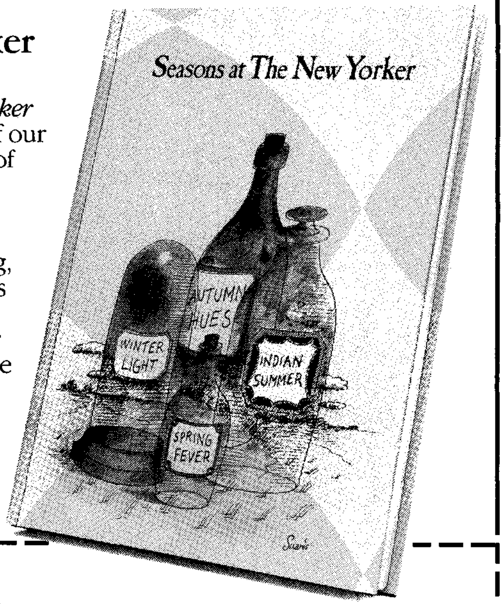
—PAULINE KAEL

•

More Shaw hits of yore surfaced as the event danced on, including "Begin the Beguine," which Shaw laughingly called the song "that follows me around like a trained dog. It paid a lot of rent, too," he said.

Others were "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," the driving "Back Bay Shuffle," and "Maid With the Flaccid Air," which Shaw said backstage was one of his favorite pieces with the old band.—*Portland Oregonian.*

When a song title was a song title.



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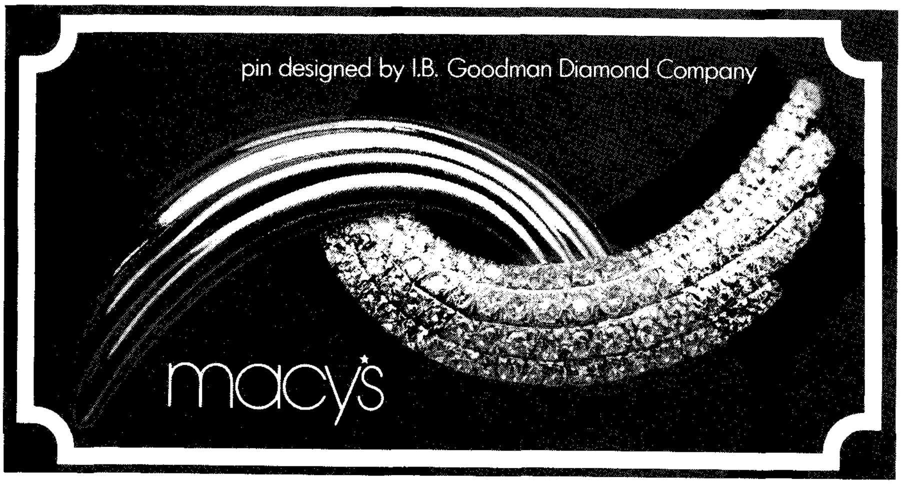

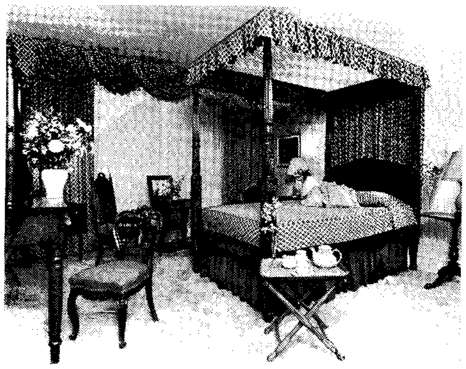

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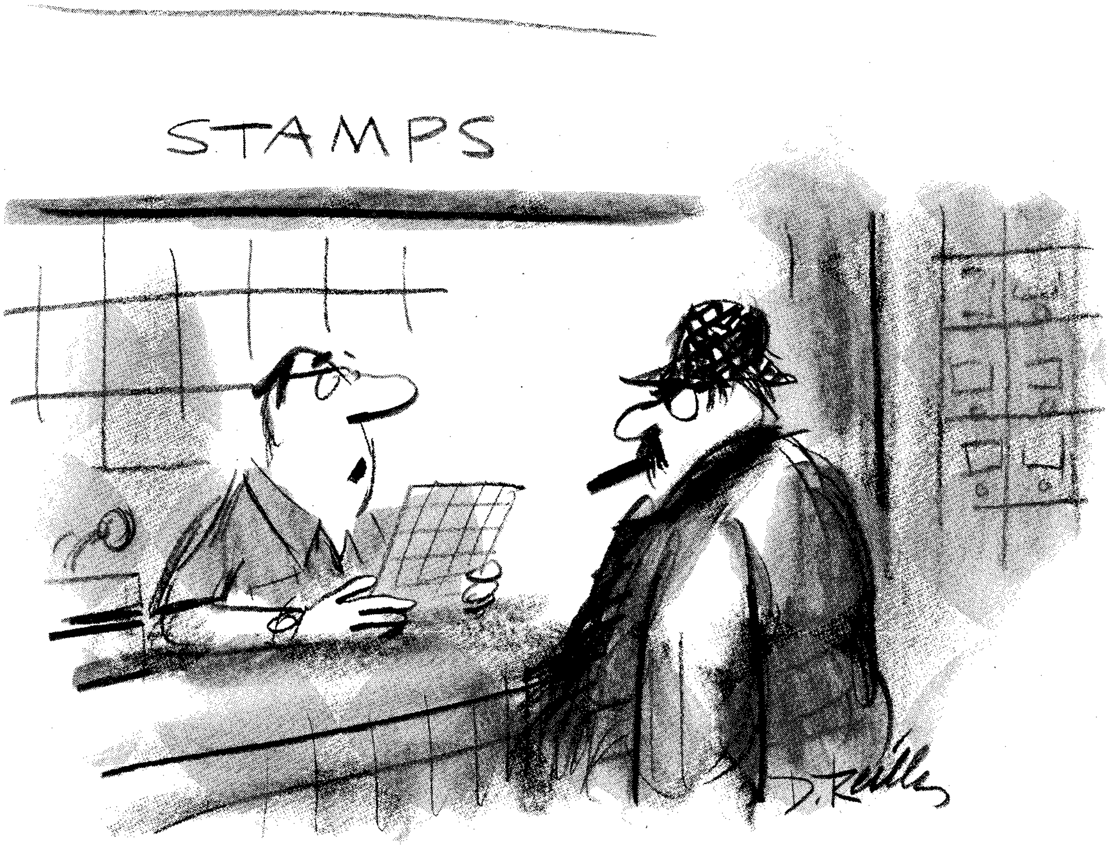
MUSICAL EVENTS

Arboresque

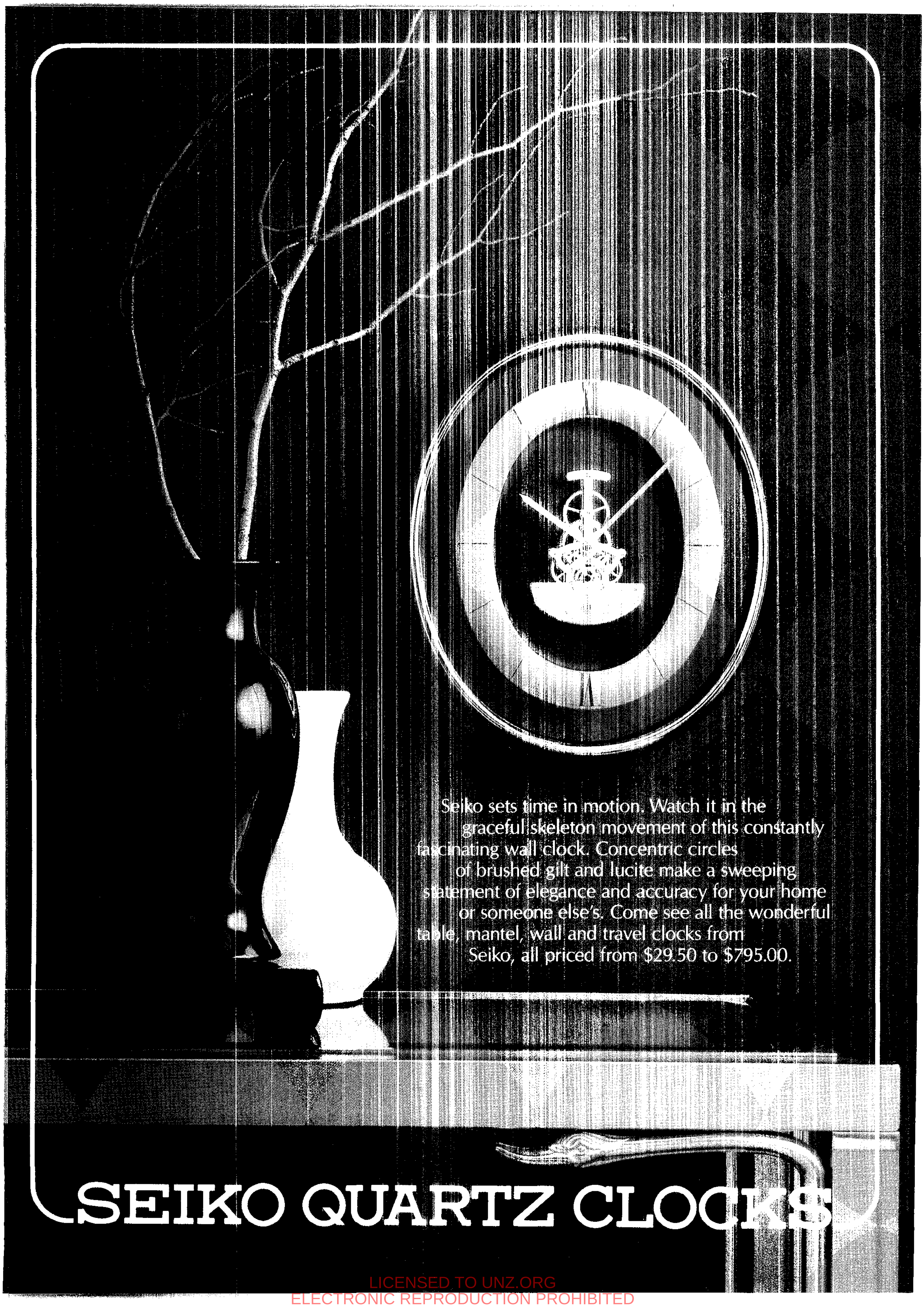
Andrzej Panufnik's latest work, "Arbor Cosmica," a substantial and stirring composition, had its first performance last month, in Merkin Hall's Music Today series. No work of his has made a stronger first impression on me. Like his best-known piece, "Lullaby" (1947), it is scored for a body of solo strings: twenty-nine of them (together with either one or two harps) in "Lullaby," twelve in "Arbor Cosmica." (The Violin Concerto, written for Menuhin in 1971, also uses only string orchestra.) *"Lullaby," which came to prominence* at the 1948 ISCM Festival, is historically important: in its sounds and its procedures it anticipated music that Lutosławski, Penderecki, Xenakis, Ligeti wrote much later. The composer Nigel Osborne, in a recent *Tempo* essay, recalled his first encounter with "Lullaby," while in 1970, in Warsaw, he was studying and analyzing the latest Polish music: "There it was, rather like looking at one of Leonardo's aeroplanes, a forgotten prototype of Polish School texture, created some twenty years ahead of its time: silvery wisps of tremolo quarter tones, unfolding across each other, settling like mist around a simple diatonic line—or, as the composer has described it, like clouds passing the moon."

Panufnik, celebrated and honored in his native land as a composer and a conductor—holder of the Standard of Labor, First Class, and twice State Laureate—left Poland in 1954, in protest at political interference with creative artists, and settled in England. Five years earlier, his "Sinfonia Rustica" had both won the Chopin *Prize and been officially condemned as* "alien to the great Socialist era." But in England—or so "Arbor Cosmica" now leads me to think—not quite enough was made of him. True, he was performed, published (by Boosey & Hawkes), and recorded. (Six of his eight symphonies and much else have appeared on disc.) The world acknowledged him: there were premières in New York (the "Katyń Epitaph" in Carnegie Hall in 1968, the Alexander Pope setting "Universal Prayer" in St. John the Divine in 1970, both conducted by Stokowski), Houston, Paris, as well as in several British cities. The Boston Symphony commissioned his "Sinfonia Votiva" for its centenary and recorded it on Hyperion. He had some ardent champions; in general, there was temperate admiration for a series of works—"Sinfonia Sacra," "Sinfonia di Sfere," "Sinfonia Mistica"—in which veins of deep patriotism, Catholic mysticism, and aristocratic niceness flow quietly through carefully planned structures. Ten years ago, Panufnik described the three stages by which he makes a composition. First, there is "the purpose or reason for which the work is composed." ("Some spiritual or poetic content is . . . for me essential.") Then "the architectural structure" is devised and designed. (Several of his works are published with preliminary diagrams, blueprints, of the musical framework.) Then "the material of which it is to be built" is determined. (Often this is three-note or four-note motivic and harmonic "cells.") It's a sensible and not at all uncommon way of working; but some of Panufnik's pieces sound as if they were produced by following a formula rather than by whatever mysterious processes produce music that is moving and exciting to hear. His intentions have ever been high: "to compose a large-scale work to express my deep sorrow for *all* the war victims of *all* nationalities, religions, and races: a work which, at the same time, would be an anti-war protest against violence and the aggressive element in mankind" (the "Sinfonia Elegiaca"); "to compose a prayer . . . in which the spiritual content might help to unite the feelings of all people, now so tragically divided in this disturbed world" ("Universal Prayer"). It may be that a disparity between the lofty aims and music of more modest, worthy achievement clouded due appreciation of its merits.

Panufnik was seventy in September. Mr. Osborne suggests that his music "has now come into its own," after being "rejected by the Stalinists, cast aside in



"I'm sorry, sir, but 'that damned "Love" stamp' is the only twenty-center I have in sheets."



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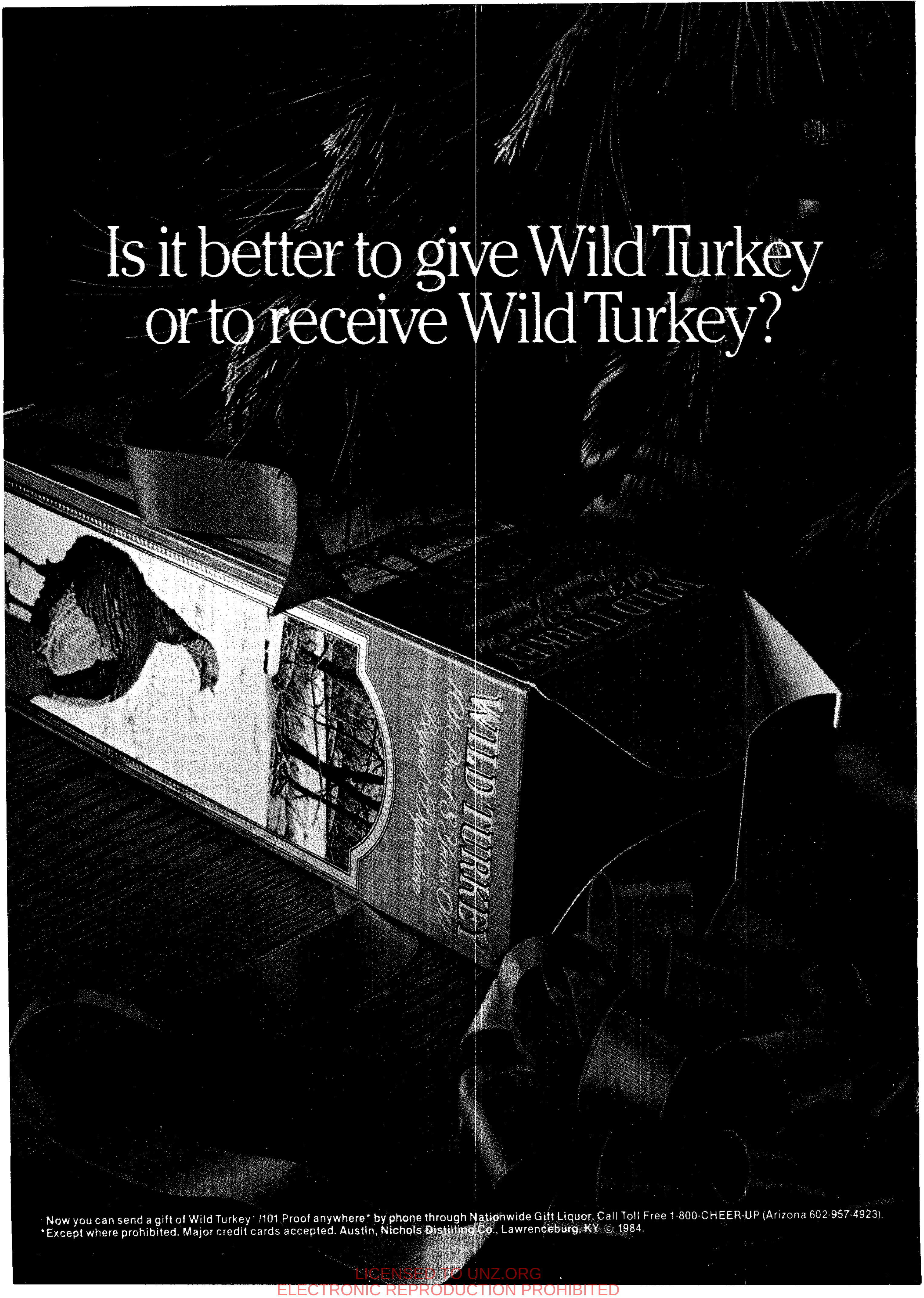
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the fever of modernism itself, and ignored in the flabby reaction that followed," and that it can now be appreciated by "a generation of 'post'-post-modernists" which "sees the need to pull the strands tightly together." "Arbor Cosmica" certainly fell as refreshment on ears wearied by the harmonic triteness of insistent minimalism or by the cloying reminiscences of neoromanticism. It sounded new, and yet it is built on the traditional foundations of Western music: the twelve movements (or "Evocations") span the great circle of fifths, from C to F, that provide us with our twelve notes, and each movement ends with a tonic chord major and minor at once, with both thirds present. The piece was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation. In a preface to the score, the composer says:

> This work has grown out of my lifelong admiration, almost worship, for trees. . . . Beauty, harmony, strength and order, the tree conveys to me; but it communicates to me something much more than its sheer physical presence. Beyond the aesthetic pleasure and sensual delights of appearance, touch or smell, the tree seems to me to emanate some mysterious power through its moods, and through its soul.

The "cell" here is simply the notes C, D, E-flat. Repeated in ascending sequence, it climbs a nine-note scale from which melodies are made; the first, the central, and the last notes of this scale yield a triad (C, F-sharp, B) that, in constant transpositions, provides the "vertical" element of the work. There is a diagram, tree-shaped, that shows a trunk built from the cell and its transpositions, crowned by twelve branches that lead to the twelve tonic triads. The Cosmic Tree, Panufnik tells us, sometimes appears in art and literature with its roots in Heaven and its foliage running down to earth; his movements alternate patterns of ascending triads with descending melodies, and vice versa.

The plan does sound—it is—schematic, but the music itself is inspired; that imprecise word must serve. The form—twelve short movements, lasting in all about forty minutes—saves the composer from any formulaic filling out of ambitious long-movement designs. Nothing outstays its welcome. The scoring is skillful. In that preface, Panufnik talks of "the dance-like rocking of branches in the wind," of "the song-like groaning and sighing, the leaves rustling and whispering, full of mysterious secrets." I happen to share his arboreal love: spend part of each summer lulled at night by the susurrus of a wide-branched poplar; can recall individual trees in the parks of Thames-side Twickenham, where Panufnik lives; and after twelve years in New York still feel a pang when passing the sickly planes that fight bravely for life in the poisoned earth and air. But one need not be a tree-lover to enjoy "Arbor Cosmica." Even without the "program," without the titular clue, a listener would respond to the sounds and the way they move. The separate Evocations are well contrasted but form a coherent sequence. The composer allows that, although the work was composed as an entity, segments of it may be performed separately, provided that the movements chosen are consecutive. He says nothing about increasing the string forces, but I imagine that large orchestras as well as small will find the score rewarding; a Berlin Philharmonic performance might be breathtaking. The twelve Music Today players, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, were eloquent, and filled Merkin Hall with beautiful sound.

GEORGE PERLE will be seventy next May. In a *Tempo* essay three years ago, the composer Oliver Knussen told of his delighted discovery of Perle's later music, from the Seventh String Quartet (of 1973) on; and in these columns I have chronicled the appearance of small-orchestra works Haydnesque in their wit and technical mastery, and of piano works—the Études, the Ballade—Chopinesque in their lyricism. Knussen wrote of "a profound 'late flowering,' in the sense of Janáček or Gerhard"—without forgetting the early force and fire of Perle's Three Movements for Orchestra or the grace and clarity of his Fifth String Quartet, both composed back in 1960. Two of Perle's later pieces for piano and small orchestra had welcome revivals last month. Serenade III, for piano and ten players (first heard at a Music Today concert last year), was done by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, in Alice Tully Hall; and the Concertino for piano, fourteen winds, and timpani (first heard here at a Group/Parnassus concert in Symphony Space four years ago) opened the Music Today program that ended with the Panufnik. Richard Goode was the pianist of both. An advocate of Perle's music, he was poetic, playful, and deft. Both performances—the Serenade conducted by Fred Sherry, the Concertino by Mr.

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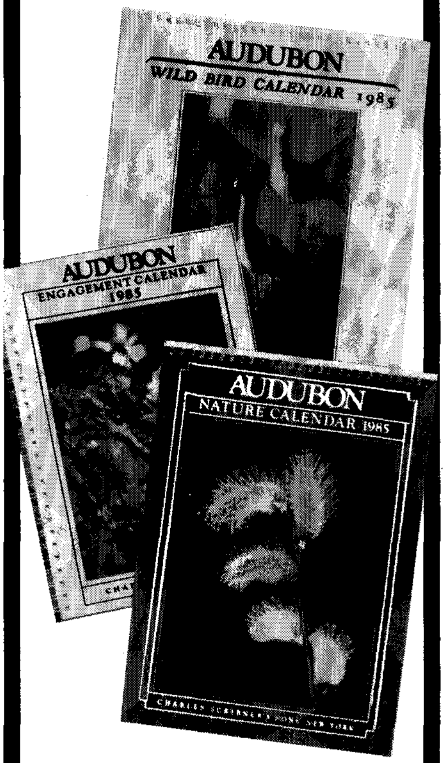

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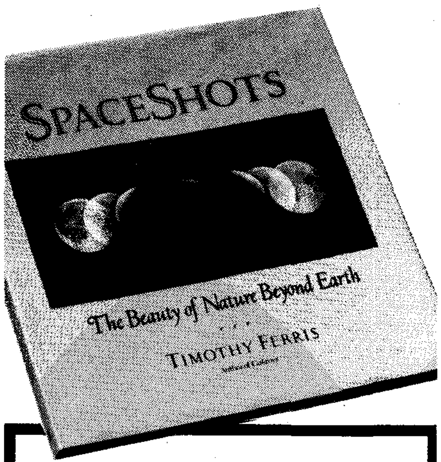

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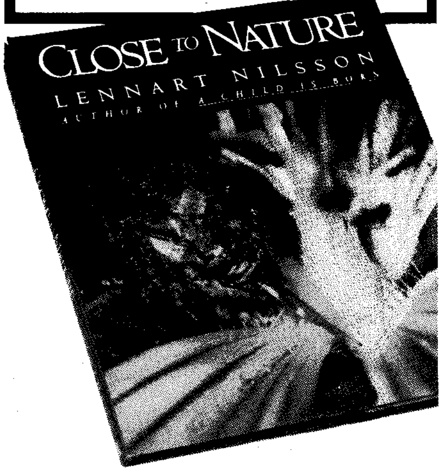

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Schwarz—confirmed, as later hearings don't always do, favorable first impressions. Haydnesque, Chopinesque, and, one might add, Stravinskyesque are simple critical labels that indicate not imitation but ways in which a listener may respond to music where the notes seem to fall in the right place, where (as in Handel) texture may thin to essentially two parts and still sound rich, and where a single theme can provide lively matter for cogent discourse. Harmonically, Perle has become another healer of wounds the twelve-note system inflicted on consonances and their traditional connotations. But he is a pioneer moving onward, not a nostalgiac lost in dreams of the past. Moreover, the themes seem to generate the forms, and the context to determine the procedures. Perle is fairly well represented on disc. Of the works mentioned above, the Fifth Quartet is on Nonesuch, the Seventh Quartet and the Three Movements on CRI, and the Études on New World.

ANDREW IMBRIE, born in 1921, has—to judge by two pieces performed here this season—flowered into a new lyricism. Once, he seemed to be the type of an academic, "Princeton" composer. His vivid "Roethke Songs," heard three years ago, while still spiky, pointed toward a freer, fuller way of writing. "Campion Songs," a Naumburg commission that was given its first performance, by the New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, in Alice Tully Hall in October, attains it. The songs are difficult; we were warned that the Ensemble—a vocal quartet—might not essay them after all, but in the event it gave an account of them good enough at least to show that Imbrie's attempt "to capture [Campion's] spirit of courtliness combined with passion" (as he said in a program note) was successful. It was bold of him to reset lyrics that the poet-composer, a famous matcher of tone to word, had written for his own music, but Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger, in the early seventeenth century, and Hubert Parry, in the early twentieth, gave precedent. The poems are "O never to be moved," "Fire, fire, fire," and "Come, o come my lifes delight."

Imbrie's "Pilgrimage," commissioned by the New York New Music Ensemble and given its New York première, by the Ensemble, in Carnegie Recital Hall last month, was even more surprising and more enjoyable. The other day, a London col-

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league, after a concert by the Fires of London (*olim* Pierrot Players) which included Elliott Carter's Triple Duo and Peter Maxwell Davies' "Image, Reflection, Shadow"—both written for what he called the "starkly unblended timbres of flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano, and percussion"—asked, "Why should the accidental fact that Schoenberg chose these instruments (without percussion) for 'Pierrot Lunaire' still condition the sort of music composers are writing seventy-two years later?" I think the question is easily answered—simply by pointing to the quantity and the variety of admirable music composed for and performed by the Fires and for and by the New Music Ensemble, which has the same constitution. The sextet seems to inspire, not to limit, composers' invention. Imbrie's "Pilgrimage" sounds quite different from works for the same forces by Davies, Carter, Harrison Birtwistle, Richard Meale, Charles Wuorinen, Bernard Rands (whose "Déjà" was also on the Carnegie Recital Hall bill). "Pilgrimage," which lasted about twenty-three minutes, is an astonishingly lush, colorful, and picturesque composition; there were even moments when the Act III dawn of "Tosca" seemed not far away. The program note vouchsafed no program; in fact, it specifically described the work as "non-programmatic: absolute music, dissonant but adhering to no fixed system of tonality, descriptive of moods and architectural structures." I'll describe it as euphonious, descriptive of moods, uninhibitedly emotional as I've never known Imbrie to be before, and masterly. The Ensemble, conducted by Robert Black, gave a shining performance.

—ANDREW PORTER

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NORTHFIELD—C.M. Kresge, a former superintendent of schools here, will be named as Citizen of the Year at 11:15 a.m. today at City Hall. The award will be presented by Congressman William Hughes, Mayor William Felton and Carol Patrick, chairwoman of the Northfield Cultural Committee. A flag-burning ceremony will take place at 3:45 p.m.—*Atlantic City (N.J.) Press.*

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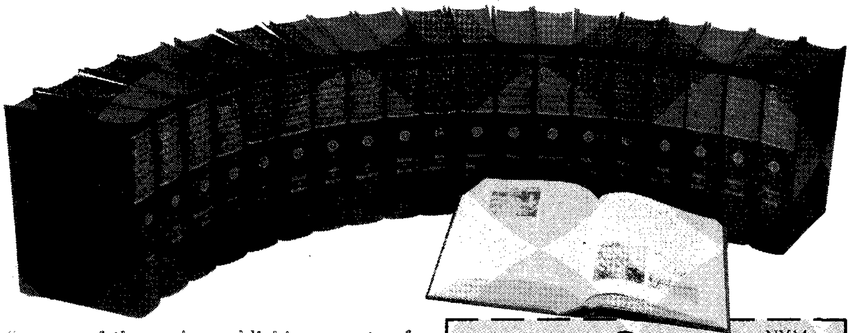

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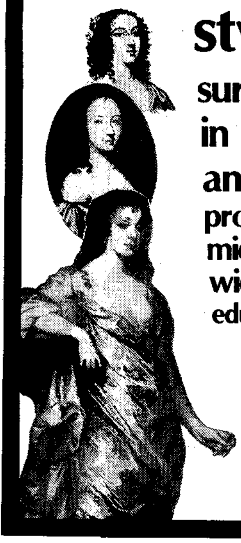

①Times Literary Supplement ②Time Magazine
③Wall Street Journal ④Chicago Sun-Times
⑤Washington Post Book World

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Finding the Center, by V. S. Naipaul (*Knopf, $13.95*).

Two narratives of discovery that span the journalistic element of Mr. Naipaul's career: one is a personal exploration of the author's youth in Trinidad and London; the other is an expedition to present-day Africa—specifically, the Ivory Coast, whose President has created an eerie world of vast architectural extravagance, against which persists a reality of unchanging village tribalism.

One Thing Leading to Another, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking, $14.95*).

Twenty short stories, previously uncollected, about Mr. Edom and Mr. Collins, the antique dealers, and a few dwellers in the Kingdoms of Elfin, among other indelible characters. In the telling of the tales, the incomparable Miss Warner (1893-1978) becomes the Muse of Comedy herself.

La Place de la Concorde Suisse, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95*).

The Swiss have not fought a war in nearly five hundred years, yet their six hundred and fifty thousand minutemen can be ready to fight in less than forty-eight hours, defending every fortified foot of their nation. Mr. McPhee climbed and ate and talked with citizen-soldiers from most classes of Swiss society to assemble this portrait of a peaceful nation permanently in arms—a nation that has made the Porcupine Principle (rolled in a ball with quills brandished) into a successful foreign policy.

Partners, by Veronica Geng (*Harper & Row, $13.95*).

Twenty-nine exercises in satiric superlogic, in which surprising enterprises and pairings (how to teach poetry writing to singles; a Yankee shortstop traded to the House of Representatives in return for Rep. Jack Kemp; Oriana Fallaci interviewing her father; Watergate reviewed in rock-and-rollese) somehow provide a cheerful overview of our clouded, uncomical present.

The Ledge Between the Streams, by Ved Mehta (*Norton, $17.50*).

Mr. Mehta continues his memoirs of his Indian childhood. This volume opens in 1940, when young Ved, having left a slum school for the blind in Bombay, returns to his well-to-do, affectionate family in the Punjab. In a sense, the book is a collection of family portraits and detailed reminiscences of family occasions, large and small, and of learning such things as how to type and how to ride a bicycle—all this during the Second World War and the withdrawal of the British raj and, finally, the bloodbath of Partition, when the Mehtas had to flee for their lives. It is also a record of Ved's own political awakening and of his hopeless struggle for an education in India, and it ends with him preparing to board a plane, alone, at the age of fifteen, for another school for the blind, in Arkansas.

Edisto, by Padgett Powell (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $11.95*).

The title of this first novel is the name of an island off the coast of South Carolina, where the story unfolds. Its narrator is a precocious twelve-year-old with an ear tuned to the richness and variety and humor of the grownup voices (both black and white) that he hears there. His own voice is funny and inventive, and wise beyond its years.

The Abolition, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf, $11.95*).

Mr. Schell's previous book, "The Fate of the Earth," described in elaborate detail what probably awaits us if we do not mend our nuclear ways, and in this new work he lays out a means of escape from the impending global holocaust—a means that would lead eventually to full nuclear disarmament while preserving each nation's security and, perhaps more important, sense of security.

Omnibooth, by George Booth (*Congdon & Weed, $18.95*).

Booth's dogs and cats and other fauna are here displayed, busily engaged in concerns of their own. The human beings present are often tantrummy or seem genuinely puzzled. All but a few of the 226 drawings in this album were first seen in these pages.

In the Freud Archives, by Janet Malcolm (*Knopf, $11.95*).

The past, present, and future of psychoanalysis form the background against which Mrs. Malcolm tells the story of a three-sided struggle over the legacy of Sigmund Freud—an encounter that involves a venerable psychoanalyst, K. R. Eissler; a flamboyant young Sanskrit-scholar-turned-psychoanalyst-turned-anti-Freudian named Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson; and an even younger, self-taught Freud expert named Peter Swales, a former assistant to the Rolling Stones.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being, by Milan Kundera (*Harper & Row, $15.95*).

Mr. Kundera's novel, composed in the spirit of the late quartets of Beethoven, is concerned with the opposing elements of freedom and necessity among a quartet of entangled lovers. Meditations (some grave and some lighthearted) on the Soviet domination of Czechoslovakia—where much of the novel is set—and on history and its erasure, on kitsch and art, and on exile and return provide counterpoint. Portions of three of the seven parts originally appeared here.

Passage to Peshawar, by Richard Reeves (*Simon & Schuster, $15.95*).

In 1983, Mr. Reeves set out on a "voyage of adventure" through the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, which was created by the British in 1947 and whose huge, multifarious population (the ninth-largest on earth) is united only by religion. Mr. Reeves describes places and things and, especially, persons—desert nomads and peasants, their customs unchanged since the Middle Ages, along with high-tech businessmen of the here and now—who have turned this "artificial country" into a citadel of anachronism.

Sarah Phillips, by Andrea Lee (*Random House, $12.95*).

A memoir of sorts, lightly disguised as a novel. Miss Lee's heroine is the clear-eyed daughter of a prosperous black minister, and the book is her odyssey and eventual (if temporary) return to her family's house, in a suburb of Philadelphia. Among the stopovers, not in chronological order, are Paris, Harvard, and a multiracial summer camp. Seven of the twelve chapters in the book originally appeared as short stories in *The New Yorker.*

A Fanatic Heart, by Edna O'Brien (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.95*).

Twenty-nine love stories, mainly about strong-willed, self-deluding women. Most—but not all—of them are selected from Miss O'Brien's previous collections.

Weapons and Hope, by Freeman Dyson (*Harper & Row, $17.95*).

Mr. Dyson, who has worked since the Second World War with both military and civilian arms experts, explores the cultural and historical contexts that produced today's nuclear weapons, and suggests how that same background may—if enough of us will it to happen—provide a framework for negotiating such weapons out of our lives.

Rules of Sleep, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $12.95 cloth, $6.95 paper*).

This volume of lyrics can be considered a record of the people and objects and places—at home and abroad—that have caught the poet's eye or ear or touched his heart over the past four years.

Parallel Universes, by Roz Chast (*Harper & Row, $7.95 paper*).

The antics of Miss Chast's unearthly creatures are outlandish, but no more outlandish than those of the earthlings they parody. Most of the cartoons gathered here first saw the light in these pages.

Kate Quinton's Days, by Susan Sheehan (*Houghton Mifflin, $15.95*).

Mrs. Sheehan illuminates the inadequacies of American health care for the aged of small financial means, here represented by an independent eighty-year-old widow who suffers from a number of ailments and fears that she may be dispatched to end her life in a nursing home instead of remaining in the apartment she shares with a daughter.

Floating, by Marian Thurm (*Viking, $14.95*).

The time is now. The places are Florida and Connecticut and this city and several other spots where the nuclear family is at its most unstable. Of the eleven stories in the book, six first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

The Medical Detectives, Volume II, by Berton Roueché (*Dutton, $22.50*).

Twenty-three reports selected from among those that Mr. Roueché has written for his Annals of Medicine department to date. Three of them have never before appeared in book form.

The Art of Corporate Success, by Ken Auletta (*Putnam, $15.95*).

The corporate success is Schlumberger, Ltd., an international high-technology company. Its artist-in-residence is Jean Riboud, its chief executive—an anomaly among capitalists, whose convictions are socialist and whose closest friends include painters and photographers and writers. Mr. Auletta has added new material to his Profile of M. Riboud, which first appeared here.

Cameraworks, by David Hockney (*Knopf, $50*).

Lawrence Weschler's essay on Hockney, much of it in the artist's own words, appears as an introduction to this handsome volume of his photocollages.

Traveling Light, by Bill Barich (*Viking, $15.95*).

Mr. Barich gets around a lot—California, England, Italy, upstate New York—and in this collection of ten pieces, all but one of them from *The New Yorker*, he applies his freewheeling point of view to such disparate settings as trout streams, race tracks, and corner pubs.

Taking It All In, by Pauline Kael (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25 cloth, $14.95 paper*).

In this collection of reviews, Miss Kael sets us straight on all the movies she has covered for this magazine from June of 1980 to June of 1983.

Modern Meat, by Orville Schell (*Random House, $17.95*).

Mr. Schell is not only a journalist but also a rancher, and he draws on both backgrounds for this investigation of what antibiotics go into our meat before it goes into us—and what the eventual effects on human interiors may be. While final answers are missing, it is clear that much of the beef, pork, and poultry on our tables has been brought there with the aid of a sizable array of pharmaceuticals for which people—but not animals—would require physicians' prescriptions.

At the Border, by Robert Hemenway (*Atheneum, $14.95*).

Seven stories about a middle-aged man named John Everett, who sets out on a voyage of discovery into his own past life and loves. The extended stops along the way include Prospect, Michigan (1933), Chicago (1940), and, finally, the Waldviertal, at the German-Austrian border (1972).

Killings, by Calvin Trillin (*Ticknor & Fields, $14.95*).

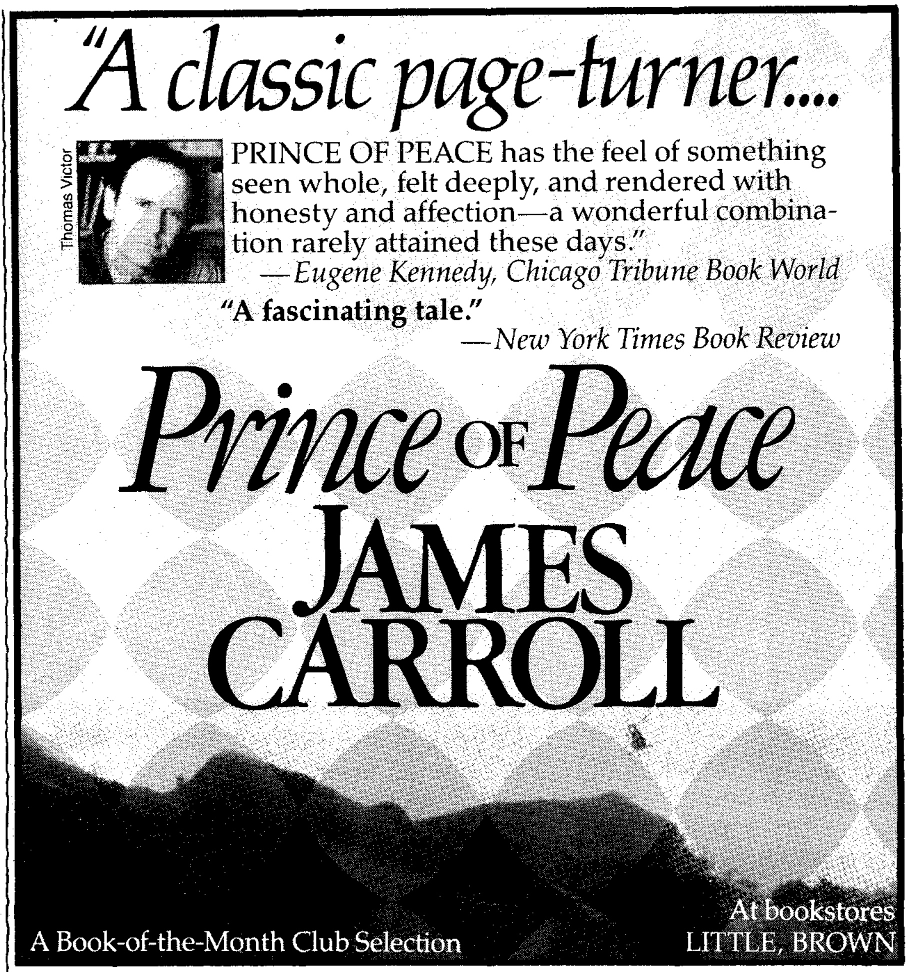
In the introduction to this volume of sixteen reports, which Mr. Trillin has selected from his U.S. Journal series, he writes, "A killing often seemed to present the best opportunity to write about people one at a time," and "When someone dies suddenly, the shades are drawn up, and the specificity of what is revealed was part of what attracted me." The sudden deaths recorded here reflect, in every instance, circumstances way beyond their specificity. The cadavers include a Russian underground evangelist in Running Springs, California; the proprietor of a sporting-goods store in Manchester, New Hampshire; and a woman coal miner in Coalport, Pennsylvania.

The Insanity Defense and the Trial of John W. Hinckley, Jr., by Lincoln Caplan (*Godine, $13.95*).

A detailed report on the trial, ending in acquittal on grounds of insanity, of John W. Hinckley, Jr., for the attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan, combined with a thoughtful examination of the insanity defense itself. Mr. Caplan, a lawyer, gives equal weight to the arguments of those who would like to scrap the defense and those who want to preserve it, and concludes that the insanity defense, while it needs clarification and strengthening, must be preserved.

"Honesty Is One of the *Better* Policies," by Charles Saxon (*Viking, $12.95*).

Mr. Saxon's stuffed shirts are sui generis, and here we see them going about their business in the world of business. There are some ninety cartoons in this album, and many of them first appeared in this magazine.



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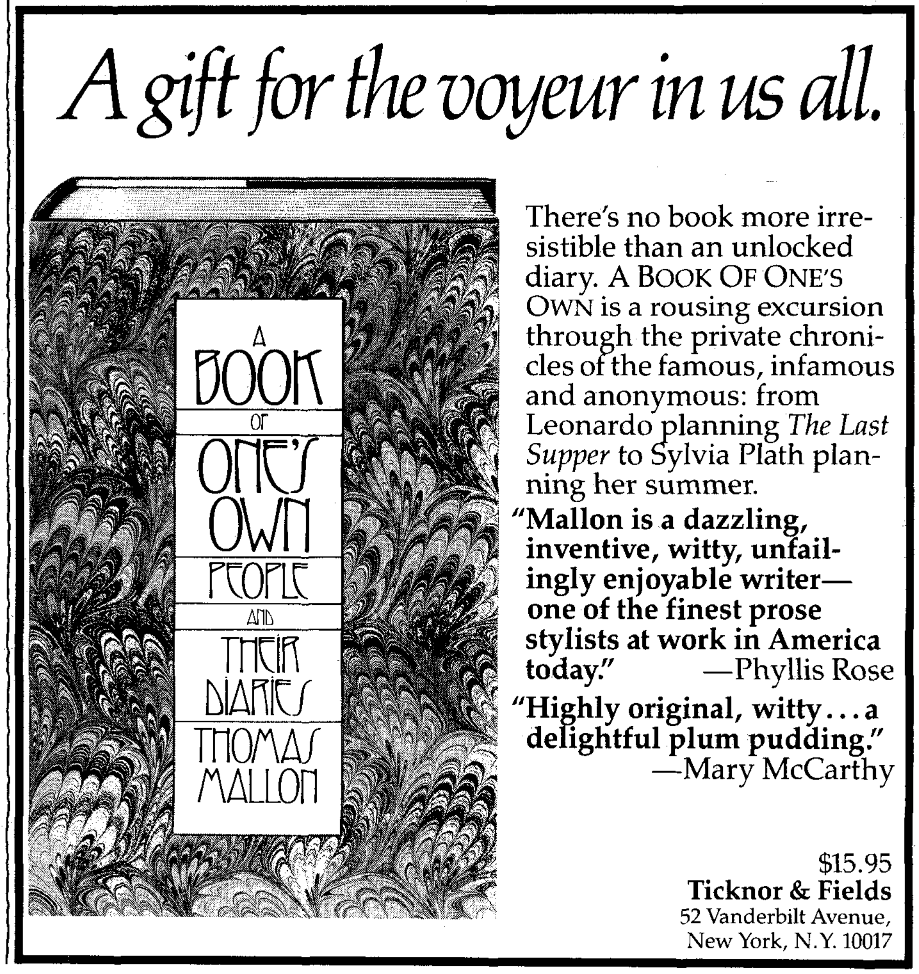

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BOOKS

Talking on Paper

THE outlines of Jean Rhys's strange life always bear repeating. She was born Ella Gwendoline Rees Williams on August 24, 1890, on the island of Dominica, in the British West Indies. Her father was a Welsh doctor and her mother a Scottish-Dominican named Minna Lockhart. She was raised largely by servants and aunts, and was never close to her parents. Nor was she to her two brothers and two sisters. Educated in a convent on the island, she went to England with an aunt when she was sixteen, and settled there. She studied at the Academy of Dramatic Art, then became a chorus girl. The first of the many affairs she chronicles in her novels took place when she was twenty. When she was twenty-nine, she married a Dutch-French poet, Jean Lenglet. Their first child, a boy, died at three weeks; their second child, Maryvonne, born in 1922, still lives. In 1923, Lenglet went to prison briefly for illegal entry into France, and Jean Rhys had an affair with Ford Madox Ford, whom she had just met. She and Lenglet were eventually divorced, and in 1932 she married a literary agent named Leslie Tilden-Smith. He died suddenly in 1945, and two years later she married Max Hamer, a cousin of his. Hamer went to jail for embezzlement in 1952, and died in 1966. Jean Rhys lived to be eighty-eight. Folded here and there into her life, which was restless and rootless and frequently unhappy, was her writing. Between 1927 and 1939, she published a collection of sketches and short stories, "The Left Bank," and four novels, "Quartet," "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie," "Voyage in the Dark," and "Good Morning, Midnight." The novels were critically admired, and sank out of sight. So did she. Although she continued writing, she didn't publish again until 1959, when the *London Magazine* took a short story, "Till September, Petronella." (In 1949, she had declared that for the first time in her life she no longer had any desire to write.) Her resurrection came about mainly because the BBC, needing permission in 1957 for a dramatization of "Good Morning, Midnight," advertised for her whereabouts (she was believed to be dead), and found her on the Cornwall coast. This stirred everything up. Short stories continued to appear, and she went back to work on a novel she had begun at least fifteen years before. It was published in 1966 as "Wide Sargasso Sea." It sold well and won a couple of prizes, and it put her on the map. Two short-story collections followed, "Tigers Are Better Looking" (1968) and "Sleep It Off, Lady" (1976), and all her early novels were reissued. She began and never finished an autobiography, "Smile Please," which was published posthumously. A year before she died, she was awarded a C.B.E. by Queen Elizabeth.

"New bunny slippers? Bravo!"

"*Quelle ironie*," as she might once have said. She hated England, and her slender early reputation had been built on four relentlessly realistic books that are studies of women driven to drink, prostitution, abortion, and near-suicide. The settings, in Paris and London, are grim, and so are most of the characters. The books are dirges, sung in a succession of dark streets and damp hotel rooms. They ring with despair. They form, in their still highly readable way, a kind of out-of-focus autobiography of Jean Rhys, who was her own best creation. (She claimed that she had little imagination and that her fiction was based on fact.) And they are written in a rare pure prose that must have seemed like a silver stream flowing through the syntactical undergrowth of Hugh Walpole and Galsworthy and Ford Madox Ford. Consider these passages from "Quartet":

> Every Thursday Lois gave a party . . . The women were long-necked and very intelligent and they would get into corners and say simple, truthful things about each other. Sometimes they were both intelligent and wealthy and would come to Montparnasse seeking cheap but effective protégés.
>
> The church was very cool and dark-shadowed, when they came in out of the sun. It smelled of candles and incense and ancient prayers. Marya stood for a long time staring at the tall Virgin and wondered why she suggested not holiness but rather a large and peaceful tolerance of sin.

And this passage from "Good Morning, Midnight":

> I am lying in a hammock looking up into the branches of a tree. The sound of the sea advances and retreats as if a door were

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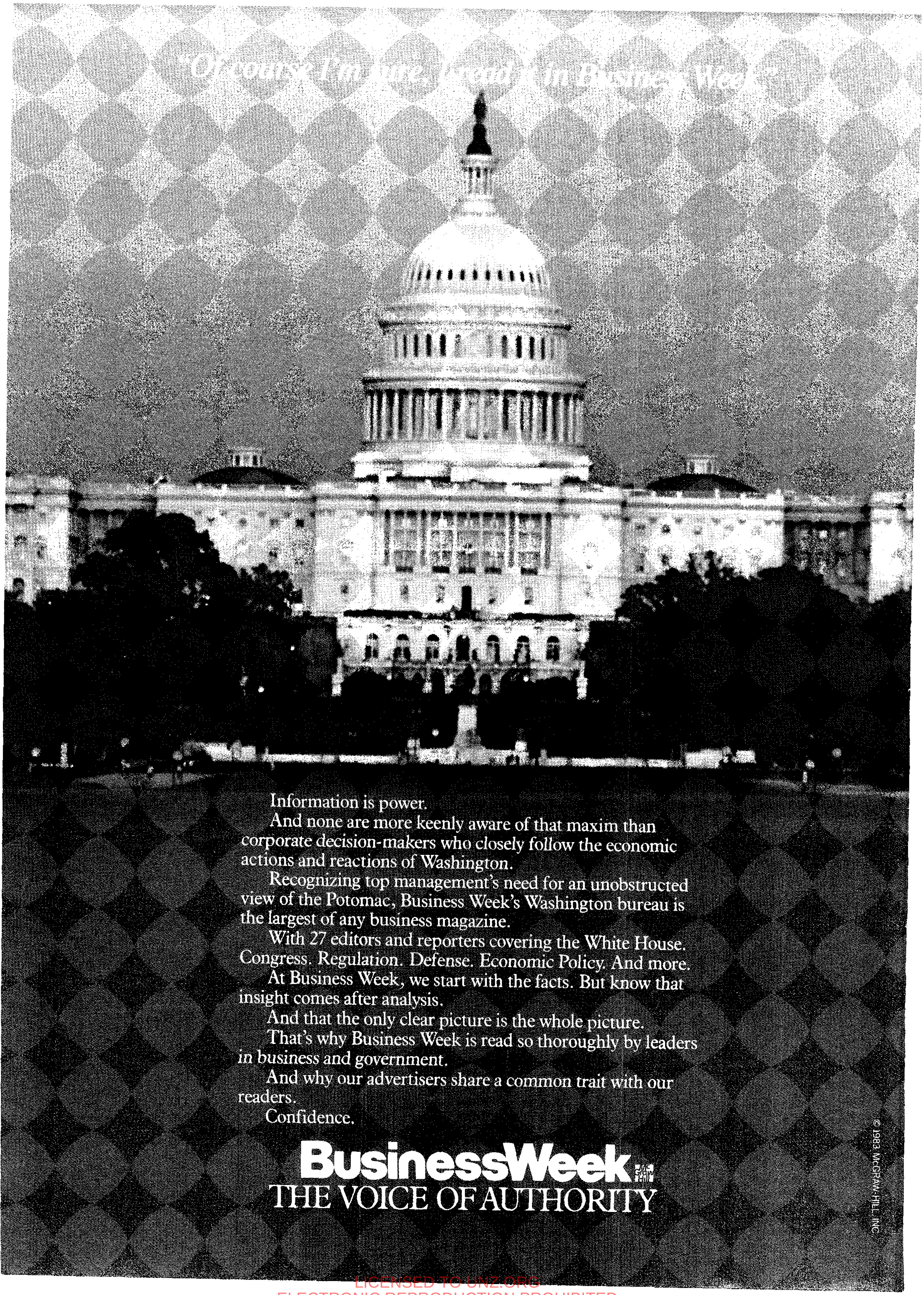

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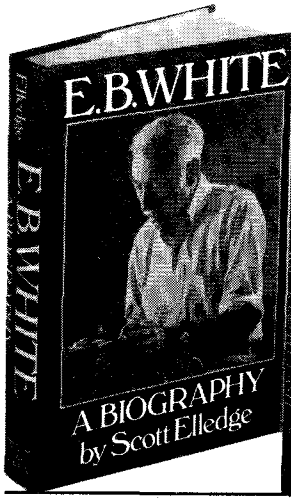
> being opened and shut. All day there has been a fierce wind blowing, but at sunset it drops. The hills look like clouds and the clouds like fantastic hills.

She was, in her way, the English Hemingway, but she never allowed style to become content, as Hemingway eventually did. (She saw him once at a dance in Paris and admired his looks. Later, she read him with pleasure.) But her novels take Jean Rhys only into her early forties, and the sketchy "Smile Please" doesn't take her much beyond. Frightened of misrepresentation, she stated in her will that no biography was to be written of her. So the second half of her life has remained largely blank. Or has until the publication of "The Letters of Jean Rhys" (Viking; $22.50), which has been edited by her friends and literary helpmeets Francis Wyndham and Diana Athill Melly. These are, as she told Wyndham, talking-on-paper letters. Her small, tough, courteous, funny, angry, wise voice comes at us from Cornwall gales and Devonshire downpours, from weariness and illness (both frequent), from drink and beleaguerment. It talks and talks and talks, and is an unstoppable human music that declares again and again that, no matter what, she is afloat and on course. The letters begin in 1931 (of two hundred and twenty-eight, fourteen are from the thirties) and end in 1966, when she at last completed "Wide Sargasso Sea." They are written mainly to her daughter, to Selma Vaz Dias, the actress responsible for bringing "Good Morning, Midnight" to the attention of the BBC, and to Wyndham and Melly. (Jean Rhys knew very few literary people.) They tend, as the years go by and her loneliness deepens, to get longer and longer. Slowly, a vivid and moving picture of her forms. She feared loneliness but loved being reclusive. She liked snappy clothes and bright colors and warm weather. She was no good with her hands—she couldn't even type. Poetry came easily to her, and she often wrote it when she was upset. She was utterly trusting, she didn't like money or understand it, she was stubborn and very honest, and she cried a lot. She had an original mind. She was kind and generous and gentle, but she said she hated humanity. She thought her writing of paramount importance. She loved to laugh. When she was told to hurry, she panicked. She was a heavy drinker, and became a kind of alcoholic. She disliked housecleaning,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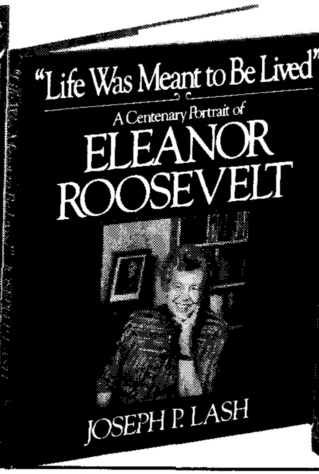
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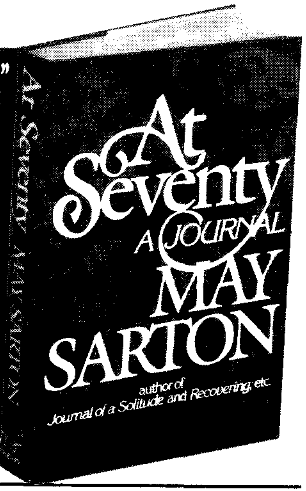
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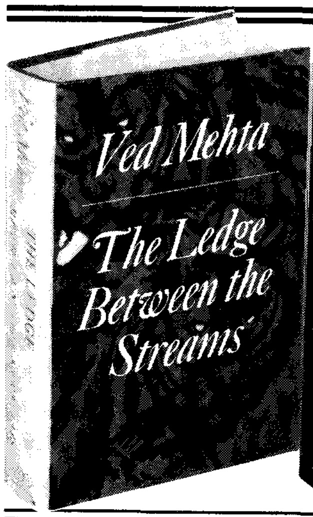
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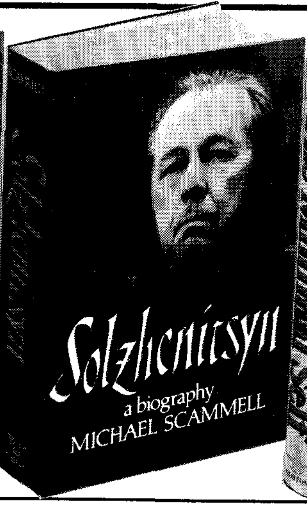
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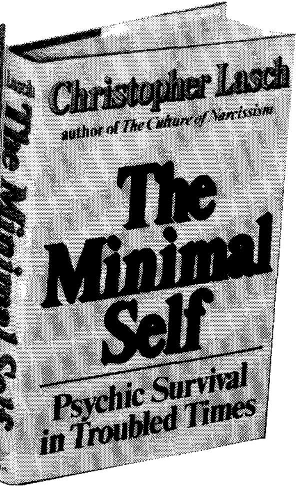
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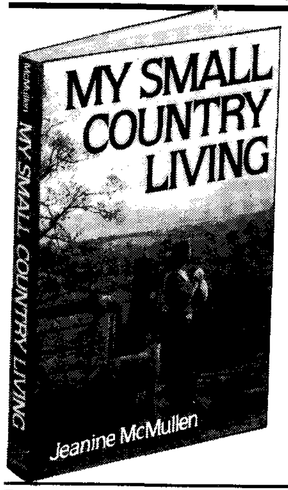
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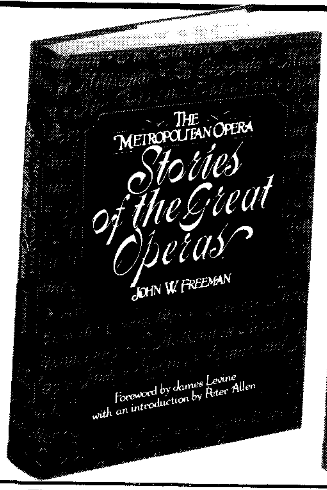
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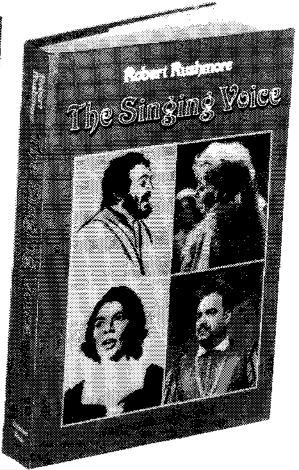
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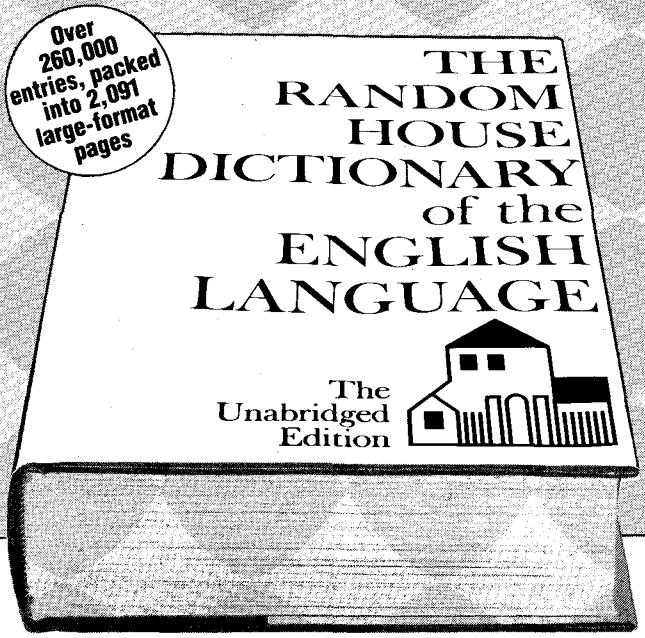
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packing, and moving, all of which were constants in her life. She was unfailingly loyal, both to her daughter and granddaughter and to her husbands, none of whom she appeared to know very well. Although she complained constantly, she had no self-pity. She had a good sense of humor. She keeps startling us:

> But the trees have all been lopped so that they look like badly done poodles. A bit ashamed.
>
> It is *terrible* what they do to trees. Why? Can you tell me? I've an idea (another of my ideas) that some men are jealous of trees and love making them look ridiculous.
>
> I have a theory that not nice places, I *mean not lovable places are better in the* winter.
>
> The rain and fog hide them a bit. And the wind blows away old bones.
>
> A cow looked in the window yesterday. She had such a calm expression. It did help.

Jean Rhys's letters are not "literary," but the writer keeps coming through. She tells Wyndham what Cheriton Fitz Paine, in Devonshire, is like soon after she moves in:

> This is a village to end all villages. There are nice people called *Greenslade* and *Gosling* and *Betty Stennyford* but there are some nasty ones too and the grape vine works. If I say dam everybody knows in half an hour!—They are really too respectable to live, also very muddled I think—I mean they never say either *yes* or *no*. Never. Because they haven't made up their minds and won't . . . The answer isn't lies but silence. I do agree the English are very good at that. But what is behind the silence? Suppose—dreadful thought—there is Nothing.

Halfway through the "Letters," Max Hamer becomes chronically ill; he finally enters a hospital, where he lingers for years. Left to herself, Jean Rhys grows obsessed with "Wide Sargasso Sea," and her tribulations take up the rest of the book. It is a surprisingly tenacious struggle for a writer who has been out of the business for twenty years, who has presumably lost the edge and grit and concentration of the marketplace writer. But she finishes the novel, besting the weather, the terrifying mice and spiders that infest her kitchen, the mails, the lack of typists and even telephones, and her tendency to mislay bits and pieces of manuscript. The result is a daring preamble and corrective to "Jane Eyre." It is a romantic novel with steel bones. It celebrates the beauty and mystery of her mountainous, melodramatic birthplace. And it sums up a half century's worth of thoughts about the inhumanity of men to

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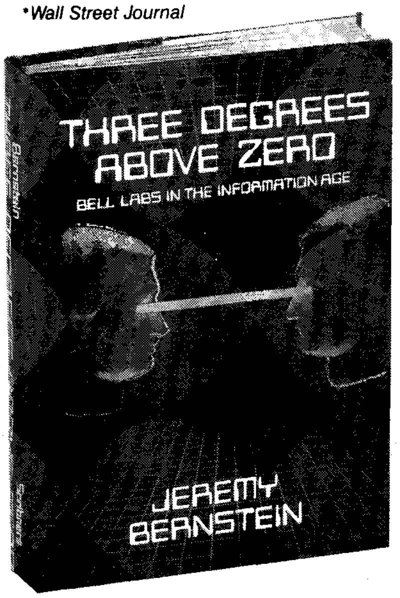

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women. The book has the deceptive poetic quality of "The Great Gatsby." In the subtlest way, she describes the narrator's relationship to her remote, wild mother—and in so doing echoes her relationship to her own mother: "It was too hot that afternoon. I could see the beads of perspiration on her upper lip and the dark circles under her eyes. I started to fan her, but she turned her head away. She might rest if I left her alone, she said."

One of the treats in the letters is the inclusion in a footnote of a fragment from a story Jean Rhys wrote for Maryvonne when she was little:

> Sometimes Mitsou San used to watch her shadow. It was a long thin shadow or a short fat shadow. But there it was, tied to her heels. When she walked across the grass the shadow followed her—sad and obedient. And then there were the shadows of trees on the grass.
>
> So one day she said to her nurse: "Tell me about shadows." Because she knew that her nurse knew everything.
>
> First of all the nurse said: "Go away and don't bother me."
>
> But Mitsou San said: "No, tell me, because I want to know."
>
> Her nurse said: "The shadow is yourself that follows you, watching."
>
> Mitsou San said: "I want to know where shadows are made, and you're a witch and can tell me. Take me on your back and show me where they are made."
>
> So, as the nurse was a witch, she took Mitsou on her back and flew with her to the place where shadows are made.
>
> And there were three old women, sitting under a tree, cutting the shadows out of brown paper. Long thin shadows and short fat shadows, and shadows of cows and goats and houses. . . .
>
> They worked so quickly you could not see their hands moving, and when they had finished a shadow they threw it down into the world.

It is not hard to believe that the consummate book Jean Rhys was capable of, one better than "Wide Sargasso Sea," somehow never got written.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

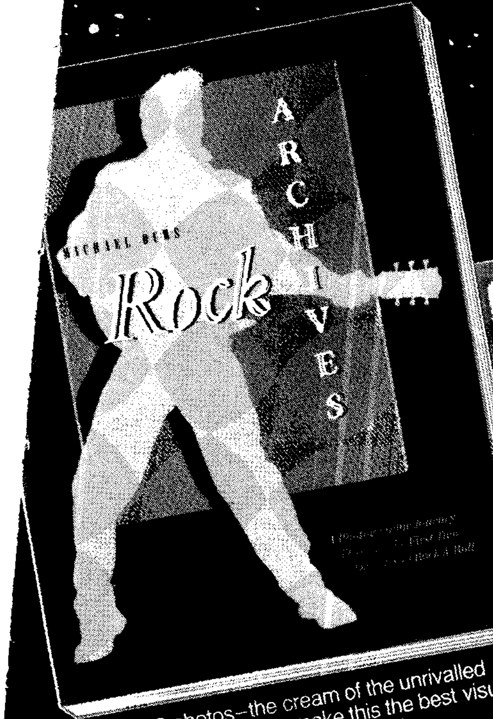
FICTION

KATE'S HOUSE, by Harriet Waugh (St. Martin's; $12.95). "If you are going to throw something out, why don't you throw out that dreadful chewed-up dog?" Kate's mother suggests toward the end of this wickedly funny fantasy. "It's not a dog, it's a dragon and I like him," Kate retorts, and so the dog-dragon stays, in Kate's battered Victorian doll house. The doll house (which has survived, miraculously, for about two years, since Kate's fifth Christmas) has been furnished and populated (and subjected to various acts of God) in accordance with Kate's world view, which has been furnished, in turn, with bedtime stories and cautionary verses, as well as with a few implausible facts of life—about squatters' hygiene, say, and her baby sister's genesis. Meanwhile, in a shabby section of London, a Victorian house is filling up with an odd lot of creatures, including an African princess who plans to live happily ever after, a couple of jaundiced squatters whose plans are open-ended, the batty middle-aged mother of (how else to explain it?) Jesus's baby sister, and London's first scale-covered, fire-breathing poodle.

LIFE ITS OWNSELF: THE SEMI-TOUGHER ADVENTURES OF BILLY CLYDE PUCKETT AND THEM, by Dan Jenkins (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). In this belated sequel to "Semi-Tough," Mr. Jenkins tells us a story whose plot can probably be found in the vaults of Republic Pictures. Billy Clyde has finally married Barbara Jane Bookman. His career as a football star has ended with a bad knee, and he takes a job as a television sports analyst. Barbara Jane comes into stardom in a sitcom. They break up. Then they are back together again. Aside from this romance, we are entertained as before by Mr. Jenkins' redneck Texas jokes and obscenities, his under-the-counter appreciation of professional football, and his singles-bar frivolities in New York, Fort Worth, and Los Angeles.

1982 JANINE, by Alasdair Gray (Viking; $16.95). "My problem is sex, not alcohol," writes an alcoholic and insomniac Scot, an authority on electronic security systems, holed up with bottles of whiskey and pills in a seedy hotel room. "I want revenge on a woman who is not real," he adds, a page or two into his garbled fantasy, set, sometimes, behind security fences girding the Forensic Research Punishment and Sexual Gratification Syndicate. The Syndicate's borders are patrolled by guard dogs, but alcohol keeps unleashing memories of a beastly schoolmaster and a rocky marriage and worries about a beleaguered Scotland and a polluted planet, all of which short-circuit the fantasy. One chapter is a typographer's nightmare. (Two of its nine sources, according to an epilogue, are E. E. Cummings and "Tristram Shandy.") By morning, the reader may feel hung over, but

Christmas Present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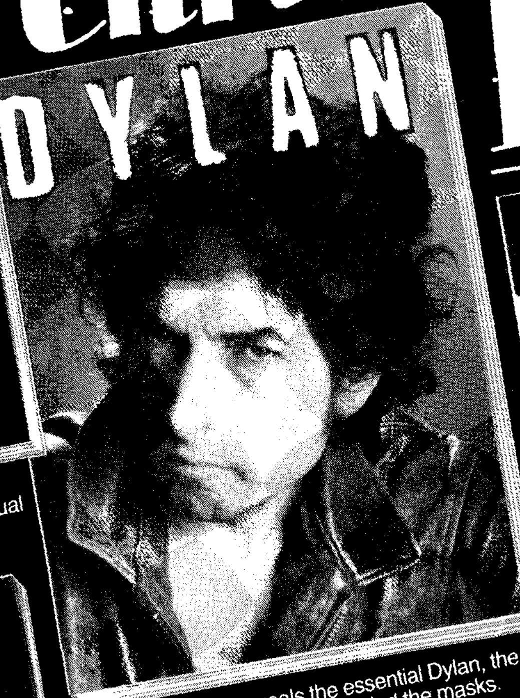

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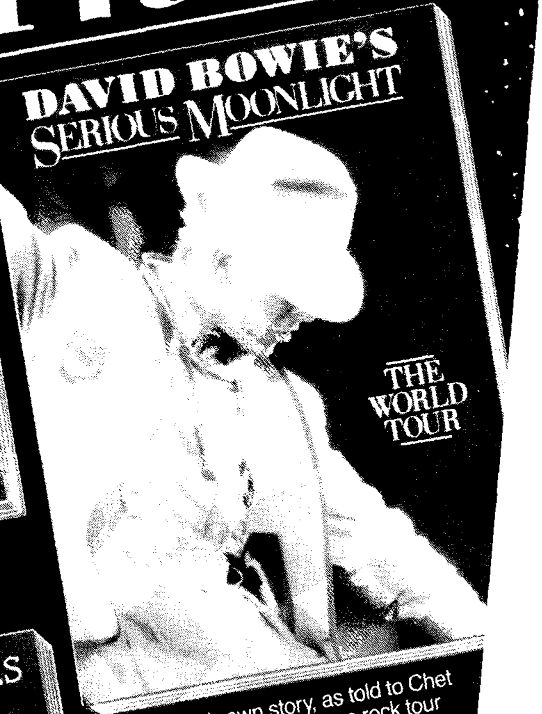
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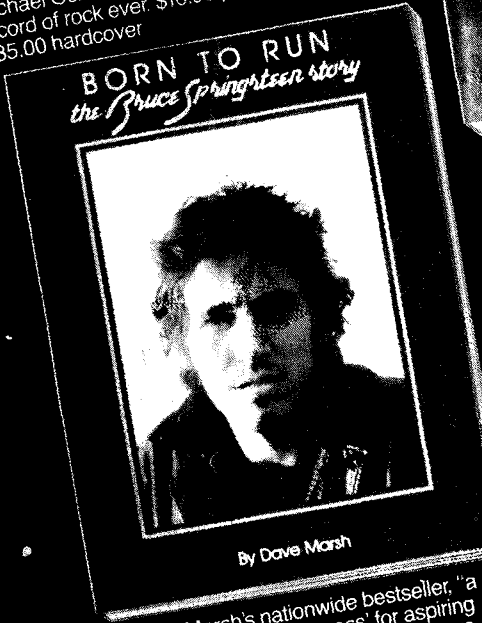
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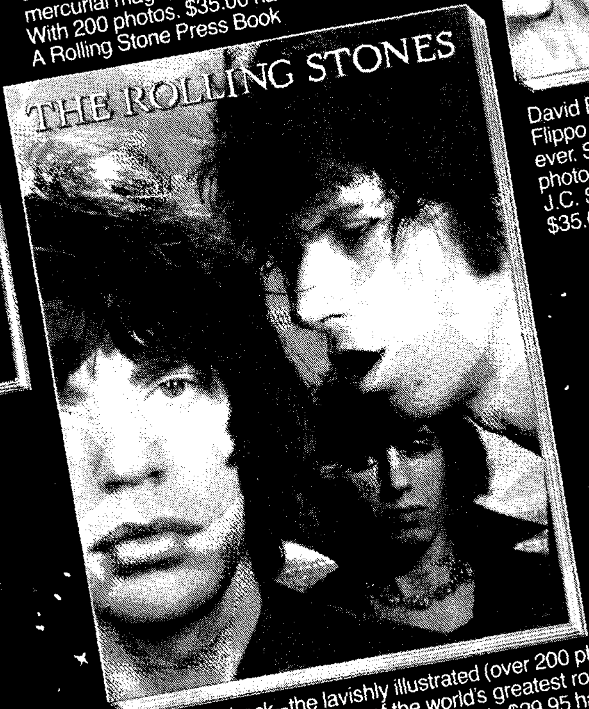
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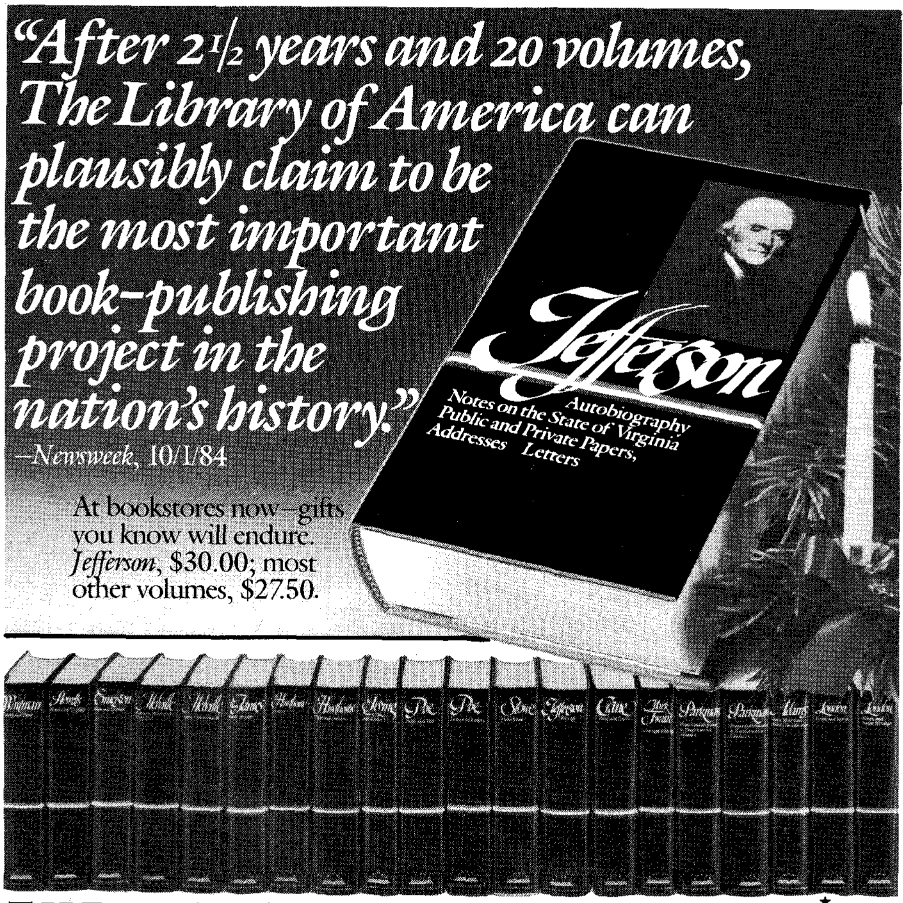
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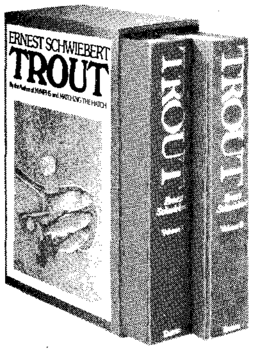
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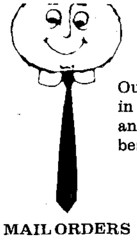

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GENERAL

FACES OF PHILIP: A MEMOIR OF PHILIP TOYNBEE, by Jessica Mitford (Knopf; $14.95). Philip Toynbee (1916-81) was the son of the historian Arnold Toynbee and the grandson of Gilbert Murray, the classical scholar and translator of Greek drama, and he grew up in the pomp and circumstance of Castle Howard. Miss Mitford, who was one of his oldest and closest friends, tells us that this background was neither a prod nor a burden. Nevertheless, as she also makes clear in this affectionate and often poignant memoir, his life was full of striving, for both fame and fun. He ran away from school, he published three novels before he was thirty, he plunged in and out of Communism (working in the Party office by day, trotting to début parties at night), he regularly drank himself into a stupor, he chased every woman in sight, he produced (in his huge, experimental "Pantaloon") what he considered to be a literary masterpiece, he toyed in his late years with communal living, and at the time of his death he was deeply involved with religion. These are the various "faces" that Miss Mitford knew and depicts, and although she hesitates to bring him to any kind of judgment, the "face" that emerges most clearly is that of a man of great charm and infectious laughter—the very best of company.

SLAVERY AND HUMAN PROGRESS, by David Brion Davis (Oxford; $25). Intellectually stringent and astringent, this study points out that the epochs in which slavery expanded were—and are—considered periods of human progress. The growth of the Roman Empire, the Arab conquests, and Spanish and Portuguese colonization brought masses of human beings into bondage at the same time that the Romans, the Muslims, and the Iberian Catholics believed they were endowing new territories with law, civilization, or a higher religion. The idea that slaveholding is wrong comes relatively late in human history; the Quakers appear to have been the first group whose opposition to slavery was unqualified. English and American abolitionism was almost entirely a religious movement, and emancipation tested the re-

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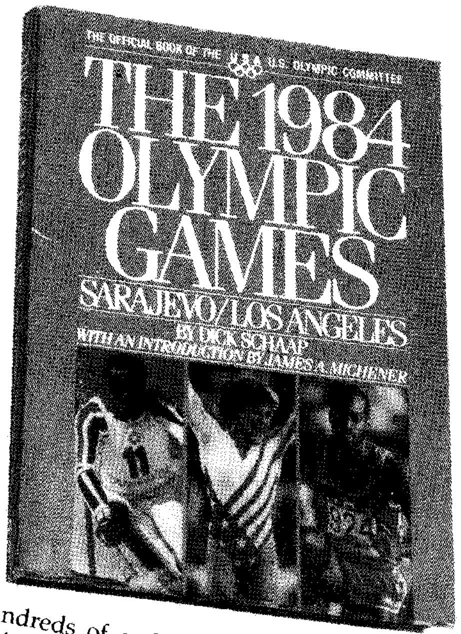
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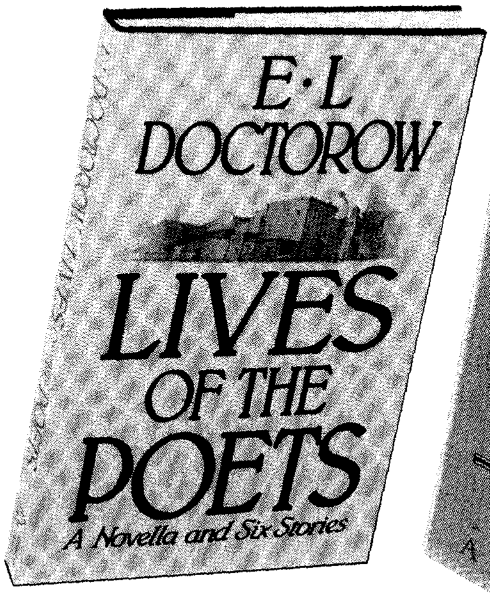
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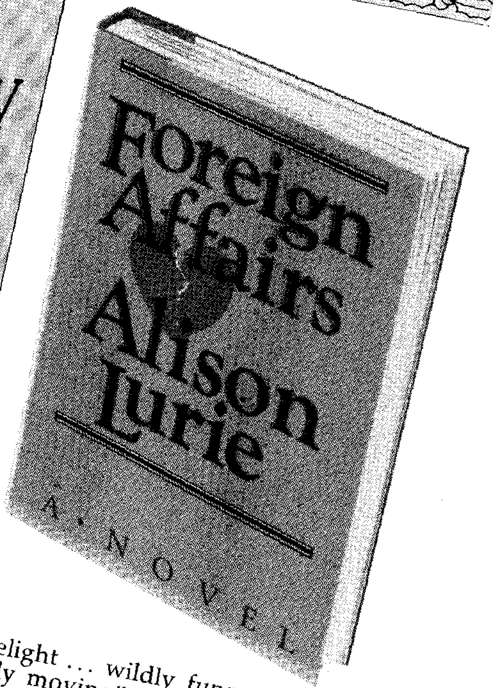
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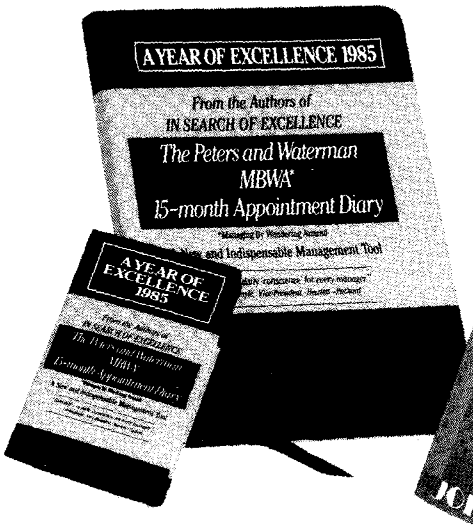
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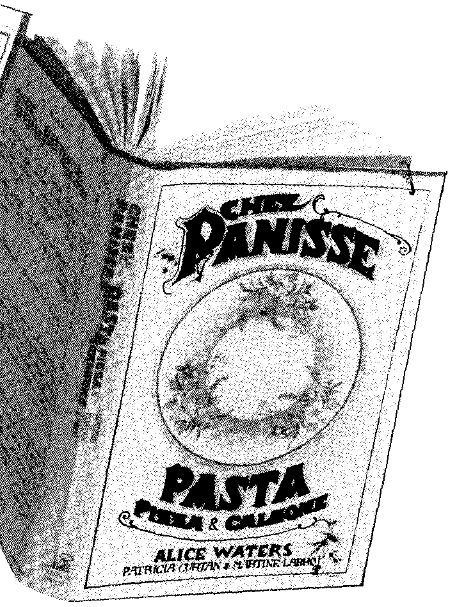
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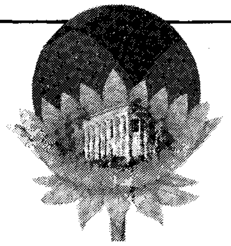

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ligious belief in human equality—a conviction that concealed a degree of paradoxical arrogance in its assumption that emancipated slaves would prove their equality by behaving in accordance with the needs and norms of their former owners. In Jamaica, for example, the British abolitionists supposed that freedmen would work harder than slaves and that plantations would remain profitable, but instead the freedmen turned themselves into self-supporting peasants whenever they could. It appears that the abolitionist economic theory that slavery is less productive than free labor is not always true: coercion, if ruthless enough, can be profitable—which may explain, at least in part, the persistence of slavery in new forms, as in the gulags. Mr. Davis includes discussions of the diverse ideas of progress and of the various ways in which mankind divides itself.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BRIARPATCH, by Ross Thomas (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). A briarpatch, in the vocabulary of the types who frequent Mr. Thomas's new novel, is a totally safe place or position, and most of them are in serious need of one. Chief among these, as it grimly comes about, is the author's attractive favorite, one Benjamin Dill, an investigator for a Senate subcommittee, who returns to his home town (which sounds a lot like Denver) with two objectives: to take a deposition from a principal in a gunrunning case and to attend the funeral of his beloved kid sister, a police homicide detective, who has been murdered by a car bomb. No need to say more. There are very few of our contemporary entertainers as consistently entertaining as Mr. Thomas, and even fewer who can match him for style and power and nonchalance.

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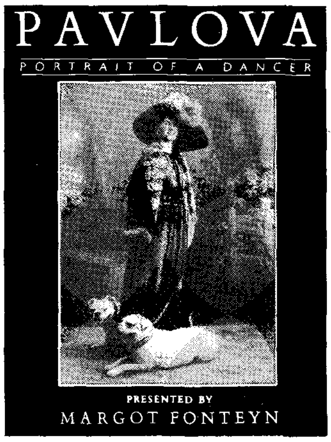

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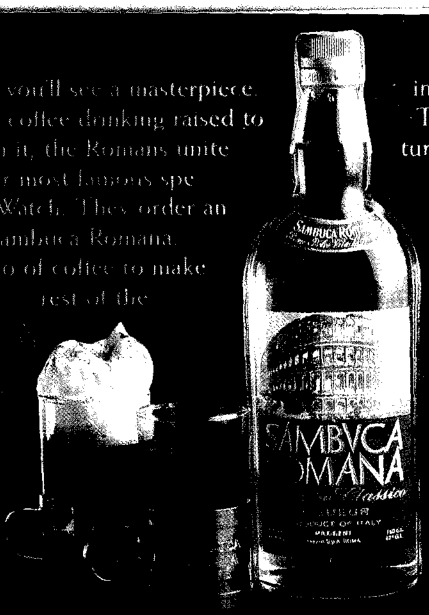

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